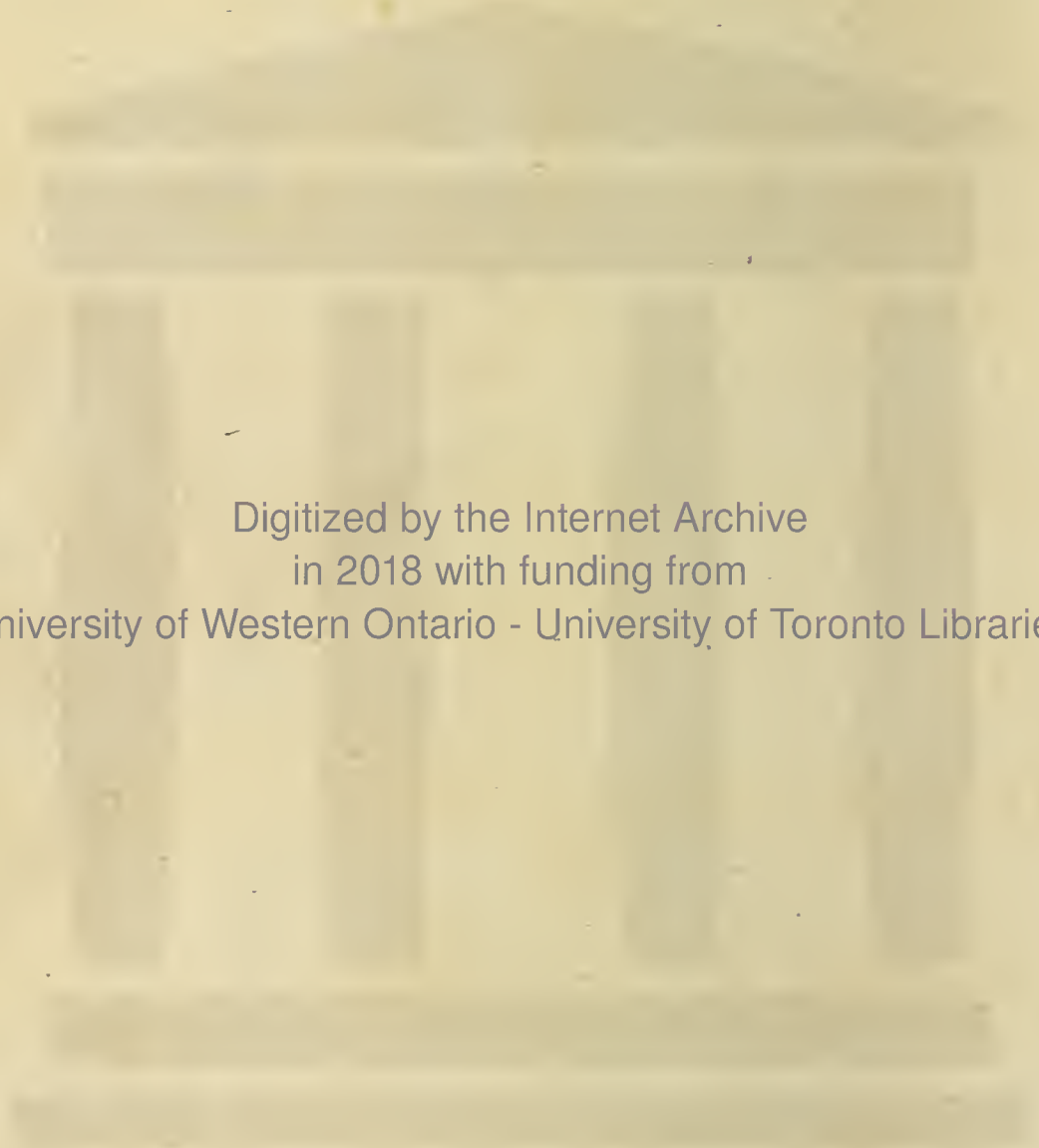


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THE

DEVIL *to* PAY:

OR,

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

An OPERATIONAL

FARCE.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

[by C. Coffey.]
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Newly adapted to the Stage, with the Addition of
several new SONGS.

DUBLIN:

Printed for SARAH COTTER, Bookseller,
under DICK'S COFFEE-HOUSE, in Skin-
ner-Row, 1760.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Loverule, an honest Country Gentle- } Mr. Beard.
man, belov'd for his Hospitality.

Butler, }
Cook, } Servants to Sir John. } Mr. Turbutt.
Footman, } Mr. Leigh.
Coachman, } Mr. Gray.
Mr. Marshall.

Jobson, a Psalm-singing Cocker, Tenant } Mr. Harper.
to Sir John.

Doctor. Mr. Hill.

W O M E N.

Lady Loverule, Wife to Sir John } Mrs. Pritchard.
proud, canting, brawling, fanatical }
Shrew.

Lucy, } Her Maids. } Miss Bielt.
Letice, } Miss Bennett.

Nell, Jobson's Wife, an innocent Coun- } Mrs. Clive.
try Girl.

Tenants, Servants.

S C E N E, A Country Village.



THE
DEVIL *to* PAY;
OR,
The *Wives Metamorphos'd*

SCENE I. *The Cobbler's House.*

Jobson and Nell.

Nell. **P**R'ythee, good *Jobson*, stay with me To night,
and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go spin; for if I
lack any Thread for my Stitching, I will punish you
by virtue of my sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay, marry, no Doubt of that; whilst you
take your Swing at the Ale-house, spend your Substance,
get drunk as a Beast, then come like a Sot, and use one
like a Dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Bra-
zenface, do you speak ill of the Government; Don't
you know, Husfly, that I am King in my own House,
and that this is Treason against my Majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such Stuff? But I pray you
now, *Jobson*, don't go to the Ale-house To-night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't
grow too saucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John*
Loverule's Butler, and am to be princely drunk with
Punch at the Hall Place; we shall have a Bowl large
enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; she grudges even a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home To-night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold Baggage? wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy serving Men; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I am sure they would make you welcome; you promis'd I should see the House, and the Family has not been here before, since you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

A I R I. The Twitcher.

*He that has the best Wife
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will scold and quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel.*

Nell. Well we poor Women must always be Slaves, and never have any Joy, but you Men run and ramble at your Pleasure.

A I R II. Fie, nay, pr'ythee *John.*

*'Tis, I vow and swear,
Very cruel, Dear,
That I must not be allow'd to talk;*

Job. Hence, I say, get in
To thy Wheel, and spin,

Left upon your Back my Strap shou'd walk.

Nell:

Nell. *Well, since I must, I will be gone ;
Go, go, you are a naughty Man ;
Be sure get drunk then, if you can.
Reel home to Nell.*

Job. *You surly Jade, by Yea, and Nay,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sovereign Sway,
I'll strap you well.*

Why you most pestilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd ?
Be gone.

Nell. I must obey.

*Job. Stay ! now I think on't, here's Sixpence for
you, get Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thyself up
with Lamb's Wool, rejoice and revel thyself, be drunk
and wallow in thy own Sty, like a grumbling, Sow,
as thou art.*

*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c.*

S C E N E II. *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

*But. I would the blind Fiddler and our dancing Neigh-
bours were here ; that we might rejoice a little, while
our termagant Lady is abroad ; I have made a most so-
vereign Bowl of Punch.*

*Lucy. We had need rejoice sometime, for our devil-
ish new Lady will never suffer it in her hearing.*

*But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Gal-
ley, than in our Family : Our Master, indeed, is the
worthiest Gentleman——nothing but Sweetness
and Liberality.*

*Foot. But here's a House turned topsy turvy, from
Heaven to Hell, since she came hither.*

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildness.

*But. Ay, rest her Soul, she was so ; but this is in-
spir'd with a Legion of Devils ; who made her lay
about her like a Fury.*

A I R III. *Under the Greenwood Tree.*

Of all the Plagues of human Life,

A Shrew is sure the worst ;

Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,

But with a Shrew is curst.

The Devil to Pay ; Or,

Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,

Who'd rush upon his Fate ?

When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,

And still repents too late.

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my Bones ; if her Complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a Morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook. Pox on her ! I dare not come within her Reach. I have some six broken Heads already. - A Lady, quotha ! a She Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Master ! this devilish Termagant scolding Woman will be the Death of him ; I never saw a Man so altered in all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd shrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter blind Fidler, Jobson, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all ; this is our Wish. Honest old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobson* ! how do'st thou ?

Job. By my Troth, I am always sharp set towards Punch, and, am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' but a poor Cobler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord ; I am a true *English* Heart, and look upon Drunkenness as the best Part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Lucy. Why did you not bring your Wife with you ?

Job. Because here are Wags, - very Wags, young brisk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

A I. R. IV. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,

Crown this Night with Pleasure :

Let none at Cares of Life repine,

To destroy our Pleasure :

Cho. *Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,*

That ev'ry true and loyal Soul

May drink and sing without Contreul,

To support our Pleasure.

Thus mighty Bacchus shalt thou be

Guardian to our Pleasure.

Thus,

*That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleasure ;
And as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And sing thy Praises, that we may
Live and die with Pleasure.*

*But. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper.
Huzza———*

*Lucy. Our Lady's Confusion in another, Huzza———
But. The King ; and all the Royal Family, in a
Brimmer———Down upon your Knees, you Rogues.*

A I R V.

*Here's a good Health to the King,
And send him a prosperous Reign,
O'er Hills and high Mountains,
We'll Drink dry the Fountains,
Until the Sun rises again, brave Boys,
Until the Sun rises again.*

Then Here's to thee my Boy born

Then Here's to thee my Boy born ;

*As we have tarry'd all Day, to Drink down the Sun,
So we'll tarry and Drink down the Moon, brave Boys,
So we'll tarry and Drink down the Moon.*

Enter Sir John and Lady.

*Lady. O Heaven and Earth ! What's here within my
Doors ? Is Hell broke loose ? What Troops of Fiends
are here ? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak.*

*Sir John. For shame, my Dear—As this is a Time of
Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custom of
this House, to give my Servants Liberty in this Season,
and to treat my Country Neighbours, that with inno-
cent Sports they may divert themselves.*

*Lady. I say meddle with your own Affairs ; I will
govern my own House without your putting in an Oar.
Shall I ask Leave to correct my own Servants ?*

*Sir John. I thought Madam, this had been my House,
and these my Tenants and Servants.*

*Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and
snubb'd before People ? Do you call my Authority in
Question, ungrateful Man ? Look ye to your Dogs
and*

and Horses abroad, but it shall be my Province to govern here; nor will I be controul'd by e'er a hunting, hawking Knight in *Christendom*.

A I R VI. *Sir John.*

*Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her;
To obey your Will at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.*

Sir John. This is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, are eternally afloat——'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you to junket thus; and steal my Provisions; I shall be devoured at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you Popish Cur! Is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue. *(beats him)* You Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish Hussy.

(Lugs her by the Ears.)

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; I blush for your Behaviour.

Lady. Consider your Incapacity: You shall not instruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you Buzzard?

(She beats them all, Jobson steals by.)

Job. I am an honest, plain, Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyship would but go to Church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here first, Villain, *(strikes him.)*

Job. Nounz! what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Sir John. For shame! your Behaviour is monstrous!

Lady. Was ever poor Lady so miserable in a brutish Husband, as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a Woman!

Job.

Job. sings. He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will scold and will quarrel. (Exit.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty.

Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil your squeaking Treble.

(Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way shall I get hence! O Heaven! she has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and be gone, there's Money to buy you two such; that's your Way.

Fid. Heaven preserve your Worship——bless you, sweet Master——here's a Change indeed——little did ever I think to find such Doings in this Hall Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my Estate maintain you in your Profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I see without Marriage, but since there is such a Thing as separate Maintenance, she shall To-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

A I R VII. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.

*Of the States in Life so various,
Marriage sure, is most precarious ;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding ;
'Tis an Action so severe,
That naught but Death can set us clear ;
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty :
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We should not be half so full of Misery.*

(Knocking at the Door.

Here, where are my Servants? Must they be frightened from me——Within there——see who knocks.

Lady. Within there——where are my Sluts? Ye Drabs, ye Queans——Lights there. *Enter*

*The Devil to Pay; Or,**Enter Servants, sneaking with Candles.*

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practices Physick, and is an Astrologer; your Worship knows him very well, he is a cunning Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unseasonable Intrusion; but I am benighted and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my Way home; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harboured under your Roof To night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjuror, you Magician.

Doct. Here's a Turn!—here's a Change! —Well if I have any Art, you shall smart for this. (*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House; therefore to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a quarter of a Mile, and you'll see a Cobler's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant—But as for your Lady there, she shall this Night feel my Resentment.

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in this House, or I'll turn it upside down—I will.

A I R VIII. *Sir John.**Grant me ye Powers but this Request,**And let who will the World contest;**Convey her to some distant Shore,**Where I may ne'er behold her more:**Or let me to some Cottage fly,**In Freedom's Arm to live and die.**(Exeunt.*S C E N E III. *The Cobler's.**Nell, and the Doctor.*

Nell. Pray Sir, mend your Draught, if you please; you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily good Woman, and to requite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell.

Nell. O, pray, do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be not asham'd of it, you shall shew it in greater Places suddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I shall be mightily asham'd; I want Docity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much Happiness attends you.

Nell. O me! this is a rare Man; Heaven bethank'd.

Doct. To morrow before Sun-rise you shall be the happiest Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by To-morrow! alack a day! Sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a surly Husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? he must be a Conjuror! indeed my Husband is somewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest Pains-taking Man, and I let him have his Way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you——believe me, To morrow you shall be the richest Woman i' h' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art! I do not. But mark my Words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you—O Gemini! a Coach.

A I R IX. Send home my long stray'd Eyes.

My swelling Heart now leaps with Joy,

And Riches all my Thoughts employ:

No more shall People call me Nell,

Her Ladyship will do as well:

Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,

I'll in my Chariot roll away,

And shine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Where is this Quean? Here, *Nell!* What a Pox, are you drunk with your Lamb's Wool?

Nell.

Nell. O Husband! here's the rarest Man——he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my Fortune too, a lusty Pair of Horns upon my Head—Eh! Is't not so?

Doct. Thy Wife's a virtuous Woman, and thou'lt be happy.——

Job. Come out, you hang Dog, you Juggler, you cheating, bamboozling Villain, must I be cuckolded by such Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Almanack-makers!

Nell. Pry'thee Peace, Husband, we shall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-barrow, you Jade—by the Mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk—Get you to Bed you Strumpet.

(Beats her.)

Nell. O Mercy on us! Is this a Taste of my good Fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her you surly Rogue.

Job. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks.

Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out you Rogue.

Exit.

S C E N E *changes to an open Country.*

Doctor, solus.

A I R X. The Spirit's Song in *Macbeth*.

My little Spirits now appear,

Nadir and Abisnog draw near:

The Time is short, make no Delay,

Then quickly haste and come away:

Nor Moon, nor Stars, afford their Light,

But all is wrapt in gloomy Night;

Both Men and Beasts to Rest incline,

And all Things favour my Design.

(Within)

Doct. My strict-Commands be sure attend,
For e'er this Night shall have an End,
You must this Cobler's Wife transform,
And to the Knight's the like perform:
With all your most specifick Charms,
Convey each Wife to different Arms;

*Let the Delusion be so strong,
That none may know the Right from Wrong.*

Within } *All this we will with care perform,
In Thunder, Lightning and a Storm.* (Thunder.
(*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Cobler's House. Jobson at work. The Bed in View.*

Job. What Devil has been abroad To-night? I never heard such Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine Star-light Morning it is. I'll settle myself to Work. They say, Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder.

A I R IX. *Charming Sally.*
*Of all the Trades from East to West,
The Cobler's past contending,
Is like in Time to prove the best,
Which every Day is mending.
How great his Praise whocan amend
The Soals of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Last still labours.*

Lady. Heyday! what impudent Ballad-singing Rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my Sleep? I'll have you flead. you Rascal.

Job. What a Pox does she talk in her Sleep? or is she drunk still?

A I R XI. *Now ponder well you Parents dear.*

*In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write,
Who wantonly did spend her Time,
In many a fond Delight.
All on a Time sore sick she was,
And she at length did die,
And then her Soul at Heaven's Gate
Did knock most mightily.*

Lady. Why Villain, Rascal, Screech-Owl, who makest a worst Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants? Some body come and hamstring this Rogue. (*Knocks.*

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean! You must get drunk with the Conjuror, you must? I'll give you Money another Time to spend in Lamb's-Wool, you saucy Jade, shall I?
Lady.

Lady. Monstrous ! I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants ? They shall toss you in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still ; the Conjuror told her she should keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equipage. (*Sings.*

*I will come in, in spite she said,
Of all such Churls as thee ;
Thou art the Cause of all our Pain,
Our Grief and Misery.*

*Thou first broke the Commandment,
In honour of thy Wife,
When he heard her say these Words,
He ran away for Life.*

Lady. Why Husband ! Sir John ! will you suffer me to be thus insulted ?

Job. Husband ! Sir John ! what-a pox, has she knighted me ? and my Name's Zekel too ; a good Jest, Faith.

Lady. Ha ! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven ! where am I ? Foh ! what loathsome Smells are here ? Canvass Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain ; a beastly Rug, and a Flock Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream ? What Rogue is that ? Sirrah ! Where am I ? Who brought me hither ? What Rascal are you ?

Job. This is amazing, I never heard such Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Manners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing Impudence ! You my Husband, Sirrah ? I'll have you hang'd you Rogue ; I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping Draught, and convey'd you hither, you dirty Varlet ?

Job. A sleeping Draught ! yes, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-Wool done working yet ?

Lady. Where am I ? Where has my villainous Husband put me ? *Lucy, Lettice !* where are my Queans ?

Job. Ha, ha, ha ! what does she call her Maids too ? The Conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers! sure I am bewitched. Ha! what Cloaths are here? a Lindsey woolsey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, I am remov'd from my own House by Witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? (*Horns wind within.*)

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day; to work, to work, come and spin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you: What a-pox, must I be at Work two Hours before you in a Morning.

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villian, dost thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule's* Lady; how came I here.

Job. Sir *John Loverule's* Lady! no, *Nell*, not quite so bad neither; that damn'd, stingy, fanatick Whore plagues every one that comes near her; the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[*Flings Bedstaff and other Things at him.*]

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her. I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, Quean.

[*He straps her, she flies at him.*]

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes; I'm a Lady Sirrah. Oh, Murder! Murder! Sir *John Loverule* will hang you for this. Murder! Murder!

Job. Come Hussy leave Fooling, and come to your Spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you ne'er was so lamb'd since you were an Inch long. Take it up you Jade.

[*She flings it down, he straps her.*]

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin.

(*Aside.*)

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day now.

(*Works and sings.*)

The Devil to Pay ; Or,

A I R XII. Come let us prepare.

*Let Matters of State**Disquiet the Great,**The Cocker has nought to perplex him ;**Has nought but his Wife**To ruffle his Life,**And her he can strap if she vex him.**He's out of the Pow'r**Of Fortune that Whore,**Since low as can be, she has thrust him,**From Duns he's secure,**For being so poor**There's none to be found that will trust him.*

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What have you forgot to spin, Hussy ?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run, I'll e'en try my Feet ; I shall find somebody in the Town, sure that will succour me. *(She runs out.)*

SCENE changes to Sir JOHN's House, NELL in Bed.

What pleasant Dreams I have had To-night ! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Voilets and Roses, and the sweetest Husband by my Side. Ha ! blest me, where am I now ? What Sweets are these ? No Garden in the Spring can equal them ; not new blown Roses with the Morning Dew upon them. Am I on a Bed ? The Sheets are Sarfenet sure, no Linen was ever so fine. What a gay filken Robe have I got ? Oh Heaven ! I dream ! Yet if this be a Dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not lie still again till Mid-night, at soonest ; the first Greeting, I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam ! Madam !

Nell. Oh Gemini ! who's this ? What do'st say Sweet-heart ?

Lucy. Sweet-heart ! Oh Lud, Sweet-heart ! the best Names I have had these three Months from her have been Slut, or Whore——What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyship wear To-day ?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! Gown! and Ruffles! sure I am awake? Oh! I remember the cunning Man, now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did Yesterday.

Luc. Mercy upon me! Child! here's a Miracle!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe or her Slipper flung at your Head yet?

Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest Humour! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is your Time.

Let. Now's my Time! what, to have another Tooth beat out, Madam!

Nell. What dost say, my Dear?—O the Father! what would she have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have done To-day! Shall I work Plain work to go to my Sticking?

Nell. Work Child! 'tis Holiday; no Work To-day.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I, or she awake! or do we both Dream?

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? some Garment, I suppose. (*Aside*) Put it on then, Sweet-heart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now I go like a Bear to the Stake, to know her scurvy Ladyship's Command about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd?

Let. Oh, *John Cook*, you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! he looks like one of your Gentlesfolk (*Aside*.) Indeeds, honest Man, I'm very hungry now, pray get me a Rasher upon the

Coals, a Piece of one Milk Cheefe, and some white Bread.

Cook. Hey ! what's to do here ? my Head turns round. Honest Man ! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her Diet, as well as Humour. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid, Madam, Cheefe and Bacon will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach in a Morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white Fricassee of Chickens in a trice. Madam ; or what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweetbread ?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook ! good Cook ! Ah, 'tis a sweet Lady.

Enter Butler.

Oh ! kiss me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits ; we have the kindest, sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye ; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh ! pray Mr. Butler, let me have some Small-beer when my Breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. Butler ! Mr. Butler ! I shall be turn'd into Stone with Amazement. (*Aside.*) Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glass of *Frontiniac*, or *Lacrine* ?

Nell. Oh dear ! what hard Names are there ; but I must not betray myself. (*Aside.*) Well, which you please, Mr. Butler.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game, I know not how long. What, do you banter too ?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out To-day, and which you'll have, the Coach or the Chariot.

Nell. I'll ride in the Coach, if you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's most certain. [*Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me. O notable cunning Man ! My Head turns round ; I am quite giddy with my own Happiness.

AIR

A I R XIII. What tho' I am a Country Lass,
Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,

*In Cottage most obscure a,
In plain Stuff Gown, and short ear'd Coif.
Hard Labour did endure a:*

*The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell a;
I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
And from all bear the Bell a.*

Enter Sir John and Gentlemen.

Sir John. How do you like our Sport, Gentlemen?
I think we have had a smart Turn or Two. Well,
Hunting to me is the most agreeable Diversion, as
well as wholesomest Exercise the Country affords.

A I R XIV. Whilst the Town agrees with Polly.

*Hounds and Horns o'er Plains resounding,
Echoes from the Hills rebounding,*

Fill the Sportsman's Heart with Joy;

Let, while to the Chase inviting

Health and Pleasure are uniting,

Fops o'er Tea their Time destroy.

But. Oh, Sir! here's the rearest News?

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir; you will be
overjoy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What are you mad? What's the Matter
with ye?

Enter Coachman, and other Servants.

How now! here's a new Face in my Family; what's
the Meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir! the Family is turn'd upside down.
We are almost distracted; the happiest People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! she's the best of
Women, the sweetest Lady!

Sir John. This is astonishing! I must go and enquire
into this Wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice in-
deed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour. Long live Sir
John and my Lady! Huzza! *(Exit Sir John.*

Enter Nell and Lucy.

Nell. I well remember the cunning Man warn'd me

to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said, would follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony ; I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay fine Thing I knew not ; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a Piece of Looking-Glass fastened against the Cupboard. But great Ladies they say, have flattering Glasses, and shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

AIR XV. When I was a Dame of Honour.

Fine Ladies with an artful Grace

Disguise each native Feature ;

Whilst flattering Glasses shew the Face,

As made by Art, not Nature :

But we poor Folks in home spun Grey,

By Patch nor Washes tainted,

Look fresh and sweeter far than they,

That still are finely painted.

Lucy. O Madam ! here's my Master just return'd from Hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini ! this good Gentleman my Husband !

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus transported with Ecstasy, which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight ; and your Family Satisfaction.

Sir John. By Heav'n ! I am charm'd ; dear Creature if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies*. But can this be real ? May I believe my Senses ?

Nell. All that's good above can Witness for me, I am in earnest.

Sir John. Rise my dearest. Now am I happy indeed — Where are my Friends, my Servants ? call them all, and let them be Witnesses of my Happiness.

(Exeunt.)

Nell. O Lud ! how shall I behave myself — Heaven preserve my Wits.

AIR

A I R XVI. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.

Nell. O charming cunning Man thou hast been wondrous
(kind.

And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;

Ten thousand Transports wait,

To crown my happy State,

Thus kiss'd and press'd,

And doubly bless'd

In all this Pomp and State.

New Scenes of Joy arise,

Which fill me with Surprize;

My Rack, and Reel,

And spinning Wheel,

And Husband I despise;

Then Jobson, now adieu,

Thy Cobling still pursue;

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle too.

(Exit.

S C E N E Jobson's House.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever Lady yet so miserable? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they sure are all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband of mine has laid a devilish Plot against me; I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity of executing my Design. Here comes the Rogue; I'll have him strangl'd; but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Cob. Come on, Nell, art thou come to thyself yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this cunning Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

Cob. Powder! the Brewer put good Store of Powder of Mault in it, that's all. Powder, quoth, she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Cob. Was so, no, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the Trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that, Rogue. (*Aside*) You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Cob. Well, I'm going to Sir John Loverule's; all his
Tenants

Tenants are invited ; there's to be rare Feasting and Ravelling, and open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you ?

Cob. What the Devil ails thee now ? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I wou'd strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox ?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday ?

Cob. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there is good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Hussy.

(Exit.

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you ; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot.

A I R XVII. *The Beudgeon is a fine Trade.*

Tho' ravish'd from my Husband's Arms,

To dwell in Stench and Pain,

I'll break thro' all their Magic Charms,

And Liberty regain.

Then sweet Revenge shall calm my Woes,

And every Grief assuage ;

Whilst all who did my Bliss oppose,

Shall feel my pow'rful Rage.

[Exit.

S C E N E, Sir John's.

Sir John and Company discover'd.

A I R XVIII. *Bacchus one Day gayly striding.*

Thus we'll drown all Melancholy,

In a Glass of gen'rous Wine ;

Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,

And at Cares of Life repine :

But the brave and noble Spirit

Scorns such mean ignoble Views ;

Whilst the World proclaims his Merit,

He sublimer Joys pursues.

A I R XIX. *Duetto.*

Sir John.

Was ever Man possess'd of

So sweet so kind a Wife !

Nell

Nell. *Dear Sir, you make me proud :
Be you but kind,
And you shall find
All the Good I can boast of
Shall end but with my Life.*

Sir John. *Give me thy Lips ;*

Nell. *First let me, dear Sir, wipe 'em ;*

Sir John. *Was ever so sweet a Wife !* [Kissing her.

Nell. *Thank you, dear Sir !
I vow and protest,
I ne'er was so kiss ;
Again, Sir !*

Sir John. *Again and again my Dearest :
O may it last for Life !
What Joy thus to enfold thee !*

Nell. *What Pleasure to behold thee !
Inclin'd again to kiss !*

Sir John. *How ravishing the Bliss !*

Nell. *I little thought this Morning,
'I would ever come to this.* Da Capo.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting ! You, Sirrah,
Butler, you Rogue.

But. Why, how now ? Who are you ?

Lady. Impudent Varlet ! don't you know your
Lady ?

But. Lady ? here, turn this mad Woman out of
Doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah.

(Flings a Glass at him.)

Foot. Have a Care, Hussy, there's a good Pump
without, we will cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You *Lucy*, have you forgot me too, you
Minx ?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman ; why, I never remem-
ber'd you, I never saw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut ! I'll give you Cause to re-
member me, I will, Hussy. *(Pulls her Headcloaths off.)*

Lucy. Murder ! Murder ! Help !

Sir John. How now, what Up roar's this ?

Lady. You, *Lettice*, you Slut, won't you know me nei-
ther ?

(Strikes her.)

Lett.

Lett. Help, help——

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a mad Woman calls herself my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all around,

Sir John. (*To Lady*) Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I pity thee; I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is vain to expect Redress from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there is my Cloaths, that have made all this Disturbance? and yet I am here, to my thinking in these fine Cloaths. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin to wish I was with *Zekel Jobson* again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heaven! What do I see? Is not that I, yonder in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady. What in the Devil's Name, was here before I came? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heavens! I'm astonish'd, I don't know myself? If this be I that the Glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robbed me of my Countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, Hussy, and here's my Strap you Quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that am on t'other side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjuror last Night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take Care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Nell. O! pray *Zekel*, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in?

(Exeunt Nell and Maid.)

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home and use her kindly.

Lady.

Lady. What will become of me ?

Exeunt Jobson and Lady.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you upon very earnest Business.

Sir John. What can this mean ? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo ! on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what I have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you ?

Doct. I have exercis'd my magick Art upon your Lady ; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me a Glimpse of Misery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vision only ?

Doct. I beg you fear not ; if any Harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me of what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your Lady's Face, so that she seems the Cobler's Wife, and have charm'd her Face into the Likeness of my Lady's ; and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. O Wretch ! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must still be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir John. Let the Event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the Charm this Instant.

Doct. I will this Minute, Sir ; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your Life ; I can assure you, your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure Sir ?

Sir John. Perhaps the Cobler has—you understand me ?

Doct.

Doct. I do assure you No ; for e'er she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour. He'll be with you in a Minute : Here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So *Jobson*, where's your Wife ?

Job. And please your Worship, she's here at the Door, but indeed I thought I had lost her just now ; for as she came into the Hall, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again ; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, House-wife.

Enter Lady.

Butler holds the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.

But. O Heaven and Earth ! is this my Lady ?

Job. What does he say ? my Wife chang'd to my Lady !

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady (to Sir John) Sir, you are the Person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of Wives in every Thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall joyfully be spent in Duty, and Observance of your Will.

Sir John. Rise Madam, I do forgive you ; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments in the World without you cou'd do.

Job. What a pox ! am I to lose my Wife thus ?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir, the strangest Accident has happen'd, it has amaz'd us ; my Lady was in so great a Swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd another Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha ! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd I knew her not ; I never saw her Face before ; O Lud ! is this my Lady ?

Let.

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our Happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants. It shall hereafter be my Endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this Resolution, and we shall be blest indeed; the other was a false and short-liv'd Joy, but, this, I hope, will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blast me, if once I alter from my Purpose, or ever contradict your Will again.

Sir John. Then am I blest, this is a Day of Wonders indeed.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head runs round, I must go home. O *Zekel!* are you there?

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady my Wife? I'gad I am afraid to come near her. What can be the Meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy Change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for the late short liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest Day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here *Jobson*, take thy fine Wife.

Job. But one Word, Sir——Did not your Worship make me a Cuckold, under the Rose.

Sir John. No upon my Honour, nor ever kist her Lips till I came from Hunting; but since she has been a Means of bringing about this happy Change, I'll give thee five hundred Pounds home with her; go buy a Stock of Leather.

Job. Brave Boys! I'm a Prince, the Prince of Cobblers. Come hither and kifs me, *Nell.* I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in such a Dream, that I'm quite weary of it. Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your Cloaths, and let me have mine again.

Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll serve you to go to Church in. *(Aside.)*

Lady No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my Strapping your Honour so very much?

Lady.

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Change
sets all Things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every Thing that is past,
and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleasure.

A I R XX. Hey Boys up go we.

Lady. Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,

Be Joy in ev'ry Breast,

Since from a Life of Pain and Care,

We now are truly blest.

Sir. John. May no Remembrance of past Time,

Our present Pleasures foil.

Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,

And Sporting all our Toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,

If I may be so bold;

There's nought but the Devil and this good Strap,

Could ever tame a Scold.

F I N I S.



Run 1736 THE

Honest Yorkshire-Man.

A BALLAD FARCE.

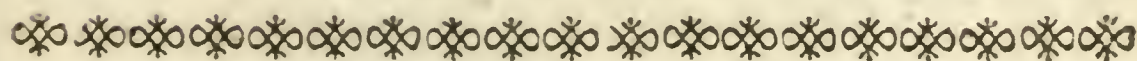
As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE - ROYAL.

Written by Mr. CAREY.

Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicra pono.

HOR. Ep. I.



D U B L I N :

Printed for RICHARD WATTS, at the
Bible in Skinner-row.

MDCCLVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Gaylove, a young Barrister, in Love with *Arbella*.

Muckworm, Uncle and Guardian to *Arbella*.

Sapscull, a Country Squire, intended for *Arbella*.


Slango, Servant to *Gaylove*, an arch Fellow.

Blunder, Servant to *Sapscull*, a Clown.

W O M E N.

Arbella, Niece to *Muckworm*, in Love with *Gaylove*.

Combrush, her Maid, a pert one.

 The Lines marked thus (“) are generally left out in the Representation.



PROLOGUE.

*THE Great, the Good, the Wise in every age,
Have made a moral mirror of the stage ;
While to the shame and spite of tasteless fools,
Terrence still reigns a Classic in our schools :
But now the DRAMA fears a sad decline,
And peevish hypocrites its fall combine.
From stage to stage, behold our author toss'd,
And, but for you, his genius crush'd and lost.
No Wilks, no Booth ! his labours to requite,
He here takes shelter, studies to delight.*

*But to our FARCE. ——— It has a double aim,
To honour wedlock, and put fools to shame ;
Folly and prejudice, too near a kin,
Supply pert coxcombs with external grin ;
So infinitely stupid is whose mirth,
They'll ridicule one's very place of birth,
And cry, An Honest Yorkshire-Man ! a wonder !
But let them shoot their bolts, let blockheads blunder.
The glorious heroes of the Yorkshire line,
To time's last period shall in annals shine ;
While stand'ring slaves, who would those honours blot,
Shall unregarded live ——— and die forgot.*

*Mean and unmanly is such partial spite,
Averse to nature's laws, to reason's light ;
All fellow-creatures, sure should social be,
Nay, even to brutes we owe humanity,*

*Our author does in virtue's cause engage,
In hopes to make her shine upon the stage ;
A modest entertainment we intend,
Willing to please, yet fearful to offend,
Indulge us therefore, if you can't commend.*

}



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CANTRELL, the
Three First Nights.

MARRIAGE of human social states the best,
Has been too long the coxcomb's common jest,
While worn-out reprobates and silly boys,
Unworthy, as unknowing of its joys,
Loudly exclaim against the nuptial life,
Extol the harlot, but cry down the wife,
To such extreams their sawcy sneers are carry'd,
One wou'd conclude their mothers dy'd nymarry'd.

To Virtue's glory see the Good and Great,
Set bright examples of the marriage state.
Behold our sovereign Lord compleatly blest,
And in his Queen of all that's good possess:
In his illustrious Consort CAROLINE,
All virtues, all perfections splendid shine.
Tho' plac'd in the sublimity of life,
Still a fond mother, still a tender wife.

Pattern of virtue and connubial love,
A finish'd copy of the blest above.

Ladies, I now must plead the poet's cause,
He's your old champion——shall he have applause?
If valure for our sex can recommend,
He's known by all to be a woman's friend.

T H E



T H E

Honest Yorkshire-Man.

S C E N E, *an Apartment in Muckworm's House.*

ARBELLA. COMBRUSH.

A I R I. *By Signior Porpora.*

ARBELLA.

Entle Cupid seek my Lover,
Wast a thousand sighs from me;
G All my tender Fears discover,
Bid him haste! ———
O bid him haste and set me free.

Combrush!

Comb. Ma'm.

Arb. No News from Gaylove yet?

Comb. Not a Tittle, Ma'am.

Arb. It quite distracts me.

Comb. And every Body else, Ma'am; for when you are out of Humour, one may as well be out of the World. Well! this Love is a strange thing; when once it gets Possession of a young Lady's Heart, it turns her Head quite topsy-turvy, and makes her our of Humour with every Body. — I'm sure I have reason to say so.

Arb.

6 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

Arb. Prithee leave your nonsense, and tell me something of *Gaylove*.

Comb. All I can tell you, Ma'm, is, that he is stark staring mad for love of you. But this confounded Uncle of yours—

Arb. What of him?

Comb. Has just received News of the Arrival of a rich Country 'Squire out of *Yorkshire*; which Country 'Squire is cut out for your Husband.

Arb. They that cut a Husband out for me, shall cut him out of better Stuff, I assure you.

A I R II. In vain, dear *Cloe*, &c.

Shall I stand and tamely see

Such Smithfield Bargains made of me?

Is not my heart my own?

I hate, I scorn their clownish 'Squire,

Nor Lord, or Duke, do I desire,

But him I love alone.

Comb. Well said, Ma'am, I love a Woman of spirit:

A I R III. Hark! away, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn.

Why should women so much be control'd?

Why should Men with our Rights make so bold?

Let the Battle 'twixt sexes be try'd,

We shall soon prove the strongest side.

Then stand to your Arms;

And trust to your Charms,

Soon whining, and pining

The Men will pursue;

But if you grow tame,

They'll make you their game,

And prove perfect Tyrants

If once they subdue.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street near the House.

GAYLOVE and SLANGO.

Gayl. No Way to get at her?

Slang. The Devil a Bit, Sir? old *Muckworm* has cut off all communication: But I have worse News to tell you yet.

Gayl. That's impossible.

Slang. Your Mistress is to be married to another, and that quickly.

Gayl.

Gayl. Married ! you surprize me ; to whom ?

Slang. To 'Squire *Sapscull* a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, of a very great Estate.

Gayl. Confusion ! Can she be so false ? to *Sapscull* ! I know him well, of *Sapscull-hall*——I was born within a mile and a half of the Place ; his Father is the greatest Rogue in the Country, the very Man I am now suing for what my late Brother mortgag'd to him, when I was a Student at *Cambridge*. Is he not content to withhold my Right from me, but he must seek to rob me of the only Happiness I desire in Life ?

A I R IV. The Charms of *Florimel*.

I. *My charming Arabell,*
To make thee mine secure,
What would not I endure ?
'Tis past the Power of Tongue to tell,
The Love I bear my Arabell.

II. *No human Force shall quell*
My Passion for my Dear,
Can Love be too sincere ?
I'd sooner take of Life farewell,
Than of my dearest Arabell.

Is there no Way to prevent this Match ? You were not us'd to be thus barren of Invention.

Slang. Nor am I now, Sir ? your humble Servant has invented already——and such a Scheme——

Gayl. How ! which Way dear *Slang* ?

Slang. Why thus——I must personate *Arbella*, (with this sweet Face) and you her Uncle, under which Disguises we may intercept the Country 'Squire, and get his Credentials ; equipt with which,——I leave you to guess the rest.

Gayl. Happy Invention ! Success attend it.

Slang. I can't say *Amen* ! though I'd do any thing to serve you. Do you know the Result Sir ? no less than the Forfeiture of your dear Liberty. Have you forgot the Song of *the Dog and the Bone* ?

[N. B. The following Song is taken from Mr. *Worsdale's Cure for a Scold*, inserted here by his Permission, and very proper to be sung in this Place, by *Slang*, for the future.]

Tune,

*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.**Tune, When the bright God of Day.*

I.

*Who'er to a Wife
Is link'd for his Life,
Is plac'd in most wretched Condition:
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,
Like a Blister she sticks,
And Death is his only Physician.
And, &c.*

II.

*To trifle and toy,
May give a Man Joy,
When summon'd by Love or by Beauty;
But, where is the Bliss in
Our Conjugal Kissing,
When Passion is prompted by Duty.
When, &c.*

III.

*The Cur who possess'd
Of Mutton the best,
A Bone he could leave at his Pleasure:
But if to his Tail
'Tis ty'd without Fail,
He's barras'd and plagu'd beyond Measure.
He's, &c.*

Gayl. I am now of a contrary Opinion, Vice looks so hateful, and Virtue so amiable in my Eyes, especially as 'tis the ready Road to true Happiness, I am resolv'd to pursue it's Paths. A regular Life, and a good Wife for me.

A I R V. Answer to the above Song.
To the same Tune.

I.

*That Man who for Life,
Is bless'd in a Wife,
Is sure in a happy Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She sticks by him still,
She's Comforter, Friend and Physician,
She's, &c.*

II.

*Pray where is the Joy,
To trifle and Toy,
Yet dread some disaster from Beauty!*

But

But sweet is the bliss,
Of a Conjugal Kiss,
Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty.
Where, &c.

III.

One extravagant whore,
Shall cost a Man more,
Than twenty good wives who are saving;
For wives they will spare,
That their Children may share,
But whores are eternally craving.
But, &c.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, another Street.

Sapscull and Blunder, staring about.

Saps. Wuns-lent! what a mortal big place this same London is? ye mun ne'er see End on't, for sure——Housen upon Housen, Folk upon Folk—one would admire where they did grow all of 'em.

Blund. Ay, Master, and this is nought to what you'll see an by, and ye go to Tower ye mun see great hugeous Ships as tall as Housen: Then you mun go to play housen, and there be no less nor six of 'em, a hopeful Company, o' my Conscience. There you'll see your comical Tragedies, and your Uproars, and Roatoribusses; and hear Fardinella, that sings Solfa better nor our Minister Choir-men: And more than that, ye mun ha' your Choice of the prattiest Lasses, ye e'er set Een on.

Saps. By th' Mess, and I'll be somebody among 'em—so I will——But how mun we find out this same Sir Penurious Muckworm?

Blund. Ye mun look to Letter for that.

Saps. Letter Says, G-r-o-z-Groz-v-e-ve-n-e-e-r-neer Grozveneer Square; but how mun we know where this same Grozveneer Square is?

Blund. Why ye mun ask Ostler for that, he'll set you right for sure: For your London Ostlers are wiser by half than our Country Justasses.

Saps. Ay, Blunder, every thing's fine in London.

A I R VI. London is a fine Town.

I.

“ O London is a dainty Place,

“ A great and gallant City,

B

“ For

10 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

“ *For all the Streets are pav’d with Gold,*
 “ *And all the Folks are witty.*

II.

“ *And there’s your Lords and Ladies fine,*
 “ *That ride in Coach and Six,*
 “ *That nothing drink but Claret Wine,*
 “ *And talk of Politicks.*

III.

“ *And there’s your Beaux, with powder’d Cloaths,*
 “ *Be-daub’d from Head to Chin;*
 “ *Their Pocket-Holes adorn’d with Gold,*
 “ *But not one Souse within.*

IV.

“ *And there the English Actor goes,*
 “ *With many a hungry Belly,*
 “ *White heaps of Gold are forc’d, God wot,*
 “ *On Signior Farinelli.*

V.

“ *And there’s your Dames of dainty Frames,*
 “ *With Skins as white as Milk,*
 “ *Drest e’ery Day in Garments Gay,*
 “ *Of Sattin and of Silk.*

VI.

“ *And if your mind be so inclin’d,*
 “ *To have them in your Arms,*
 “ *Pull out a handsome Purse—of Gold,*
 “ *They can’t resist its Charms.*

To them Gaylove as Muckworm.

Gayl. Welcome to London, dear ‘Squire Sapscul, I hope your good Father’s well, and all at Sapscul-Hall.

Saps. Did ye e’er hear the like, *Blunder*? This old Gentleman knows me as well as I know myself.

[To Blunder aside.

Blund. Ay, Master, your Londoneers knows every thing.

Gayl. I had Letters of your coming and resol’d to meet you.

Saps. Pray, Sir, who may you be an I may be so bold?

Gayl. My Name, Sir, is *Muck-worm*.

Saps. What, Sir *Penurious Muck-worm*?

Gayl. So they call me.

Saps. Sir, if your Name be *Sir Penurious Muck-worm*,
 my

my Name is *Samuel Sapsull*, Jun. Esq; Son of Sir *Samuel Sapsull* of *Sapsull Hall* i'th' *East-Riding* o' *Yorkshire*.

Gayl Sir, I am no stranger to your Family and Merit; for which Reason I sent for you to Town, to marry my Neice with 6000*l.* Fortune, and a pretty Girl in the Bargain.

Blund. Look ye there Master! [*Aside to Sapsull.*]

Saps. Hold your Peace, you Blockhead.

[*Aside to Blunder.*]

Gayl. But how may I be sure that you are the very 'Squire *Sapsull* I sent for. Have you no Letters, no Credentials?

Saps. Open the Portmantell *Blunder*—Yes, Sir, I ha' brought all my Tackle with me. Here, Sir, is a Letter from Father:—[*Gives a Letter*]—And here, Sir, are Deeds and Writings, to shew what you mun ha' to trust to: And here, Sir, is Marriage Settlement, sign'd by Father, in fit case young Gentlewoman and I likes one another.

Gayl. Sir, she can't chuse but admire so charming a Person. There is but one Obstacle that I know of.

Saps. What may that be, an I may be so bold?

Gayl. Your Habit, Sir; your Habit.

Saps. Why, Sir, it was counted wondrous fine in our Country last Parlimenteering Time.

Gayl. O, Sir, but it's old-fashion'd now, and my Neice loves every thing to the tip top of the mode. But if you'll go along with me, I'll equip you in an Instant.

A I R VII. Set by the *Author*.

I.

Come hither, my Country 'Squire,
Take friendly Instructions from me;
The Lords shall admire
Thy Taste in Attire,
The Ladies shall languish for thee.

C H O R U S.

Such Flaunting,
 Galanting,
 And Jaunting,
 Such Frolicking thou shalt see,

The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.

Thou ne'er like a Clown,
 Shall quit *London's* sweet Town,
 To live in thine own Country.

II.

*A Skimming-dish Hat provide,
 With a little more Brim than Lace;
 Nine Hairs on a side,
 To a Pig's Tail ty'd,
 Will set off thy jolly broad Face.
 Such Flaunting, &c.*

III.

*Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
 And Cudgel quite up to thy Nose
 Then frizz like a Shock,
 And plaister thy Block,
 And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.
 Such Flaunting, &c.*

IV.

*A Brace of Ladies fair,
 To pleasure thee shall strive,
 In a Chaise and Pair,
 They shall take the Air,
 And thou in the Box shall drive.
 Such Flaunting, &c.*

V.

*Convert thy Acres to Cash,
 And saw thy Timber Trees down,
 Who'd keep such Trash,
 And not cut a Flash,
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.
 Such Flaunting, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *an Apartment.*

Arbella and Combrush.

A I R VIII. *Set by the Author.*

I.

*Arb. In vain you mention Pleasure
 To one confin'd like me,
 Ah what is wealth or Treasure,
 Compar'd to Liberty.*

II.

*O thou for whom I languish,
 And dost the same for me,*

Relieve

*Relieve a Virgin's Anguish,
And set a Captive free.
To them Muckworm.*

Muck. Come there's a good Girl; don't be in the Pouts, now.

Comb. I think it's enough to put any young Lady in the Pouts, to deny her the Man she likes, and force her to marry a great Loobily *Yorkshire* Ticke. In short, Sir, my Mistress don't like him, and won't have him—Nay, I don't like him, and I tell you flat and plain she shan't have him.

Muck. Shan't have him, Mrs. Snapdragon!

Comb. No, shan't have him Sir—If I were she, I'd see who should force me to marry against my Will.

Muck. Was ever such an impudent Hussy; but I'll send you packing. Get out of my House, you saucy Baggage.

Arb. Sir, tho' you have the Care of my Estate, you have no Command over my Servants: I am your Ward, not your Slave; If you use me thus, you'll constrain me to chuse another Guardian.

Muck. [*Aside*] A Gipsy! who taught her this Cunning? I must hasten this Match, or lose 1000l. by the Bargain, [*To Arb.*] What a Bustle is here with a peevish Love sick Girl? Pray, Child, have you learnt *Cupid's* Catechism? Do you know what Love is?

Arb. Yes. Sir, ———

A I R IX. Set by the *Author*.

I.

*Love's a gentle generous Passion,
Source of all sublime Delight,
When with mutual Inclination,
Two fond Hearts in one unite.
Two fond, &c.*

II.

*What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,
If compar'd with true Content?
That false Joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.
When obtain'd, &c.*

III.

*Lawless Passions bring Vexation,
But a chaste and constant Love*

14 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

*Is a glorious Emulation,
Of the blissful State above.
Of the, &c.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, one 'Squire Sapsull, out of *Yorkshire*, desires to speak with you.

Muck. I'm glad he's come—desire him to walk in.
Servant goes out, and returns with Gaylove dressed in Sapsull's Cloaths.

Gayl. Sir, an your Name be Sir *Penurious Muck-worm*.

Muck. Sir, I have no other; may I crave your's?

Gayl. *Samuel Sapsull*, jun. Esq; at your Lordship's Service.

Muck. A very mannerly, towardly Youth, and a comely one, I assure you. *[To Arabella.]*

Gayl. Pray, an I may be so bold, which of these two pretty Ladies is your Niece, and my Wife, that mun be?

Arb. What a Brute is this? Before I'd have such a Wretch for a Husband, I'd die ten thousand Deaths.

Muck. Which do you like best, Sir?

Gayl. Warry, an I were to chuse, I'd take 'em both.

Muck. Very courtly, indeed. I see the 'Squire's a Wag.

Comb. Both! I'll assure you, Saucebox! the worst is too good for you.

A I R X. *Gilly-Flowers, Gentle Rosemary.*

I.

Why how now, Sir Clown, dost set up for a Wit?

Gilly-Flow'r, Gentle Rosemary:

*If here you should wed, you're as certainly bit,
As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree.*

II.

If such a fine Lady to Wife you should take,

Gilly-Flow'r, Gentle Rosemary:

*Your Heart, Head and Horns shall as certainly ake,
As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree.*

Muck. Insufferable Assurance, affront a Gentleman in my House! Never mind her, Sir? she's is none of my Niece, only a pert Slut of a Chamber Maid.

Gayl. A Chamber Jade! Lord, Lord, how brave you keep your Maidens here in *London*! Wuns-lent, she's as fine as our Lady Mayorefs.

Muck.

Muck. Ay, her Mistress spoils her; but follow me, Sir, and I'll warrant you we'll manage her, and her Mistress too.

A I R XI. Set by the *Author*.

I.

Gayl. *I am in Truth,*
A Country Youth,
Unus'd to London Fashions,
Yet Virtue guides,
And still presides,
O'er all my Steps and Passions:
No courtly Leer,
But all sincere,
No Bribe shall ever blind me:
If you can like,
A Yorkshire Tike,
An honest Lad you'll find me.

II.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
With Slander hung,
Does oft bely our Country;
No Men on Earth,
Boast greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty:
Or Northern Breeze,
With us agrees,
And does for Business fit us;
In publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

III.

A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire or Nation;
He gains most Praise,
Who best displays,
A generous Education:
While Rancour rous,
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning;
The truly wise,
Will only prize,
Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

[All this Time *Gaylove* does his utmost to discover himself to *Arbella*, but she turns from him, and won't understand him.]

Gayl. Well, an yewunna see, I cannot help it. Good-by-t'ye, forsooth; in the mean Time, here's a Paper with something in it that will clear your Ladyship's Eye-sight. [*Throws down a Letter, and Exit smiling.*]

Arb. What can the Fool mean?

Comb. [*Taking up the Letter*] Madam, as I live, here's a Letter from Mr. *Gaylove*.

Arb. This is surprizing.

[*Snatches the Letter, and reads.*]

TH O' this Disguise is put on to blind old Muck-worm, I hope it will not conceal from my dear *Arbella*, the Person of her ever constant *Gaylove*. Blind Fool that I was! I could tear my Eyes out.

Comb. Lord, Ma'am, who the Duce could have thought it had been Mr. *Gaylove*? Well, our Maidenheads certainly stood in our Light this Bout.

Arb. Hold your Prattle; I have great hopes of this Enterprize, however, it carries a good Face with it; but whether it succeeds or no, I must love the dear Man that ventures so hard for my sake.

A I R XII. Set by the Author.

I.

*That Man who best can Danger dare
Is most deserving of the Fair;
The Bold and Brave we Women prize,
The whining Slave we all despise. The whining, &c.*

II.

*Let Coxcombs flatter, cringe and lie,
Pretend to languish, pine and die;
Such Men of Worth my Scorn shall be,
The Man of Deeds is the Man for me. The Man, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Comb. My Mistress is entirely in the right on't.

A I R XIII. I had a pretty Lass a Tenant of my own.

*The Man that ventures fairest,
And farthest for my Sake,
With a fal, la, la, &c.
The soonest of my Purse,*

And

*And my Person shall partake,
With a fal, la, la, &c.*

*No drowsy Drone shall ever
A Conquest make of me,
But to a Lad that's clever,
How civil could I be?*

With a fal, la, la, &c. [Exeunt.

*Enter Sapsull dressed A-la-mode de Petit Maitre,
Blunder, in a rich Livery, with his Hair tucked up,
and powdered behind.*

Blund. Mefs, Master, how fine ye be? marry believe me, an you were at *Sapsull-Hall*, I dare say Sir Samuel himself wou'd hardly know ye.

Saps. Know me, marry I don't know myself——
[Surveying himself]—I am so fine; and thou art quite another Sort of Creature too.—[Turns Blunder about.]
—Well, talk what ye list o' *Yorkshire*, I say there's nought like *London*; for my Part, I don't care an I ne'er see the face of *Sapsull-Hall* agen.

Blund. What need ye, an ye gotten 6000*l.* with a young Gentlewoman; besides, Father has ty'd Estate fast enough to ye;——an I were as ye, I'd e'en bide here, and live as lofty as the best o' 'em.

“ *Saps.* Ay, *Blunder*, so I will, and see *Bartledom* Fair too.

“ *Blund.* That ye mun not, for I did hear 'em talk
“ at the *Green Man* at *Barnet*, as how the May'r had
“ cry'd it down.

“ *Saps.* How! cry'd down *Bartledom* Fair! What
“ a murrain is *London* good for then? I wou'dn't bide
“ here and they'd gi't me——I thought to have had
“ such Fun now.——

“ A I R XIV. *Bartholemew Fair.*

I.

“ O *Bartledom Fair*,
“ Since thy Lord Mayor
“ Has cry'd thee down;
“ There's not worth regarding,
“ I'd not give a Farthing,
“ For *London Town*.

“ Such *Pork*, such *Pig*,
“ Such *Game*, such *Rig*,

C

“ Such

" *Such Rattling there ;*

" *But all's done,*

" *There's no Fun,*

" *At Bartledom Fair.*

II.

" *Farewell all Joys,*

" *Of 'Prentice Boys,*

" *And pretty Maids ;*

" *The Country and Court*

" *Have lost all their Sport,*

" *And the Shew-Folks their Trades ;*

" *Nay even Cit,*

" *In a generous Fit,*

" *Would take Spousey there,*

" *But all's done,*

" *There's no Fun,*

" *At Bartledom Fair."*

To them a Servant, well dressed.

Serv. Gentlemen, I come from Sir *Penurious Muckworm*, I am his Servant, and wait on Purpose to conduct you to Mrs. *Arbella's* Apartment.

Saps. Servant ! Waunds, why you're finer nor your Master.

Serv. O, Sir, that's nothing in *London*.

SCENE, an Apartment.

Slango representing *Arbella*, *Servant* introduces *Sapscull* and *Blunder*.

Saps. Well, forsooth, you know my *Businefs* ; few Words are best among Friends ——— Is it a Match, or no ? — say, Ay ; and I'll second you.

Slang. A very compendious way of wooing truly. [*aside.*] I hope you'll spare a Maiden's Blushes, Sir ; but Lard Gad you are too quick upon me.

Saps. I mean to be quicker yet, ay marry, and make thee quick too, afore I ha' done with thee.

Slang. I protest, Sir, you put me to such a Nonplus, I don't know what to say.

Saps. Ne'er heed ; Parson shall teach thee what to say. For my Part I ha' con'd my Lesson afore-hand.

Slang. But will you love me ?

Saps. Love thee ! Lord, Lord, I loves thee better than

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than I does my *Bay Filley*; did you ne'er see her, forsooth? Od, she's a dainty Tit, and sure I am,——I love her better nor I do nown Father.—*Blunder*, run and fetch a Parson.

Slang. Mr. *Blunder* may save himself that Trouble, Sir, I have provided one already.

Saps. Why then let's make Haste, dear sweet Honey, for I do long till it's over.

A I R XV. Dance o'er the Lady Lee.

*Oh, how I long 'till Grace be said,
Dance o'er the Lady Lee,*

*A good Sack Posset, and then to Bed,
With a gay Lady.*

[*Exeunt.*

A I R XVI. Set by the Author.

I.

*Gayl. Thou only Darling I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Desire,
Possessing thee I've greater store,
Than King to be of India's shore.*

II.

*For every Woman were there three,
And in the World no Man but me;
I'd single you from all the rest,
To sweeten Life and make me blest.*

Arb. Well! I never was so deceiv'd in my Life! How could you clown it so naturally?

Gayl. What is it I would not do for your dear Sake? But, I intreat you, let's lay hold of this Opportunity, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to divide us.

Arb. What wou'd you have me do?

Gayl. Leave all to me. I have left *Combrush* to amuse your Uncle, while a Fellow-Collegiate of mine, who is in Orders, waits in the next Room to finish the rest.

Arb. Do what you will with me: For, in short, I don't know what to do with myself.

A I R XVII. The Nymph that undoes me.

I.

*Arb. Let Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal;
With Pride, and with Pleasure, the Truth I reveal.
You're all I can wish, and all I desire,
So fix'd is my Flame, it ne'er can expire.*

So fix'd is my Flame, &c.

C 2

II Gayl.

II.

Gayl. *Let Rakes and let Libertines revel and range;
Possess'd of such Treasure, what Mortal wou'd
change?*

*You're the source of my Hopes, the spring of my Joy,
A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy.*

A Fountain of Bliss, &c.

A I R XVIII. By Mr. Handel.

[Gaylove and Aibella together.

How transporting is the Pleasure,

When two Hearts like ours unite?

When our Fondness knows no Measure,

And no Bounds our dear Delight.

[Exit.

Enter Muckworm and Combrush.

Muck. Well; I forgive you: This last Action has made Amends for all. I find a Chamber Maid is prime Minister in matrimonial Affairs—And you say, they are quite loving?

Comb. Fond, fond, Sir, as two Turtles! But I beg you wou'd not disturb 'em.

Muck. By no Means; let 'em have their Love out, pretty Fools! I shall be glad, however, to see some of their little Fondnesses: But tell me seriously, how do you like the 'Squire?

Comb. Oh, of all Things, Sir; and so does my Mistress, I assure you.

Muck. How that Scoundrel, Gaylove, will be disappointed.

Comb. He'll be ready to hang himself, (about her Neck.)

[Aside.

Muck. They'll make Ballads upon him.

Comb. I have made one already, and will sing it if you please.

Muck. With all my Heart.

A I R XIX. A Beggar got a Beadle.

I.

There was a certain Usurer,

He had a pretty Niece,

Was courted by a Barrister,

Who was her doating Piece:

Her Uncle, to prevent the same,

Did all that in him lay,

For which he's very much to blame,
As all good People say.

II.

A Country Squire was to wed
This fair and dainty Dame;
But such Contraries in a Bed
Would be a monstrous shame:
To see a Lady bright and gay,
Of Fortune and of Charms,
So shamefully be thrown away,
Into a Looby's Arms.

III.

The Lovers, thus distracted,
It set them on a Plot;
Which lately has been acted,
And ——— shall I tell you what?
The Gentleman disguis'd himself
Like to the Country Squire,
Deceiv'd the old mischievous Elf,
And got his Heart's Desire.

Muck. I don't like this Song.

Comb. Then you don't like Truth, Sir.

Muck. What d'ye mean to affront me?

Comb. Would you have me tell a Lye, Sir?

Muck. Get out of my House, you Baggage.

Comb. I only stay to take my Mistress with me;
and see, here she comes.

To them GAY LOVE and ARBELLA.

Muck. So, Sir, you have deceiv'd me; but I'll provide you a Wedding Suit; a fine long Chancery Suit, before ever you touch a Penny of her Fortune.

Gayl. Sir, if you dare embezzle a Farthing, I'll provide you with a more lasting Garment; a curious Stone Doublet: you have met with your Match, Sir; I have studied the Law, ay, and practis'd it too.

Muck. The Devil take you and the Law together.—

To them SAPSCULL, SLANGO, and BLUNDER.

—Hey Day! Who in the Name of Wonder have we got here?

Gayl. Only Squire Sapsull, his Bride, and loobily Man.

Slang. Come, my Dear! hold up your Head like a Man,

Man, and let me see what an elegant Husband I have got.

Blund. Ay ; and let them see what a dainty Wife my Master has gotten.

Saps. Here's a Power of fine Folk, sweet honey Wife ! pray, who may they be ?

Slang. This, Sir, is Sir *Penurious Muckworm* —

Saps. No, Honey ! I fear you are mistaken. Sir *Penurious* is another guise Sort of a Man ; an I mistake not he's more liker yon same Gentleman.

Blund. Ay, so he is, Master.

Slang. That same Gentleman was Sir *Penurious Muckworm*, some Time ago, but now he's changed to *George Gaylove*, Esq ;

Gayl. At your Service, Sir.

Saps. And who's yon fine Lady ?

Gayl. My Wife ! Sir, and that worthy Knight's Niece.

Saps. Your Wife ! and that Knight's Niece ! why who a Murrain have I gotten then ?

Gayl. My Man, *Slango* ; and I wish you much Joy.

Saps. Your Man, *Slango* ! what have I married a Man then ?

Slang. If you don't like me, my Dear, we'll be divorced this Minute.

Saps. My Dear, a Murrain take such Dears ! Where's my Writings ? I'll ha' you all hang'd for Cheats.

Gayl. You had better hang yourself for a Fool. Go Home, Child, go Home and learn more Wit. There's your Deed of Settlement ; but as for the Writings, they happen to be mine, and kept fraudulently from me by your Father, to whom they were mortgag'd by my late Brother. The Estate has been clear these three Years. Send your Father to me, and I'll talk to him. This is but Tit for Tat, young Gentleman. Your Father wanted to get my Estate from me ; and I have got the Wife he intended for you. All's fair, Sir.

Muck. I say all's foul, and a damn'd Cheat ; and so I'll make it appear. [Exit in a Rage.

Gayl. Do your worst, Sir, you can't unmarry us.

A I R XX. Set by the *Author.*

I.

Arb. *New Fortune is past it's severest ;
My Passion of mortal's sincerest,
Kind Heav'n has repaid in my dearest ;
What Gifts can it greater bestow ?*

Gayl. *True Love shall thro' Destiny guide us,
Still constant whatever betide us,
There's nothing but Death shall divide us,
So faithful a Fondness we'll shew.*

B O T H.

*By Cupid and Hymen united,
By Dangers no longer affrighted,
We'll live in each other delighted,
The greatest of Blessings below.*

Saps. What mun I do ; I mun ne'er see Father's Face again.

Gayl. Never fear, 'Squire, I'll set all to rights ; tho' your Father's my Enemy, I'm not yours : My House shall be your Home, till I have reconcil'd you to your Father ; and for the Honour of *Yorkshire*, I'll see you shan't be abus'd here.

Saps. Say ye so, Sir ? then I do wish you much Joy with all my Heart.

Blund. Ay, and so does *Blunder* too.

Saps. Well, sin I see you be so happy in a Wife, I'll not be long without one I assure you.

Gayl. You can't be happier than I wish you.

A I R XXI. Set by the *Author.*

C H O. R U S.

I.

Gayl. *Come learn by this ye Batchelors,
Come learn by this ye Batchelors,
Who lead unsettled Lives.
When once ye come to serious Thought,
When once ye come to serious Thought,
There's nothing like good Wives.
There's nothing like good Wives.*

II.

Arb. *Come learn by this ye Maiden's fair,
Come learn, &c.*

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*Say I advise you well,
You're better in a Husband's Arms,
You're better, &c.*

*Than leading Apes in Hell.
Than leading, &c.*

III.

*Sapf. A Batchelor's a Cormorant,
A Batchelor's, &c.*

*A Batchelor's a Drone,
He eats and drinks at all Men's Cost,
He eats, &c.*

*But seldom at his own.
But seldom, &c.*

IV.

*Comb. Old-Maids and fusty Batchelors,
Old Maids, &c.*

*At Marriage rail and lowre,
So when the Fox cou'dn't reach the Grapes,
So when, &c.*

*He cry'd, they were all fow'r,
He cry'd, &c.*

O M N E S.

Old Maids, &c.

F I N I S.

1st French copy
1769
1st Eng. 1773
THE

DESERTER,

A

NEW MUSICAL DRAMA,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.



DUBLIN:

Printed for J. POTTS, D. CHAMBERLAINE,
W. SLEATER, R. MONCRIEFFE,
and T. WALKER.

MDCCLXIV.

THE

DESERVED

NEW MUSICAL DRAMA

THE TRI-ROYAL

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TO THE PUBLIC.

LE DESERTEUR, is well known to have been these five years the most favourite Musical Piece on the French stage : so great indeed has been its success, that in this short time it has been translated into three languages ; one of which translations we have lately seen at the King's Theatre in the Hay-market, under the title of *IL DESERTORE*.

Indeed, when you once admit the circumstance of Henry's confessing himself a deserter, nothing can be more truly interesting than some of the incidents ; but yet they were brought about in a way peculiarly calculated for the French stage : the resolution of Henry was too sudden, too unprepared, as well as the circumstance of the mock-wedding that precedes it ; and throughout the piece there were a number of cold inanimating occurrences, that had very little, if any, relation to the main design ; and, add to this, it was never intended for an Opera, for the author himself calls it a Comedy interspersed with Songs.

It was thought, therefore, that if the unnecessary incidents were expunged, and those retained were rendered more probable ; if,

by making an uniform partition between the dialogue and the songs, it could be brought more to wear the complexion of an Opera, *THE DESERTER* might be entitled to a favourable reception on the English stage: how far these suggestions were reasonable, the public (who are the best judges, and by whose arbitration I shall always be proud to abide) will determine.

With regard to the Music, as I found it a work of great invention, I should have kept it in its original state, had it been possible; but besides the excessive length of the songs, the continual breaks into recitative, the frequent sudden alterations of the stile, and above all, that sameness which so particularly characterizes the French Music, I found it much too grave to stand the least chance of success in an after-piece: I therefore selected what I thought the beauties; and what I could not effect by having recourse to the original, I have endeavoured to supply myself.

In justice to the French composer, I think it absolutely necessary to declare, that the songs, beginning “One conduct’s for both love and war;” “The nymph who in my bosom reigns;” “Mr. Simkin, I’d have you to know;” and “The whims of folks in love;” are wholly my own; and that the first air in the piece, and that beginning, “My life’s three parts diminish’d,” are by
Philidor

Philidor, a name of no inconsiderable note in the musical world.

I have nothing to add but that I take this opportunity of making my acknowledgments to the performers for the support they were of to this piece ; I would, indeed, but that I despair of finding words worthy the occasion, express my gratitude to the public for their favourable reception of it.

C. D I B D I N.

A 3

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

HENRY,	Mr. VERNON,
RUSSET,	Mr. BANISTER,
SIMKIN,	Mr. DIEDIN,
SKIRMISH,	Mr. PARSONS.
FLINT,	Mr. WRIGHT,
FIRST SOLDIER,	Mr. ACKMAN,
SECONDSOLDIER,	Mr. FAWCET,
THIRD SOLDIER,	Mr. KEAR,
FOURTHSOLDIER,	Mr. COURTNEY.

W O M E N.

LOUISA,	Mrs. SMITH.
JENNY,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
MARGARET,	Mrs. LOVE.

T H E
D E S E R T E R.

A C T I.

SCENE I. A cottage, and a view of the French camp at a distance.

Margaret knitting, and Jenny spinning, at the door of the cottage; Simkin, and other villagers, come on with baskets of fruit.

A I R I. Simkin.

I Can't, for my life, guess the cause of this fuss,
Why there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin
and Harry,

And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry.

Margaret.

Why, numscull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,
All over the village, runs just like a fountain;
And I heard the folks say, every dish when they dine,
Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and mountain.

Jenny.

Then for poultry, and such like—good lord, what a
store!

I saw Goodman Gander six baskets full cramming;
Then such comforts and jellies! why one such feast more
Would certainly breed, in the village, a famine.

Chorus.

What the meaning can be,
We shall presently see,
For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows;
But be what it will,
Our wish shall be still,
Joy and health to the Duchess, wherever she goes!

Sim.

8 THE DESERT.

Sim. What can all this feasting be for?

Jenny. I'll give you, while I wind up this bottom and another, and you shan't find it out.

Sim. Why then if you know so well, why don't you tell us what it is?

Jen. Ah, I thought you would none of you guess it; this grandfeasting at the Duchess's is because the King's coming to the camp.

Marg. Who told you so?

Jen. I had it from Gaffer Ruffet himself.

Sim. Does the King come to the camp to-day?

Marg. Why yes, I knew that.

Sim. Then as sure as can be, I know what will happen.

Jen. why what will happen.

Sim. There will be two weddings in the village before to-morrow night.

Marg. How so?

Sim. Why is not Henry, the young soldier, to marry Louisa, Gaffer Ruffet's daughter, as soon as the review is over?

Jen. Not if I can prevent it.

Marg. Well, that's but one wedding!

Sim. Yes, but Jenny can tell you whose wedding t' other's to be.

Jen. How should I know?

Sim. Ah, you wont say any thing before folks, because yo'ure asham'd.

Jen. What do you mean?

Sim. As if you did not know—

Jen. Not I indeed.

Sim. Why, did not you promise me, that when Henry married Louisa you'd marry me?

Jen. Yes, yes, and I'll keep my word; whenever Henry marries Louisa, I'll marry you.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Russet, Louisa, Simkin, Margaret, Jenny, and
Villagers.

A I R II Louisa.

Why must I appear so deceitful?

I cannot, dear father, comply :

Ah ! could I think him so ungrateful,

With anguish I surely should die.

What so tender, at parting, he told me,

With such joy to my bosom convey'd

When next he was doom'd to behold me,

Could I think would be this way repaid?

Rus. Well, well, but child—

Lou. Indeed, father, 'tis impossible ; I never can
consent to such a thing.

Rus. Odds heart, Louisa, there's no harm in it.
Neighbours, come round here, I'll tell you the
whole affair ; you know what a dear good lady the
Duchess is ?

Marg. Ah, she's a dear good lady indeed, and
we all of us ought to do every thing she orders us.

Rus. I and my family in particular ought, for
many's the good thing she has given me, and my
old dame ; then how kind she was to all my poor
children ! she stood god-mother to this, and had
her christened after her own name.

Sim. Louisa !

Rus. Well, now we come to the point : Hen-
ry, you know, who was bred up with my girl,
and intended from his infancy for her husband, is
a soldier.

Sim. So he is.

Rus. And because she has a value for every thing
that belongs to me, this good lady, about three
weeks ago, sent to the colonel for his discharge, that
the young folks may live at home at their ease, and
be as happy as the day is long.

Marg.

Marg. That will be charming and comfortable for you, neighbour.

Ruf. Yes, but now comes the mischief of it ; what has occasion'd it, I dont know ; I never saw any harm of the lad, but there are always busy tongues in this village, doing people ill-offices ; and such reports, within these few days, have reached the Duchess's ears, that she is determined to see further into this business, before she gives Louisa the portion she promised her.

Jen. You may thank me for that.

Lou. But he'll be here to-day ; and so well I know his heart, that I am sure he'll clear himself to their confusion, who could so vilely traduce him.

Jen. Perhaps not.

Ruf. Well, child, I am sure you cant wish it more than I do ; nothing has ever pleased me so much as the thought of your coming together ; I wish to see you married with all my heart : for I shall then have nothing to do, but to listen to the prattle of your children, and prepare myself to follow poor Dorothy.

A I R III.

*My life's three parts diminish'd,
And when the sum is finish'd,
The parish-bell may toll,
Gra'mercy on my soul !*

Ding dong !

Swing swong !

*Methinks my old companions say,
That though his hairs are now grown grey,
Old Russet once, upon a day,
When all was mirth and jollity ;
When sports went round, and bells did ring,
Could briskly dance, and blythe could sing ;
And then upon the green to see
His rustic feats—'twas who but he !*

I'd

*I'd give this bauble, life away,
Without a sigh, could I but stay,
To see a little infant care!
Like Henry brave, Louisa fair;
Could I see this, I'd yield content
A life I hope not badly spent.*

But as I was telling you, the Duchefs hearing of these reports, is determined that we shall make a trial of his affections.

Lou. Indeed, father, there's no necessity for it; he loves me most sincerely.

Ruf. Nay, nay, child, I really think your love carries you away too much in this affair; it can do no harm; 'tis only an innocent frolick; you are to make believe as if you were a bride, and let me see who—oh, you shall be the bridegroom.

Sim. Shall I? I'cod I'm glad of that.

Ruf. But above all, I must instruct you, Jenny, in your part; you are to sit here, and tell Henry, when he comes, that Louisa and Simkin were married yesterday.

Jen. The very thing I wish'd.

Lou. I am vex'd to death that this trick should be played him: I can judge by myself what he'll feel: if I was told such a thing of him, how miserable I should be.

Ruf. But he'll be so much the happier, when he finds out the deceit, child.

A I R IV. *Louisa.*

*Though prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, O, what can they do!
No longer a rover,
His folies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.*
The

*The bee, thus as changing,
 From sweet, to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing,
 In one every blessing,
 'Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.*

Ruf. Well, well, don't make yourself uneasy, I dare say he loves you as sincerely as you think he does; if so, he'll soon be undeceived, and we shall finish the day as happily as we could wish: in the mean time let us think of what we have to do; we are to pretend we came from the church; the fiddles and bagpipes are to go first, then the lads and lasses follow; after which, mind this now, we are to go to the Duchess's mansion in grand procession, and there to be feasted like so many princes and princesses.

Sim. I'cod that will suit me nicely.—But Gaffer Russet, Jenny says, you told her, the feasting was to be for the king.

Ruf. For us, and the king; yes, yes, the king after he and his courtiers have had an entertainment at the duchess's, goes to review the camp, where the soldiers are all to appear under arms.—Ah girls! that's what none of you know any thing about; when the king goes to the camp, then's the time—the drums beat—the fifes play—the colours are flying—and—and—Lord—Lord! what a charming thing war is.

Sim. It must be then when one comes home again, and its all over.

Ruf. There's no life like the life of a soldier: and then for love! let the girls take care of their hearts: I remember I won my Dorothy just after I came from such a review now as may be to-day.

Marg. Ah, indeed, the soldiers make sad work with young womens hearts sure enough.

Ruf. And how can it be otherwise?

THE DESERTER.
AIR V.

13

*One conduct's for
Both love and war,
The point's to gain possession ;
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
'Till we, sleeping catch
Them on their post :*

*Then good b'ye form,
The fort we storm,
And by these arts,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.*

*In love the only battery,
Which with success we play
To conquer hearts, is flattery :
No fortrefs can its power withstand,
Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
Can make such way.*

*As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
We make believe,
Mistead, deceive ;*

*Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for ?
Cannons, and all our force of arms ?
But with their thund'ring alarms,
To tell, not cover our designs ;
Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
Blockades, or ambuscades, compare ?*

*No, all agree
That policy,
Is the true art militaire.*

But come, come, we must go and prepare ourselves ; you have not much time to spare, and see where he comes hurrying a-long there ; there now he clammers up yonder hill—well done, faith !—Ah, your lovers have no gout to stop them. Come, child—neighbours come along.

B

Lord.

Lou. Cruel father !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Henry. *Afterwards, in the wedding procession, Ruffet, Simkin, Louisa, Margaret, Jenny and Villagers.*

A I R VI. *Henry.*

*The nymph, who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair,
The empire she possesses there.*

*Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way ;
The worthless load he may condemn,
But prizes still and seeks the gem.*

But I hear music, what can this be ? All the villagers are coming this way—it seems like a wedding—I'll retire—How I envy this couple !

Ruf. Charming ! He has hid himself—pretend not to see him—don't turn your head that way—he's looking at you now !

Lou. How cruel not to let me have one look !

Sim. No, you must look at no-body but me now ; I am the bridegroom, you know.

Ruf. Jenny, be sure you play your part well.

Jen. Never fear me—My part is a much more difficult one than they imagine.

S C E N E IV.

Jenny, who sits down to spinning ; and Henry, who comes forward during her song.

A I R VII. *Jenny.*

*Some how my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass ;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said what seek you pretty lass ?
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart and leads it far.*

'Twas

'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now;
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough.
 A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld;
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.
 A little love, &c. &c.

Hen. Good day, young woman.

Jen. [Sings] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Young woman!

Jen. [Sings] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

Hen. Pray tell me what wedding that is?

Jen. What! that wedding?

Hen. Yes.

Jen. Do you want to know whose wedding it is?

Hen. Ay, ay.

Jen. What, that wedding that went past?

Hen. Yes, yes.

Jen. Why, 'tis a wedding in the village here.

Hen. But whose, I ask you?

Jen. [Sings.]

Hen. Are you making a jest of me? answer me, I beg of you.

Jen. Why I do answer you, don't I?

Hen. What, again! Whose is this wedding? Whose is it? Speak, or I'll—did not I see amongst them?—distraction!—will you answer, you?

Jen. Lord, you are so impatient! why then the wedding is Louisa's, old Russet's daughter, the invalid soldier.

Hen. Louisa's wedding!

Jen. Yes, she was married yesterday.

Hen. Married! good heavens! Are you sure of what you say? Do you know Russet?

Jen. Do I know him? to be sure I do. Why he is bailiff to the Duchefs. What makes you so uneasy you seem as if you had an interest in it.

Hen. An interest in it! Oh!

Jen. Dear me, if I remember right, you are the young man that every body thought she'd be married to: O law! what wickedness there is in this world! I am sure I very sincerely pity you.

Hen. I'm obliged to you for your concern.

Jen. Nay, it is not more upon your account than my own, that I am uneasy.

Hen. How so.

Jen. Why she was not content with making you miserable, but she must make me so too: the vile wretch she's married to, has perjur'd himself; for he has sworn a thousand and a thousand times to marry me.

Hen. What falsehood and treachery!

Jen. If I was you I would not bear it quietly; not but she'd brazen it all out; for I taxed her with it myself, and she only laughed in my face, and told me that you and I might go and mourn together, like two turtles, the loss of our mates.

Hen. Insulting creature!

Jen. Yes, and for my part I said to myself, says I, 'twould be a good joke to take her at her word; but then again I thought that though revenge is sweet, yet people have their likings, and their dislikes; and as for me, to be sure, I can't pretend to such a good young man as you.

Hen. [*not regarding her*] Infamous wretch! well might she keep her eyes fix'd upon the ground; but I'll see her, upbraid her with her infidelity and leave her to the guilty reproaches of her own ungrateful heart.

Jen. Young man—

Hen. [*Returning*] Well what do you say?

Jen. I believe you did not rightly hear what I said.

Hen. Oh! I have no time for trifling.

SCENE V.

Jenny, Simkin.

Jen. Poor soul! how he takes it to heart; but I must follow him; for if I lose this opportunity, I may not find it so easy to get another. But, stay, upon second thoughts, if I can but make a tool of Simkin, and by that means alarm Louisa, I shall every way gain my ends; for if she once believes him capable of slighting her, I am sure she has too much spirit ever to see him again.

Sim. Oh, Jenny, I am glad I have found you; what do you think brought me away from Louisa and them?

Jen. I neither know nor care.

Sim. Why? I was afraid you'd be jealous.

Jen. I jealous!

Sim. Why yes, you know, because I pretended to be Louisa's husband.

Jen. No, I'd have you to know, I am not jealous; I am only vex'd to think I have been such a fool, to listen to you so long, you base creature, you!

Sim. If I did not think there was something the matter, by your looking so cross.

Jen. And enough to make one; you know I can't help loving you, and this is the way you return my affection.

Sim. Why you know it was only in play.

Jen. In play—I could see plain enough, how your eyes sparkled upon the bare mention of being the bridegroom.

Sim. Now, Jenny if you would but hear me speak.

Jen. Speak!—get out of my sight, you perjured wretch! I was fool enough not to credit what I heard of you, but I dare say 'tis all true.

Sim. Why, what did you hear of me?

Jen. That it was you who invented all these reports about Henry.

Sim. Me! as I am a living Christian, Jenny—

Jen. Don't say a word to me, you have made me miserable, and now you want to insult me.

Sim. Indeed I don't; you can't think now, how happy I could make you, if you would only hear me three words—

Jen. Don't talk to me of happiness, for I never shall be happy again as long as I live.

Sim. How dearly she loves me! what a pity it is she won't let me clear up this affair.

Jen. And then that demure little minx; oh, I could tear her eyes out; I was always afraid of it and now I am convinc'd that her pretended love for Henry, was nothing but a contrivance to blind me the easier.

Sim. Dear, dear—

Jen. But, however, you have both mis'd your aim, for Henry behaves as he ought to do, and holds her arts in contempt; nay, he told me himself he had fix'd his affections upon a more worthy object.

Sim. He did!

Jen. Yes, he did, and you may go and tell her so, and as for me,

A I R VIII.

Mr. Simkin, I'd have you to know,

That for all your fine airs,

I'm not at my last pray'rs,

Nor put to it so,

That of course I must take up with you;

For, I really Sir, think, that tho' husbands are few

I need not go far off to seek,

For a better than you any day of the week.

To be sure, I must own, -I was foolish enough,

To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,

Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears;

And

*And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
 The day has been comfortless, dreary the night,
 And my only companions my tears;
 But now that's all o'er,
 I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.*

SCENE VI.

Sim. Why, what the duce has got hold of her?
 for my share, I believe all the folks in our village
 are gone mad—mad! I'cod, I'll be hang'd if any
 Bedlamites are half so mad as folks in love.

AIR IX.

*The whims of folks in love to know,
 I believe would fairly pose Old Nick :
 This moment fast—next moment slow,
 Now consenting,
 Now repenting,
 Nor at this, or that will stick;
 But changing still,
 They won't—they will—
 When they mean Yes, they'll answer No;
 And fume and fret,
 This hour to get
 What they dislike'd an hour ago.*

*If you expect to find them here,
 To't'other side they quickly were;
 The wind and tide,
 In the same mode will longer bide :
 Like two fond turtles, side by side,
 This hour they woo,
 And bill and coo!
 Then, by and by,
 No reason why,
 They make the devil and all to do!*

SCENE VII.

A party of Soldiers, afterwards Henry.

I Sold. I'll tell you, my boys, how the matter
 stands; if we can but catch hold of him, the *summum*
bonum

bonum of the thing is this, he'll be first try'd and then shot.

2 *Sold.* Yes, but suppose we don't catch hold of him?

3 *Sold.* Why then he'll neither be tried nor shot.

4 *Sold.* No more he won't

2 *Sold.* But I have been thinking how we shall do to know him.

1 *Sold.* Ay, you are a fool in these matters, I'll tell you how you'll know him; here! here! I've got his name and his marks [*Reading*] Hanibal Firebrand, six foot and an inch high, of an orange tawny complexion, a Roman nose, and the letters R. T. burned in the palm of his hand; the devil's in it if we can miss him.

3 *Sold.* Well, but you need not have taken all this pains, for you know he was your pot companion.

1 *Sold.* Faith I forgot that.

2 *Sold.* And would you go for to lift your hand against your friend?

1 *Sold.* Against my friend! ay, against my father, if he was to desert; but stay, stand by, perhaps this is he! [*They draw back*]

Hen. Where shall I fly? the unhappy have no friends; all I meet make a scoff of my sufferings.

2 *Sold.* It must be him.

1 *Sold.* Keep back.

Hen. Are the inhabitants of this place turned brutes? have they no compassion?

1 *Sold.* There, you see how it is, none of the people will screen him, they are honest, and refuse to do it? I'll take care the king shall know what good subjects he has.

Hen. At my home, where I expected to receive so kind a welcome, I am surrounded with enemies.

1 *Sold.* There! there! he says he expected to receive so kind a welcome from the enemy.

2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* So he does.

Hen. 'To desert one so kind.

1 *Sold.* Ah ! 'twas an infamous thing of you sure enough.

Hen. Life is not worth keeping upon such terms, and this instant could I lay it down with pleasure.

1 *Sold.* Mark that !

Hen. I'll go directly, and—

1 *Sold.* (*Stopping him*) Not so fast, if you please hey ! why, this is not the deserter, that's my friend ; but no matter, one deserter's as good as another.

Hen. Do you suspect me for a deserter.

1 *Sold.* No, we don't suspect you ; we know you for one.

Hen. Me !

1 *Sold.* Me ! yes you ! how strange you make of this matter ; why, did we not hear you confess that you expected a kind welcome from the enemy ? I'll tell you what, I am not fond of making people uneasy, but every word you have uttered will be a bullet in your guts.

Hen. What if I favour this, and so get rid of all my woes at once—Oh ! Louisa, you have broke my heart.

1 *Sold.* What are you talking to yourself about ; Come, come, you are a deserter, and must go with us.

Hen. Shall I or not ?—by heav'n, I will—I own it, I am a deserter—lead me where you please.

1 *Sold.* There, he confesses it, and we shall have the reward.

A I R X. Henry.

*I'll fly these groves, this hated shade,
Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
Remind me, thou perfidious maid !*

Of vows so often made by thee.

*Blush ! blush, Louisa ! and look there,
Where's now thy truth ? oh ! tell me where ?*
Thy

*Thy constancy's no more ;
And like a wretch, by tempest tost,
My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,
I sink in sight of shore !*

First and second Soldier.

Come, brother, come,

Third and Fourth Soldier.

We must begone.

Henry.

Yes, yes, I'll fly to death—lead on
First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier.
Come then.

Henry.

And yet, O cruel fate.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier.
He is devilish loth.

Henry.

A minute stay,

One instant e're I'm drag'd away.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier,
You have confess'd—'tis now too late.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Prison, a table, and some old chairs; Flint, who while he speaks puts the stage in order, Henry walks about disturbed; and afterwards Skirmish, who comes on, as Flint goes off the stage.

Fli. **T**HERE's some water for you to drink ;
a table and a chair, and yonder's your
bed ; but if you go on at the rate you have begun
there will be no great trouble in making it—I
am a deserter, I have deserted ; I believe you'll
find, you had better not confess'd quite so soon :—
why what a devil of a fellow you must be. But,
come, as I said before, there's some water for you,
and if you chuse to have any thing better—for mo-
ney, d'ye see—you understand me right—for mo-
ney

ney—and faith, if you have any, you have no great reason to be sparing of it, for, I believe, your business will soon be settled.—Do you chuse any wine?

Hen. No, no,

Fli. Well, very well; if you won't have wine, you must drink water.

Hen. False, false, Louisa!—Oh, heaven!

Fli. But you seem a little down in the mouth about this business; never mind it, 'twill soon be over; you are to suffer at five; in the mean time I'll send a lodger of mine to you, he'll put you in spirits, by that you have drank a glass together; his name is Skirmish; he's a devilish hearty fellow.

[*Goes off.*]

Hen. That a few hours should sink me from the expectation of so much happiness to this abyss of misery! Perfidious woman.

Skir. Here, my boy, who wants me? who calls for Skirmish? Comrade, did you want me?

Hen. Me! no.

Skir. Why, yes you did. Ho, ho, house! here house! we'll have a glass together; as we never saw one another before, we'll now begin to renew our acquaintance.

Hen. Can you tell me, if I could get a sheet of writing paper.

Skir. Yes, surely, you shall have that: here house! house, I say! where the devil are you all? But heark'ee friend! what a confounded mistake you have made here! A mistake! damme, you you have made two mistakes! I can prove it: In the first place, to desert at all was a mistake; then to confess it, Oh, damn it, that was a mistake indeed! I am but a silly ignorant fellow; but had I been in your place, had he been my serjeant, my general, nay, my corporal, I would have said, No, I am no deserter. No, no my lad, Skirmish scorns to desert.

A I R

A I R XI.

*Though to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking.
There's nothing but I'd do, or say,
Yet Skirmish ne'er shall run away.*

*For here is his motto, and so there's an end:
He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn and are civil
But for country, his bottle, his king or his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half-way to the devil.*

*Soldiers often fickle prove,
Who can know his mind for ever?
We forgive you false in love,
But Deserters never, never.*

S C E N E II:

*Henry, Louisa, Skirmish, who goes off returns,
and goes off again during the Scene, and Flint with
wine, who goes off immediately after he has spoke.*

Fli. There's a young woman without asking for
a soldier [*to Skirmish*] I suppose it must be you she
wants.

Skir. Yes, yes its me I warrant you; let her
come in, but give me the wine though [*sets the
bottle down on seeing her*] Ah, ah, a smart wench
faith!

Hen. Good heavens! what do I see? You here

Lou. Me, Henry!

Hen. Is it possible!

Skir. Oh, oh, I smoke this business; comrade
I'm off, I'm off; she's your sister, I suppose, or
your cousin but that's no business of mine; madam
no offence I hope; my name is Skirmish, I un-
derstand what good breeding is; I'm off; brother
soldier, faith she's a fine girl, I'll go and walk a
little in the court yard d'ye mind me, I'm off—
mum.

Hen. This insult is beyond enduring!—Is it not
enough?—but I will not upbraid you.

Lou.

Lou. Hear me but a moment !

Hen. Away ! don't I know you false ?—barbarous, faithless wretch !

Skir. [*Coming on*] Don't mind me ; don't let me disturb you ; I only come to fetch the wine, for I believe you don't care to drink ; will you take a sup ? no—well, your servant—I'm off again.

Hen. It is not from your hands, but from your father's that I shall expect——

Lou. 'Tis true, my father !

Hen. That infamous old man ! but go—I have no more to say. Oh, Louisa ! I dote upon you still ! is it possible you can intirely have forgot me ?

Lou. Believe me, Henry !

Hen. But with what assurance!--what composure!

Lou. I should not be compos'd, if I was really to blame.

Hen. O thou perfidious woman !

Lou. Enjoy your error.

Hen. My error ?

Lou. With one word I could convince you.

Hen. With one word ! speak it then if you dare.

Lou. I am not married then.

Hen. Not married !

Lou. 'Twas entirely my father's doings ; his scheme to——

Hen. O cruel ! 'tis to no purpose whether 'twas you or him.

Lou. The Duchefs——

Hen. Don't name her ; you dare not shew yourself to her.

Lou. 'Twas her who order'd the whole affair.

Hen. How !

Lou. What I tell you is true ; some reports to your disadvantage having recah'd her, which I then knew, and we have since found to be false, she ordered this mock-wedding (for such only it was) to
C prove

prove your affections ; so that every thing you saw and heard was contrived on purpose to deceive you, and the whole affair was but a joke ?

Hen. [*Sitting down in the chair, rests his hand on the table*] Was but a joke ?

A I R XII. *Louisa.*

*Ah ! cease this affliction, your troubles are past,
Of care and disquiet, that sigh was your last :*

*How could you once harbour a doubt of my love ?
The girl you convers'd with, the feast and the rest
The musick and dancing was all but a jest,*

A frolick design'd your affections to prove.

Believe me, Louisa reluctant comply'd,

*Her father commanded—intreaty was vain ;
Or I swear by this hand I would rather have dy'd,
Than have given my Henry a moment of pain.*

Hen. Oh, heavens ! my heart will burst.

Lou. What means this grief, my love ? do you still doubt the truth of what I say ?

Hen. No, Louisa ; 'tis because I believe you.

Lou. Here's my father. Oh, Sir ! I am glad you are come. Ask him what's the matter ; make him tell the cause of his distress.

Ruf. Henry, my dear boy, good day to you ; I am overjoy'd to see you ; well, all matters are clear'd up, and you may take Louisa for your pains, when ever you will, I give her to you.

Hen. I beseech you, desire your daughter to step into the court-yard for a minute or two.

Ruf. Why so ?

Hen. Oblige me ; only desire she will.

Ruf. Louisa, we have something to say to each other ; step out for a minute or two, I'll call you back presently.

Hen. [*Taking her hand as she goes out.*] Louisa, 'tis an age since I saw you last.

Lou. And yet you send me away from you already.

Hen. You shall come back again immediately.

Ruf. I was surpris'd to hear you was put in prison, though they tell me 'tis but for a trifle. I am

overjoy'd to see you ; the Duchefs will soon get you releas'd, and then—but you seem thoughtful.

Hen. Will you promise me to do whatever I request.

Ruf. That I will, provided it is in my power.

Hen. I beg you to take your daughter away with you ; we must take leave of one another.

Ruf. Why I know that, don't I ? you must go back to your regiment.

Hen. Well, return hither two days hence, and ask for a dragoon, named Skirmish, he will deliver you a letter—and for me—

Ruf. O I know well enough what you mean ; you'll be at the camp, the king's to be there.

Hen. Have you command enough of yourself not to betray any thing to your daughter of what I am going to tell you ?

Ruf. To be sure I have.

Hen. I'm afraid she'll return before—

Ruf. [*Looking out.*] No, no, we're very safe.

Hen. This wedding trick——

Ruf. Yes, 'twas I manag'd it.

Hen. It threw me into despair——

Ruf. Good ! very good ! I knew it would.

Hen. And in my fury——

Ruf. Ha, ha, ha, what you was furious then ? delightful !

Lou. [*Running in.*] O cruel father ! O unfortunate accident ! this wedding has undone us all ; he has confess'd himself a Deserter, and is condemn'd to suffer death.

Ruf. What's this I hear ?

Hen. She knows it all!——O torture !

Ruf. A deserter ! condemn'd ! Henry can this be as she says ?

Hen. 'Tis but too true.

Ruf. Good heavens !

Fli. You are wanted without.

Hen. Me?

Fli. You——you must go directly.

Hen. Adieu, Louisa!

A I R XIII.

Henry.

*Adieu! Adieu! my heart will break,
This torment's beyond bearing:*

Louisa.

*Adieu! ah, why? my love, oh? speak,
And banish this despairing.*

Give thy Louisa's pangs relief.

Henry.

I cannot speak, oh, love! oh, grief!

Henry, Louisa, and Russet.

Ye pitying pow'rs! some comfort send:

When will our sorrows have an end?

Lou. For heav'n's sake, Sir! where is he gone,
who wants him?

Fli. Only some friends.

Lou. Surely, it can't be to——

Fli. Oh, no! 'tis not for that yet——'tis too soon
——a while, about five or six——perhaps it may be
seven first.

Lou. Oh, support me, Sir!

Rus. No child, we may yet prevent it. I'll go
to the duchess, and tell her the whole affair.

Lou. She has brought me into this trouble.

Rus. I'll seek her this instant, do you follow me.
[goes off.]

Lou. Oh, Sir! on my knees I beseech you.

Fli. There's no occasion for kneeling to me;
what would you have?

Lou. Is not the king to be at the camp to-day?

Fli. Yes, and what then?

Lou. Tell me, Sir, in such a case, 'tis an act of
justice; the king surely will do justice.

Fli. Certainly; he never does otherwise.

Lou. Alas, Sir, I am poor, so very poor——

Fli.

Fli. That won't hinder it a bit ; the king's too good to despise folks because they are poor.

Lou. But 'tis for you I mean.

Fli. For me ?

Lou. To thank you with ; to intreat you ; here is a small ornament, of no great value indeed ; I give you this, Sir, I wish I had more to give ; 'tis silver ; delay it but till to-morrow.

Fli. Do what, delay it ! [*looking at the trinket*] hey ! it seems to me to be hollow : are you sure 'tis silver ?

Lou. This suspence is dreadful. [*Goes off.*]

Fli. Why, I'll tell you ; I cant absolutely delay his execution : but I'll let him have as much wine as ever he can drink :—what gone !—Gad, this girl has a generous spirit.

S C E N E IV.

Skirmish, who holds a bottle and glass in one hand, a sheet of paper under his arm, and with the other drags in Simkin.

Skir. Come along, what the devil are you afraid of ? here's a young man wants to see this soldier and the girl that was here : where are they ? [*to Flint.*]

Fli. She's gone away.

Skir. But, where's he ?

Fli. He was sent for out to some friends, he'll be here again.

Sim. If you please, Sir, I'll follow the gentleman.

Skir. You and I must take a glass together.—So this soldier is your cousin, is he ?

Sim. Yes, Sir.

Skir. Sit yourself down then, and he was sent here yesterday ?

Sim. Yes, Sir.

Skir. Well then, sit down, I tell you.

Sim. But Sir.

Skir. Sit down, I say ; sit down there ;—hell and fury, will you sit down when I bid you ?

there!—now we'll take a glass together; he'll soon be here; come fill.

Sim. Sir, I thank you, but I am not dry; besides I don't care much for drinking, without knowing my company.

Skir. Without knowing your company! why, you little starv'd sniveling—an't you in company with a gentleman? but drink this minute, or I'll—

Sim. I will, Sir if you won't be angry.

Skir. Not I; I wont be angry: so you say that—

Sim. I, Sir I did not say any thing

Skir. Well then, if you did not say any thing, sing—sing me a song.

Sim. I am not in spirits for singing.

Skir. Spirits! why, a song will raise your spirits; come, sing away.

Sim. But Sir, I can't sing.

Skir. Ever while you live, sing.

Sim. Indeed, Sir I can't.—

Skir. You can't—why, then I will.

Sim. Well, but, Sir.

Skir. Sit still, I tell you; I am going to sing.

Sim. But—I wish you, cousin—

Skir. He can't belong now; hear my song.

A I R XII.

*Women and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parrallel;
For women bewitch us when they will,*

And so does wine;

*They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine,
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool;*

Then since the world thus runs away,

And women and wine,

Are alike divine;

Let's love all night, and drink all day!

There's

There's something like a song for you! now we'll sing together.

Sim. Together?

Skir. Ay, both together.

Sim. But, Sir, I don't know your song.

Skir. Why, who the devil wants you to sing my song?

Sim. I never saw such a man in my life: how shall I get away from him?—Sir!

Skir. Well, what d'ye say?

Sim. I believe there's somebody looking for you yonder.

Skir. Is there?

[While Skirmish looks round, Simkin takes an opportunity of running off.]

Skir. O, you young dog! I'll be after you; but stay here comes the poor unfortunate young man his cousin.

S C E N E V.

Henry, Skirmish

Skir. How are your spirits? take a sup of this: Oh! here's your writing paper.

Hen. Thank you, friend; oh, my heart! I wish I could have seen Louisa once more.

[Sits down to write.]

Skir. Ah, your'e a happy man, you can write! *[Loud]* Oh, my cursed stars, what a wretched fellow I am!

Hen. Why, what's the matter? *[Looking round]*

Skir. The matter?—Confusion!—I blush to say it; but since it must out, what will you say to such a poor, miserable—and but this one misfortune, fit to be a general: if I had known how to write, I might have had a regiment five years ago; but company is the ruin of us all; drinking with one, and drinking with another;—why, none here; I was in hopes *here* that I shou'd be able to study a little; but the devil a bit; no such thing as getting the bottle out of one's hand: ah! if I

could hold the pen as I have held the bottle, what a charming hand I should have wrote by this time.

Hen. Skirmish, do me one favour?

Skir. What is it?

Hen. May I depend upon you?

Skir. To the last drop of my blood.

Hen. Promise me to deliver this letter.

Skir. I'll go directly.

Hen. You can't go with it now; you are a prisoner, you know.

Skir. Damn it, so I am; I forgot that: well, but to-morrow I shall have my liberty, and then—

Hen. A person, whose name is Russet, will be here to enquire after me, deliver it to him.

Skir. May I perish, if I fail.

Hen. Let me speak to you. [*They talk apart.*]

S C E N E VI.

Henry, Skirmish, Margaret, Jenny, and Simkin.

Mar. Yes, yes, you vile hussy, 'twas all your fault.

Jen. Well, have not I confes'd it?

Mar. Confes'd it, indeed! is not the poor young man going to lose his life, and all upon your account?

Jen. I own it, I own it; I never shall 'joy myself again as long as I live; I shall see his ghost every night.

Sim. And it serves you right; and I'll tell you more news for your comfort; I would not marry you now you've been so wicked, if you was worth your weight in gold.

Mar. Ah you need not talk; for you know well enough, you was told to run after him to call him back and you never once offered to move.

Sim. Why how could I? I was the bridegroom, you know.

Jen. See, there he is!

Mar. Bless us, how alter'd he looks!

Hen.

Hen. Good day, aunt ; good day ; [*to the others.* give us leave, brother soldier.

Skir. Yes, yes, I'll go ; I wont disturb you ; I'll go and see what they are doing ; I am afraid no good, for the time draws near.

Mar. Ah my poor boy ! can you forgive us ? 'twas all our doing.

Jen. No, 'twas my doing.

Hen. Let us say no more about it ; it was an unfortunate affair : where's Louisa, and her father ?

Mar. Ah ! poor man ! her father came running into the village, like one distracted ; flung himself on the ground, tore his hair ; we could not get him to speak to us.

Hen. And Louisa, who has seen her ?

Sim. We none of us can tell where she is.

Hen. How ! no one know where she is gone ? some accident sure has happened to her ?

Mar. Don't afflict yourself so.

Hen. Aunt, if she is found I must rely on you to comfort her, don't suffer her out of your sight ; this is now all the service you can do me ; your nephew must die ; for my sake, therefore, look upon her as your niece ; she should have been so in reality.

Marg. I promise you.

Hen. I could wish to see her again.

S C E N E, *the last*

Henry, Margaret, Jenny, Simkin, Flint, Skirmish
and Soldiers.

Fli. Comrade, I am sorry to bring you bad news but you must now behave yourself like a man ; the hellhounds are coming for you.

Hen. Already ?

Skir. They are, indeed ; here, here, you've occasion enough for it ; drink some of this.

Hen. I am obliged to you,—none. Aunt, adieu,
tell

tell my Louisa, I thought on her to my last moment ; and, oh, my heart bear up a little, and I shall be rid of this insupportable misery.

A I R XIII.

*To die, is nothing ; it is our end, we know ;
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe ;
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.*

*A thousand ways our troubles here increase ;
While care succeeding care, destroys our peace ;
Why fly we then ? what can such comfort give ?
We cease to suffer, when we cease to live.*

*[During the song a messenger comes on
and talks with Flint.]*

Marg. Oh, Lord, what shall we do ? I'd give all I have in the world to prevent it.

Sim. And for me, I'd part with the very cloaths off my back.

Jen. If you could but see Louisa !

Marg. Ay, if you could but see Louisa !

Jen. We'll give you sir, all the money we have, if you'll only stay till we fetch the young woman, that was here just now.

Fli. Well, I am sure nobody can say, but as how I am always ready to serve every body I can :— what have you got ?

Marg. Why, here's a little piece of gold, and some silver.

Jen. And here's my little stock ; I am sure every farthing.

Sim. And there's all mine.

Fli. Well Goodnature is my pride and pleasure ; are you sure you have given me all ?

Marg. I am sure I have.

Jen. And so have I.

Sim. And I too, indeed.

Fli.

Eli. Why then what signifies hiding good news, the young man's repriev'd.

Hen. How?

Eli. Here's a messenger from the camp?

Hen. Let me sit down.

Marg. I shall die with pleasure.

Sim. Lord, lord, I shall leap out of my skin.

Ruf. Where is he? where's my boy, my son?

Louisa, Henry has done it all! Louisa has sav'd your life!

Hen. Charming angel! tell me how, dear Sir?

Ruf. As the army were returning to the camp, assisted in her resolution by her love for you, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she rush'd like lightning through the ranks, made her way to the king himself, fell at his feet,—and, after modestly relating the circumstances of thy innocence, and her own distress, vow'd never to rise till she obtain'd the life of her lover: the king, having heard her story with that clemency which always accompanies a noble mind, granted thy life to her intercession; and the pomp pass'd on amidst the acclamations of the people.

Hen. Charming generous creature!

Skir. Death and damnation!

Eli. Why, what ails you, Skirmish?

Skir. The king at the camp, and I not there!

Sim. I shall love my cousin Louisa for it as long as I live.

Ruf. The king wept, and the nobles fill'd her lap with money, which she threw to the ground, lest it should retard her in her way to you.

Hen. How can I reward such tenderness?

Ruf. See, see, here she comes.

Lou. My Henry! [Falling into his arms.

Hen. My Louisa!

AIR XIV.

Henry.

*My kind preserver fain I'd speak,
 Fain would I what I feel express;
 But language is too poor, too weak,
 To thank this goodness to express;
 Brothers, companions, age and youth;
 Oh! tell to all the world her fame,
 And when they ask for faith and truth,
 Repeat my dear Louisa's name.*

Louisa.

*And have I sav'd my Henry's life?
 Dear father, in my joy take part:
 I now indeed shall be a wife,
 Wife to the idol of my heart.
 Thus when the storm, dispersing flies,
 Through which the sailor's forc'd to steer;
 No more he dreads inclement skies,
 But with the tempest leaves his fear.*

Russet.

*Why, why, I pray you this delay?
 Children your hands in wedlock join,
 That I may pass my hours away,
 In ease and peace through life's decline:
 This joy's too great my pride, my boast;
 Both, both in my affection share,
 May who delights the other most.
 Henceforward be your only care.*

Skirmish

*I wish your joy may hold you long;
 But yet I am not such a sot,
 As not to see you all are wrong;
 Why is the king to be forgot?
 You had been wretched but for him;
 Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing;
 Raise ev'ry voice, strain ev'ry limb,
 Huzza, and cry, Long live the King.*

F I N I S.

Num 1235

5th Nov

[Cantata]

THE

RIVAL CANDIDATES:

A COMIC OPERA

In Two ACTS;

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By the Rev. HENRY BATE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR J. WILLIAMS, W. WILSON,
J. A. HUSBAND, R. MONCRIEFFE,
T. WALKER, C. JENKIN, AND J. HILLARY.

M. DCC. LXXV.

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

MADAM!

PERHAPS you were not aware, when you were kind enough to shew an early countenance to the following PETITE OPERA, that so indulgent an overture, entitled it in some measure to your future patronage; indeed, notwithstanding this circumstance, you might probably have escaped the present mortifying situation, had not the author conceived, that his piece owes no inconsiderable share of its dramatic effect to your taste and judgment:—hence arose an appeal to his feelings, too powerful to be treated with silent indifference.—

I mean not, however, to alarm your delicacy, by a recital of those accomplishments, which have long rendered you an ornament of the most fashionable circles; —nor by recounting those private virtues, which stamp you one of the first patterns of domestic felicity; facts however agreeable or instructive they might prove to society, I decline enumerating, in compliment to female diffidence.

DEDICATION.

Having therefore made the acknowledgement I conceive due upon this occasion, it is high time for me frankly to confess, that vanity had some influence over me, when I presumed to think of Mrs. GARRICK for the patroness of this my FIRST ESSAY.

I remain, MADAM,

with great respect,

Your most obedient,

*Hendon, Middlesex,
Feb. 9, 1775.*

and devoted Servant,

HEN. BATE.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES is an attempt of the dramatic kind, undertaken by the writer from no motive of literary vanity, but in order to introduce to the world, a young musical composer, whose taste he conceived might do honour to his profession.

The reformer of the English drama no sooner was informed of him, than he kindly consented to an early trial of his abilities, and discovered a generous anxiety for his success.

The author arrogates to himself but a moderate share of that universal applause with which his piece has been received, particularly when he recollects how much of it is derived from the kind attention of Mr. GARRICK, in the double capacity of friend, and manager;—and what immense claims those respectable persons have, who fill his little canvass with such credit to themselves, and their profession. To single out any one of these celebrated performers, when all so kindly combined to produce, what is deemed a striking representation in the comic style, would be a task unpleasing as ungenerous. And therefore, as they have been equally zealous in their endeavours, as happy in the execution of their several characters, he wishes them, jointly to accept, the returns of a grateful heart.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BYRON,	Mr. Vernon.
Sir HARRY MUFF,	Mr. Dodd.
GENERAL WORRY,	Mr. Parsons.
SPY,	Mr. Weston.
FIRST GARDENER,	Mr. Banister.
UNDER GARDENERS,	{ Mr. Kear.
	{ Mr. Fawcett.
NARCISSA,	Mrs. Baddely.
JENNY,	Mrs. Wrighten.

SCENE, A COUNTRY VILLA, &c.



T H E

RIVAL CANDIDATES.

ACT I. SCÈNE I.

A Hall in General WORRY's house, adorned with military trophies; through the folding doors of which, is seen a part of the garden.

NARCISSA and JENNY.

Jenny. ——— I N D E E D, ma'm, I don't like to go near him:—besides, what the deuce should he want with me?

Nar. Oh some fresh complaints, I'll warrant you:—but I desire you'd go.

Jenny. Lud, ma'm! he's such an old suspicious mortal, that I can do no good with him:—and it's a shame to throw away good reasoning, and fine sentiment, upon so unfeeling a——

Nar. Prithee, don't be trifling now, girl, but go to him, and let us know the worst.

Jenny. Well, to oblige you, m'am, I'll venture any thing.

NARCISSA,

NARCISSA, *alone.*

Why was I doom'd to envy the free-born villager?—or what do I derive from fortune or education, but reflections, which render my confinement insupportable.—The family quarrel which separates me from the man I love, and my father's unreasonable suspicions, lie heavy on my spirits:—deny'd even to breathe that pure air, which nature designed as a common blessing to all her creatures!—Surely the time will come when I shall regain my liberty, and my *Byron* have an opportunity of resuming the tender subject of his passion, so cruelly cut off in its infancy.

A I R. I. *Mrs. Baddely.*

Soft FANCY, thou truant to me,
My summons oh quickly obey!
Neglected by BYRON and thee,
How heavily passes the day!

Thy charms I've mistaken for Love's,
So artfully dost thou beguile,
Thy magic enlivens the groves,
When he has forgotten to smile!

Enter JENNY hastily.

Jenny. Oh dear, ma'm!—charming news, ma'm!

Nar. Thou art a mad girl:—but what is the cause of this transport?

Jenny. Lud, ma'm!—as I hope to live and breath, your papa is going down to the borough to vote for his friend, Mr. *Indigo*, the Nabob, and his nephew, Sir *Harry Muff*, the sweet spark that lines his clothes with fur in the dog-days—and your lover that is to be—

Nar. My love that is to be!—but prithee go on—

Jen. And so, ma'm, he has given us leave to divert ourselves in the plantations, till he returns:—he sent

Spy

Spy in search of you, to tell you of it before he saw me.

Nar. Indeed!

Jen. Yes, indeed, and indeed, Ma'm!—I wish I could let *somebody* know of it, that—he might pay us a visit.

Nar. That's impossible, *Jenny*:—but soft!—here comes my father's cabinet counsellor.

Enter SPY.

Nar. ———Well, Sir, what's your business?

Spy. Business, madam!—no great matter of business truly; only his worship ordered me to tell you, that he was going to the election at *Tipplewell*; and so if you thought fit, you and Mrs. *Jenny* might recreate yourselves in the pleasure grounds (as it's a fine day) till he returns.

Jen. There's kindness for you, madam!

Spy. But he charg'd me to tell you, he'd have no lolling out of the summer-house window that looks to the high-road;—nor no singing, for fear you should scare the wild-ducks that are hatching in the island;—nor no——

Jen. ———Opening our eyes, I suppose, for fear we should see any thing in the shape of a man!—now your bolt's shot!—Your master's very kind truly, after depriving us of every enjoyment for three months past, he now sets a dish before us, and generously tells us we must not taste of it.

Spy. Why you know, Mrs. *Jenny*, I would refuse you nothing; not even if you were to take a liking to me myself.

Jen. That would be a fine dish indeed!

Nar. Come, come, no more of this; you may tell your master, I think myself obliged to him, even for this limited indulgence:—what does the fellow stand so like a statue for?

Spy. I only waits to let you in, that's all.

Nar. You may save yourself that trouble, by giving the keys to my maid.

Jen.

4 THE RIVAL CANDIDATES:

Jen. Come give them to me, Sir.—

Spy.—But axing your pardon, Miss *Narcissa*, that's not the case neither; I was ordered to lock the garden doors after you, and carry the keys back to your papa.

Nar. Lock us in, for what?

Jen. Ay, for what, Sir?

Spy. For—for——oh!——only for fear the turkies should get in, and eat up all the strawberries, that's all.

Nar. I understand my father's cruel suspicions; but thou hast more delicacy than thy master; go open the gates. [Exit Spy.]

Jen. Now, ma'm!—if Mr. *Byron* be the gentleman I take him for, he'll find it out some how or other that the old gentleman has lost his watch, and be here in the twinkling of an eye——

Nar. Ah Jenny! 'tis three long weeks——

Jen. So it is, Ma'm, since he blew you the last kiss from the orchard-wall, by moonlight:——I'm sure it almost melted my heart, it was sent up with such a deep sigh:—poor young gentleman!——I wish I was not of so tender a constitution myself in these cases.

Nar. Heigh day!—why I shall look upon thee as my rival presently:—Well, I must confess, girl, that *Byron* finds in thee a powerful advocate, and I, a faithful confidante: I hope we shall be enabled to reward thy fidelity.

Jen. I should be sufficiently repaid, Ma'm, in seeing you happy:—dear me! if he would but come now and offer himself a candidate here, we might have a snug little election of our own:——he should have my vote, and if I know any thing of eyes, I don't think, but you'd immediately return him.

Nar. Faith, I cannot swear that I wou'd not, Jenny.

Jen. Lord, Ma'm!——I can easily clamber over the pales if they do lock us in:——let me go then, and see if I can find him any where.

Nar. Heavens, girl, not for the world!—after such an imprudent advance on my part, I need not wonder
if

if a cool indifference should succeed on his: for I have been told, Jenny, that men always set a value upon a conquest, in proportion to the ease, or difficulty with which it is obtain'd:—and yet I long to see him!—but come, I am impatient to enjoy once more the beauties of nature: I am going into the drawing-room for my book; you'll find me at one of my favourite seats, where I really long to rest myself. *[Exit Nar.]*

JENNY, *alone.*

Poor young lady!—I wonder she holds it out so long: no sleep o'nights, and her little heart hurry scurry, hurry scurry! all day:—the deuce take the men say I, for a pack of unfeeling numskuls; they are all alike—wonderfully loving, when locks and bars are between; but if you give 'em a favourable opportunity, not one in ten of them has the brains to make use of it.

A I R II. *Mrs. Wrighten.*

Fie! fie! silly man,
Your soft nonsense forego,
No heart you'll trepan
With your sighing—heigho!
For that's not the way a fond damsel to woo;
A truce to your whining,
Your sobbing, and pining;
But press her!
Carefs her!

The business is done, and she'll soon buckle too.

[Exit Jenny.]

SCENE

6 THE RIVAL CANDIDATES:

S C E N E II.

Enter GENERAL WORRY discovering JENNY as she goes off.

Gen. There's a baggage for you now!—Zounds! if I had stole a march upon her a minute sooner, I should have catch'd 'em out!—Damme, if the life I now lead is not more perilous, than when I was upon the coast of France, and expected a mine to be sprung upon me every step I advanced.—A fine bouncing girl, scribbling dying songs, and love-letters, from morning till night, and snivelling day after day for *Liberty*, in order to run away with some scape-grace, who'll cut my throat to get in for my fortune;—and an abigail, crafty enough to debauch the morals of a Lapland virgin!—It's too much for an invalid of sixty-five!—But, upon second thought, there can come no great harm on letting them out for a little while:—besides it will give Narcissa a bloom against I bring Sir Harry home with me:—

[Enter SPY, whistling, and leading a large mastiff.]

Spy. Here, Dragon! Dragon!

Gen. Well, Spy!—what, have you let 'em out?

Spy. Yes, your honor's worship, I let 'em loose:—it would have done your heart good to see 'em: they jump'd and frisk'd about, for all the world, like rabbits in a warren.

Gen. But did you double-lock all the gates?

Spy. Yes, your honor: and I've unmuzzled Dragon, and am going to let him loose in the back yard.

Gen. Well, that's right; but suppose they should clamber over the pales and elope? I've heard of such things in my time!

Spy. So have I; but they must scrample deucedly if they do:—indeed, for the matter of that, Mrs. Jenny has a fine stride with her.

Gen.

Gen. Are you sure now, *Spy*, that you've seen no suspicious kind of body lurking about the grounds this week past?

Spy. Not a soul, indeed, your honor; nor can I track any thing but the foot of farmer Brown's Tom cat, that comes caterwauling after Miss Narcissa's Tabby; and, if I catch him, I fancy I shall stop his rambles.

Gen. Well then, all's well!—but I'm wasting time here--I'll set out--nothing should have tempted me from home, but the fear of affronting my old friend *Indigo*:—Sir *Harry* will have a fine estate, in a ring-fence, close to mine,—he's worth a little powder.—Come, *Spy*, you and *Dragon* to your posts;—you must have an hawk's eye upon 'em;—and be sure you don't tipple upon guard;—behave like a soldier to-day, and I'll give you leave to get drunk to-morrow by day-break.

Spy. Thank, your honor; I'll take you at your word: [*going returns*] your worship [*pointing to Dragon*] we are a pair of staunch friends, or deadly enemies.

[*Exit with Dragon.*]

Gen. —Now I recollect, there is certainly a conspiracy against me, for I traced a man's foot upon the tulip-bed, a full inch longer than *Spy's* or any of the gardeners.—If I find her out, I don't know what I shall do in my passion!—perhaps take a second rib, and get a son and heir to disinherit her!

A I R III. *Mr. Parsons.*

What new curses spring up,
 To replenish man's cup,
 'Tho' heaven in pity has borrowed his wife!
 His daughter will grieve him,
 With plots to deceive him:
 But mine!—oh, I'll match her
 The first time I catch her,
 Attempt, a young jade, to embitter my life!

[*Exit.*]

8 THE RIVAL CANDIDATES:

S C E N E III.

NARCISSA *discovered on a garden seat reading:—*JENNY *entering hastily to her with a bird.*

Jen. Law, ma'm!—I have caught the sweetest little linnet in the green-house, that ever you saw in all your born days:—how its little heart goes pit-a-pat! —only look at it, ma'm: —

Nar. Depriv'd of liberty myself, I cannot behold the pretty captive without emotion:—prithee, let it go: —

Jen. But perhaps we may never catch it again, ma'm:—and I want to hang it up as a companion to my little bull-finch.

Nar. The generous find more true delight in restoring their prisoners to freedom, than in all the advantages they derive from their captivity:—Pretty sportive creatures!—tho' we envy them their liberty, never let it be said, that we invade the smallest of their little privileges.

[While the symphony is playing, Jenny releases the bird.]

A I R IV. RONDO. *Mrs. Baddely.*

Love unfetter'd is a blessing
Nature's commoners enjoy;
Source of raptures past expressing,
Which no tyrant laws destroy.

Come, ye songsters! wing around me,
Tell me all ye know of love:
Watchful of your young you've found me;—
—Hark! they carol thro' the grove,
[Love unfettered, &c. D. CAPO.]

Jen.

Jen. Ay, ma'm!—and I'd be as free as the lark myself, if I had the fortune that you'll have, and not be mew'd up any longer.

Nar. But there's such a thing as reputation, Jenny;—and my father never fails to tell me, 'tis to be preserved but by prudence and philosophy.

Jen. Philosophy! what the deuce does he mean by that?

Nar. That I should subdue all my feelings I suppose, in compliment to his.

Jen. Is that his philosophy?—oh never think of it, ma'm, 'till you can think of nothing else.—I dare swear your papa never thought any thing about it, 'till he found himself a philosopher against his will.

A I R V. *Mrs. Wrighten:*

Since his worship forsooth,
 Having lost his sweet tooth,
 Forbids you Love's feast
 Which no more he can taste,
 Be advis'd, and he'll find you a tartar!
 Talk of lovers to vex him:
 Intrigue to perplex him:—
 What give nature the lye?
 By my stars would not I!
 Though I dy'd the next moment her martyr.

Nar. There's something of reason in that girl;—or rather, there's something in it I believe that flatters my own inclinations:—be that as it may;—methinks if *Byron* were present, I should not hesitate to fly with him any where.

Jen. Lud, ma'm! if you could but behold yourself this moment, you'd see the charming difference between a despairing damsel, and one who loves with spirit:—for my part, I always think it time enough for a woman to despair, when you may count her age by her wrinkles.

10 THE RIVAL CANDIDATES:

Nar. Thy pleasantry, girl, generally carries consolation along with it:—Well! tho' I cannot but sometimes lament his absence, yet I receive comfort from thy council, which tells me, I shall one day or other see a reverse of fortune:—Oh! how transporting the idea, Jenny?

A I R VI. *Mrs. Baddely.*

Thus the midnight tempest raging
Strikes the sailor with dismay,
Furious winds, and waves engaging,
Banish every hope of day!

But at dawn, their wrath subsiding,
Ocean wears a tranquil face;
Joy, through every current gliding,
Calms his bosom into peace.

Jen. Hush! hush!—As I hope to be married, yonder's that arch mongrel *Spy* upon the watch behind the mulberry-tree there;—and now he's coming this way:—what if I could prevail upon him to go down to the election, and make me deputy turnkey.

Nar. That's impossible; he gets too much by watching us, to give up his post for nothing.

Jen. Do you call love nothing?—Consider what you feel yourself, madam, and then think of poor *Spy's* sufferings.—Ha! ha! ha!—he's dying for me; and so if he won't betray every body else to obey me, he shall dangle upon that willow before I give him a single grain of hope;—however, take your book, and go rest yourself in your favourite bower near the fountain, while I try the power of my charms.—He must give up his master or me: so don't fear our success.

Nar. Prosper thee my faithful girl!

Exit Nar.

Enter

Enter SPY.

Spy. Your servant, Madam Jenny:—it's a blessed fine day, and you're all alone, I see.—I am with you: indeed,—but then I'm nobody, Mrs. Jenny, unless you'd smile upon me.

Jen. Smile upon *you*, Mr. Spy?—you are nobody indeed;—can an English-woman, and a friend to liberty and the rights of the constitution, smile upon a creature——

Spy. Creature!—am I a creature, Mrs. Jenny?—why, you make me as bad as Dragon.

Jen. You are worse, Mr. Spy: he's a dumb creature, and knows no better;—but you can talk, and talk finely, Mr. Spy.

Spy. Thank you for that, Mrs. Jenny:—to be sure I can talk a little when I am half cock'd.

Jen. Fie for shame! then, Mr. Spy!——Fie for shame!—Can a free-born woman like myself, who would give up my life, nay more—perhaps my honour for my country——

Spy. That is noble indeed!

Jen. —Shall I smile upon a creature, who, whilst his country's rights are in danger at the election of Tipplewell, can meanly, and ingloriously stay at home to watch the motions of two innocent young ladies, when he shou'd be huzzaing, drinking, and breaking windows, for liberty and property?——

Spy. Indeed, and so I should:——how her fine speeches melt a body!

Jen. O fie for shame, Mr. Spy!——never ask for my smiles. My smiles, my hand, and my heart shall be given to a *man* only, and an *Englishman*,

Spy. I am both a man and an Englishman.—but what signifies all that, when I've no money in my pocket:—if I had but one piece of silver to prime me with a little, no man should stand firmer by you and his country, than little Spy would.

Jen. You shan't want for that then, tho' it's the only companion to my silver thimble;—here Mr. Spy.
[*gives him money.*]

Spy. Now one little roguish smile, that I'd give a thousand of these for,—and the keys are your own.

Jen. Dearest Mr. Spy [*courtesying and smiling*] I thank you!

Spy. Had they been the keys of the strong beer cellar, you should have had 'em!—thus I surrender up the garrison for the present, [*giving her the keys*] and now to protect the laws, liberties, and property of Old England: [*going, returns.*]—Perhaps, Mrs. Jenny, I may return bold enough to intreat another favor,—may I hope?

Jen. A patriot may hope—never to sigh in vain!

Spy. That's noble again!—I'll only step and mount my gaters, and return in an instant;—you shall let me out at the back gate, and I'll whisk down to the borough as quick as a nine-pounder.

That—for my master!—by your smiles I'm blest,
Ale! love! and liberty, now fire my breast.

[*Exit Spy.*]

JENNY *laughing.*

Ha! ha! ha! there's a pretty fool now!—If the fate of a kingdom had depended upon it, the gudgeon would have bit just the same.—Let short-sighted politicians say what they will about the power of money, a little well-dissembled love will go farther, take my word for it.
[*Exit Jenny.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*A perspective view to the General's park; on an oak tree near the paling of which is the usual inscription of—
Men traps, and spring guns, &c.*

Enter BYRON.

By this time the old buck is lost in the general uproar of an election.—What a lucky dog was I to catch a glimpse of him as he pass'd along the road!—let him choose whom he pleases,—I am happy that I refus'd the solicitations of my friends, as my success would but have increased his resentment.—Give me, kind Fortune, but thy voice in *Love's* soft election, and I care not who are the representatives of a tumultuous borough!—but here's the blest retreat of my *Narcissa*.

A I R VII. *Mr Vernon.*

How oft through this responsive grove
Has softest echo told my tale!
When e'er she caught my notes of love,
She gently bore them down the vale!

The scene renew'd, my wakeful breast
Now joyful beats to love's alarms;
Ye pow'rs who pity the distressed,
Transport me to *Narcissa's* arms!

——Heighday!——(*discovering the inscription*)——
what new bugbear have we here?—"Men-traps and
"spring-guns set in these grounds DAY and NIGHT."
——Well done, General!——Indeed you plann'd
things a little better last war, or we should not have
heard

heard so much of your exploits :—ha ! ha ! ha !——
 such a device might secure your ducks and geese, but
 not the game I'm in pursuit of, I assure you :—so with
 my cousin Ranger—Up I go !—up I go !—(*getting*
upon the pales)—there—now if the Cyprian deity, has
 not taken care to draw all the charges of his spring-
 guns, and blunt the teeth of his steel-traps, I'm
 mistaken in my goddess—So love and fortune go with
 me. (*jumps over.*)

A C T II.

S C E N E V.

JENNY *alone.*

I KNEW I could coax him to make a fool of him-
 self, and give me the keys :—Hark ! did not I
 hear something ? No ; I believe it was only the noise
 of the cascade : but it put my heart into my mouth !
 —Egad, if Miss Narcissa was to be catch'd sleeping
 —and the poor thing takes a very sound nap—there
 would be a fine spot of work ; but I believe there's
 no great danger, for the gardeners can't be come back
 from the election yet :——Well, I'll e'en take a run
 across the green, and see if I can spy him for her.—
 Pretty creatures, I should like to bring them together !
 —and for all she's so sly, and looks so demure, my
 word for it she'll have no objection.—If all women
 were like me, they'd cut the matter very short, for my
 tongue and my heart always go together.

A I R.

A I R VIII. *Mrs. W'righten.*

Fine ladies may tell us
 They hate pretty fellows,
 Despise little Cupid—his quiver, and dart,
 But when love's only by,
 Not a prude will deny;
 That man tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.
 So bewitching a creature!
 So noble each feature!
 My bosom commands me to take his dear part;
 Then how can I conceal
 What my eyes will reveal?—
 That he must, and he will be—the lord of my heart.

S C E N E VI.

*BYRON discovered in an attitude of surprise, beholding
 NARCISSA asleep in a Jessamin bower.*

Byr.—Surely my eyes deceive me!——or is it
 Some sleeping Naiad of the neighbouring floods?——
 No; 'tis her! 'tis my Narcissa's heavenly form,
 harmonious form'd by nature's matchless hand!

A I R IX. *Mr. Vernon.*

My bosom's on fire!
 It throbs with desire,
 Say whither ye gods shall I fly?
 Love presses my stay;
 But should I obey,
 To my passions a victim I die.

(going, returns.

—————But

—————But stay :—thus will I obey the dictates of honor as well as love. Thanks to love and the descriptive author of the *Seasons*. [*Takes a card from his pocket, and writes*] —————there :—————in atonement for the innocent trespass on thy soft repose, I will become thy watchful guardian, and protect thee from the eye of any rude observer :—but soft! my eager transport has disturb'd her :—she wakes— and see she shrinks even at nature's voice ;—alarm'd, and blushing at the doubtful breeze ! I must conceal myself.

[*He retires behind a tree.*]

NARCISSA *awaking.*

Nar. —————Methought I heard some human voice ! These sleepless eyes, wearied with perpetual watchings, betrayed me into slumber :—Sure no eye profane peep'd thro' yon close recess, and in my unguarded moments —————Ah ! what's here ? (*seeing the card,* ————— then I'm undone. (*Comes forward and reads.*)

————— “ Sleep on my fair,
 “ Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
 “ Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 “ To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 “ And each licentious eye !

(*After a pause of wonder*) —————It is—it is my Byron's well-known hand ! —————then why these mixt emotions hard to be describ'd ? why heaves my labouring breast, except to bid eternal welcome to its long-lov'd lord ?—No, my Byron, no ! thy virtuous merit shall go no longer unrewarded :—but where is he ?—fled !—assist me then love's favourite muse, that thus expressing my own feelings, I may alleviate the severity of his. —————(*She writes and sings.*)

A I R X. *Mrs. Baddely.*

Dear youth, my fond heart you have won,
Tis a truth, that it cannot deny ;

Love's fetters have made us but one,
Then tell me,—ah ; why didst thou fly ?

My hand shall thy honour repay,
As witness this amorous sigh !

So believe me when hither you stray,
You need not,——

(Byron discovering himself sings—) I never will fly !

Nar. (dropping the card.) Heavens defend me !

Byr. Forgive me, lovely maid, for thus breaking in upon those angelic strains :—if I have mistaken their sweet harmonious burthen, I am sufficiently punished for my presumption.

Nar. (beholding him affectionately) My faithful Byron !—why should my tongue deny, what my looks, sighs, and every action of my life proclaim ?—In the infancy of affection, hypocrisy may be merit ; but when love is assured of love, concealment would be folly, and prudery a crime.

A I R XI.

Mrs. Baddely and Mr. Vernon.

NAR—Here I plight a maiden's vow !—

BYR.—By thy beauteous self I swear !—

NAR. Thou shalt be my guardian now !

BYR. Thou shalt be my only care !

DUET:

Here we plight, &c.——

Enter

Enter JENNY hastily.

Jen. Oh, stop your piping!—who the deuce would have thought of seeing you here—(to Byron)—Your papa, ma'm, is this moment return'd, and Sir Harry Muff along with him; they'll be in at the gate in the twinkling of an eye!

Nar. Oh we are undone then, what shall we do?

Byr. How for your sake shall I avoid them?

Jen. Oh dear m'am, I have it!—run both of you with me into the temple, and I'll bolt you in safe enough:—I've been forced to play at bo-peep with him there a hundred and a hundred times before now myself——in! in! in!——

[Exeunt to the temple.]

SCENE VII.

Gen. WORRY, and Sir HARRY MUFF.

Sir Harry. No, Sir;—these things never give a moment's uneasiness to a man of the world, *Sur mon honneur*

Gen. No?—What the devil, be kick'd out of your birthright by an impudent young scoundrel, the second son of an obstinate fool of a baronet, and not take fire at it? You'd make a damn'd fine soldier!—

Sir Harry. We take fire at nothing, *Gen. Worry*: You, fine gentlemen of the last century, wore yourselves out with your gunpowder passions before you were men:—for example, your fire has burnt you to the bone, General; so that you are in reality, nothing but a collection of tinder and touchwood.

Gen. Damme, you've not a single spark of fire in your whole composition.

Sir Harry. Passion of any kind agitates the human frame most horribly; and therefore we of the high

ten have no passions at all ; indeed our lives may be properly stiled, a kind of agreeable vegetation.

Gen. Agreeable vegetation !——what a devil of a husband will this fellow make ? *[aside.*

Sir Harry. But I'm all agog for a sight of your delicious daughter—they tell me she's a fine *cretur* ; is she any thing like Maria ?—*[Taking off his hat]*

Gen. What the devil has he got there ?—A picture in his hat instead of a button !

Sir Harry. —A propos, has *Narcissa* good teeth ?

Gen. What the devil will he ask me next ? *(aside)* I'll answer for't, she'll do your table no discredit, if that's all ;——but zounds——

Sir Harry. Table ! why, my dear General, we do not understand each other :——Do you seriously imagine, that teeth in this enlighten'd age, like your green-handled knives and forks, are mechanically constructed for eating ?

Gen. Why, what the devil would you have 'em constructed for ?

Sir Harry. *Quel sauvage ! (aside)* why, General, if you must know, the teeth belonging to persons of fashion, are tortur'd into beauteous semi-circles, and polish'd thrice a-day for the admiration of the beholders.

Gen. And that's the reason, I suppose, why our fine Gentlemen are always upon the broad grin ;—a set of slop dawdle puppies !

Sir Harry. Why, do you really think, General, that I should cut so capital a figure in a fashionable grin, if I had delv'd all my days in tough, old English roast beef ?

Gen. I tell you, I neither know nor care ;—but one thing I fancy you'll find, that my daughter will not easily be prevailed upon to give up her notions of substantials, in compliment to your delicate appetite.

Sir Harry. Oh leave that to me, General ;—I shall soon make a convert of her ; or why have I scaled the lofty Alps, and swept the aromatic vales of blest Italia :—if *Narcissa* is fortunate enough to have a gusto for poetry and music, I shall make a rapid conquest.

C

Gen.

Gen. Damn your music and poetry! for both of you together, would turn Worry-Hall into a mad-house.

[*aside.*]

Sir Harry. You must know, General, that the Muses all Nine, smil'd upon my birth, and Apollo stood god-father to me by proxy.

Gen. Damme, but I believe he's touch'd! [*aside.*]

Sir Harry. I have written a song, that has made a little noise in the polite world;—and tach'd the crotchets to it myself.

Gen. His crotchets!———Oh! he's past recovery.

[*aside.*]

Sir Harry. —Nay, the *Scavoire vivre*, of which I've the honour to be a member, forc'd their annual prize upon me for the composition.——You must know, we were rallied a little upon a certain occasion, by the female wits of the *Coterie*:—so you may guess who was fix'd upon for our literary champion. (*affectedly*) You shall have it, though it will lose much of its effect, from the pressure of an English atmosphere, upon the delicate organs of my pipe.

Gen. (*walking about hastily,*) Mad as a March hare!

A I R XII. *Mr. Dodd.*

Ladies in vain,
 Why entertain,
 Hopes to bewitch us with love's artful wiles?
 Cease to do so
 Since you all know,
 We have his patent for dimples and smiles.

Gentler beaux that pow'r possessing
 Yield no more to your alarms,
 Each his scented self caressing,
 Quite enamour'd with his charms!

Pretty

Pretty playthings, all adieu !

Now dissolve in am'rous sighs,
We a softer clime pursue,

Froze too long beneath your eyes. *Da Capo.*

Gen. —'Pshaw ! damn your singing, it may be very fine, but I'm not in a humour to relish it :—I'm touch'd to the quick at being flung by the *Byrons* ;——and yet you seem to mind it no more, than the loss of a match of billiards.

Sir Harry. My dear General, be compos'd as I am ;——and don't fret yourself in this absurd manner :——

Gen. I won't be compos'd ;—damme, but I will fret myself !——Indeed if I was of your cucumber-like disposition, you might expect to find me as fine a piece of still life, agreeable vegetation as yourself ; but——no, no, no, Sir !——

Sir Harry. Now indeed, General, I mean to resent their treatment ; and to shew you I'm in earnest, I'll lodge a petition against them by this light.

Gen. Ay ; why, there you are right, for your grounds are good enough :——

Sir Harry. 'Pon honour, General, you shall be commanding officer for the day.

Gen. If that's the case, I have a plan :—but I'm so tir'd :—walk with me into the temple, and I'll tell it to you :——I am sure we shall discover some underhand dealings of this young rascal's at the bottom, and don't doubt of bringing it home to him. (*finding the doors fast*) --What the devil's the meaning of this ? -why the door's fasten'd within.— [*listens at the key-hole*]—Zounds ! here are some villains concealed with a design to rob the house ; listen, Sir Harry, (*Sir Harry puts his ear to the door*) here, Robin ! Matthew ! Jerry !—why, where the devil are these scoundrels got to ?

Sir Harry. Why really General, I do hear a kind of confederate buz :—— [*Enter Robin.*

Rob. What's your honour's will ?

Gen. Here, break open the door directly :—some thieves have hid themselves within side !——

Rob. Have they, your worship!—then we'll soon have them out.—Come along, my boys! (*Enter Mat. and Jerry.*)—Thieves in our garden! we'll let 'em know that nobody shall encroach upon our privileges, without a good ducking, however:————

(*They burst open the door with their spades, and discover Byron:—the gardeners laugh.*)

Gen.—Hell and the devil! what have we got here? ———your servant, Mr. Byron:—I give you joy of your election, Sir!—(*sneeringly*)—how compos'd the rascal stands!—what, I suppose, you are a stick of agreeable vegetation too?

Sir Harry This is rather too much, damme! upon his return for one borough, to be canvassing for another:—Don't you smook a pettycoat, General?

(*The General looking inquisitively.*)

Byr. Gentlemen, my present situation prevents me from returning your raillery:————

Gen. Fire! and smoke! my daughter's maid Jenny!—why, hussy, how dare you be lock'd up with such a rake as this.

Jen. Law, Sir! the gentleman only ask'd to see the temple, and so I thought there was no harm in shewing it him.

Sir Harry. Comingly kind, by all that's plump, and lovely!

Gen. How the devil did he get in when the gates were all lock'd?—but it's a lye, hussy, he came caterwauling after you; but get about your business, you jade! you shan't stay in my house another minute!—

Byr. Nay then, Sir, I hope it will not offend you, since it can no longer be concealed, if I produce the most delicate testimony of our innocence.————

(*Stepping back discovers Narcissa.*)

Sir Harry. Doublets by this light!

Gen. Narcissa! Traytor! deliver up my daughter, whom you have seduced, that I may punish her as she deserves!

Byr.

Byr Retire, *Narcissa*, into the citadel, I beseech you, and I'll defend you to the last:—

Narc. I beg you'll give me up, your danger overpowers me. (To *Byr*)

Jen. Dear Ma'm, you are only to reward the conqueror; you have nothing to do with the battle:—besides, *Mr. Muff* will take care there shan't be much blood spilt.——

Gen. Matchless impudence!—what! laugh'd at into the bargain?—Seize him, *Robin*, and drag him to the canal:—Rascals, why don't you obey my orders?

Rob. What! duck young Master *Byron*:—not I, I love him too well!——

Other gardeners. And so do I:——

Gen. Villains, you are my slaves; and I'll make you do what I command you:—lay hold on him, I say!

A I R XIII.

TRIO. *Mr. Bannister, Mr. Fawcet, and Mr. Kear.*

He's the pride of the borough, god bless him say I!
I've poll'd for his honour, and will till I die;

In vain then you rave,

I'll not be your slave,

Tho' I'm a poor fellow of humble degree:

Which of you then will bear it?

Will you?

——— *MAT.* No I swear it!

Or you? *JERRY.* No I swear it!

There is but one way then to set us all free:

We'll none of us bear it:

Will you?—*both*—No, I swear it;

Nor *BOB*, I declare it:

This, this is the way then, for now we are free.

(Throw down their spades, &c.)

Byr. You must excuse me, Gen'ral, though I am under the necessity, even in this place, of defending your daughter, from any violence on her inclinations.

Gen. Scoundrels! I'll be revenged! Oh! here comes *Spy*!—fetch my double-barrel'd horse-pistols this instant; why the rascal's drunk! (*Enter Spy.*)

Spy. *Byron* for ever! shoot who, him?—Lord love his heart—*Byron* for ever!—I tell you that won't do:—there's no flints:—I would not hurt a hair of his head.——*Byron* for ever!——(*turning to Sir Harry*)——So I think we wa'n't troubled to chair your fine ginger bread carcase:——damme, you know'd a trick worth too of that!

Sir Harry. Filthy brute!

Gen. The devil has bewitched 'em, all to conspire against me! Get out of my sight, villain, or I shall be the death of you:——

Spy. Oh! if that's all—I can punch it:—*Byron* for ever!—tho' he don't want a second:—he's spunk:—he can manage 'em both—No Muffs and Indigo Nabobs—*Byron* for ever! (*Exit reeling.*)

Gen. Powder and fury! I believe there's neither a brave, nor an honest man left in the kingdom.—Look you, *Sir Harry*, win her and wear her:—What! I suppose, I must fight this fellow myself (*goes up to the door*) but here he comes,—if he refuses to surrender her, put him to death!

Sir Harry. Well, if it must be so, it must; tho' 'pon my soul, I've no butchering ideas about me (*half draws*)—come, good Sir, don't put me to the fatigue of chastising you.

Byr. *Sir Harry*, you have more humanity:——

Sir Harry. No, split me if I have!——She's mine by deed of gift; if you dispute that title, she must be mine by force of arms.——(*Draws, and puts himself in an attitude.*)

Byr. Say you so?——come on then:——(*drawing a pistol, Sir Harry springs back.*)

Gen. Why, what the devil, are you afraid of the smell of powder? (*To Sir Harry.*)

Sir

Sir Harry. No, not in the least, General, (*confusedly*) —I am—I am—only disconcerted a little for,—for fear of the ladies ;—you saw they retired disorder'd : besides, Sir, I'm not upon an equal footing with the assassin.

Byr. No more you were, when you valiantly drew upon a naked man :—however, Sir, not to alarm you with the superiority of my weapon, thus I resign it into your hands [*Sir Harry receives the pistol, cocks it, and advances.*]

Sir Harry. Oh then the citadel's our own, General !

Byr. When you have won it, Sir !

(*presents a second pistol.*

Sir Harry. (*Retiring affrighted.*) Split me, but the ruffian has got another !

Gen (*looking earnestly at Byron*) Damme, that's noble too ! It's almost a sin to kill so fine a fellow :—but the calls of honour must be obey'd :—come, you shall settle it like soldiers however :—I little thought I should ever see another shot fired, (*measures ten paces with his cane.*)

Sir Harry. My dear General, what are you about ?

Gen. About ! —Why measuring the ground :—you would not fight like a couple of foot-pads, with the muzzle of the pistol in each others mouth, would you ? What the devil ails you now ?

Sir Harry. Dear General, your ear a moment (*whispering*) my conscience forbids me.

Gen. Conscience ! who the devil ever heard of a man's having conscience, who had no heart ?—however, *Sir Harry*, I see how the land lies :—You need give yourself no further concern about me or my family :—I am determin'd to have a brave man for my son-in-law, tho' I cross the ocean for him.

Byr. You need not put yourself to that inconvenience, Sir, when you behold in me, one, who is ready to lay down his life in defence of your daughter's virtue, and your honor.

Gen. Why, tho' my enemy—thou art a fine fellow I own :—and if I could forget the family grudge—

Byr.

Byr. Believe me, Sir, I have lamented in secret the groundless animosity, that has so long subsisted between you and my father, so fatal to the early overtures I made the lovely *Narcissa*.

Gen. Zounds! but when I recollect,——to be jockey'd by you out of the borough, and by such underhand means!——

Byr. Why, Sir, you surprize me!—they have chosen that Gentleman, have they not?

[*pointing to Sir Harry.*]

Gen. No, Sir, they have not.——What, you don't know, I suppose, that they have return'd you?

Byr. Upon my honour, no, Sir:—I have been employ'd upon a much more agreeable service:—and to convince you of it, as they have chosen me, contrary to my wishes, I am ready to resign my seat in favour of any one, you shall appoint.

Gen. No, you young dog:—you shan't do that neither:—I am a little cooler than I was:—that piece of still life there, has brought me to my senses: [*pointing to Sir Harry*] I begin now to think, that the unanimous choice of a free body of people, is too sacred, to be superceded by the will of any individual; besides your courage has charm'd me:—come, you young dog, you may release your prisoners, they shall be upon their parole, 'till I pass sentence. [*Byron opens the door of the temple, and brings them a little forward*] You look mighty cunning, Sir Harry, after losing *Tipplerwell*, and the richest heiress in the county, through your delicate feelings.——Damn such feelings, say I! you'll cut a pretty figure in the modern history of Maccaronyism!

Sir Harry. Why, good General, you don't know me yet:—I confess I have lost a pair of pretty toys!——but with respect to your modern satire, a real fine gentleman, is infinitely beyond its reach, I assure you:—so I shall laugh at the dinner-hunting tribe.

Gen. Why, where the devil did this fellow spring from!—(*Byron, Jenny, and Narcissa, coming forward*)—I believe the young rogue deals in magic with both of us—(*to Narcissa*)—come hither, girl, don't tremble so:—I begin

—I begin to think, that I've held out too long with Sir Walter——and therefore I don't know how I can shew a heartier desire of reconciliation, than by rewarding his son of merit, with my only daughter and fifty thousand pounds:——What says Narcissa?——but I need not ask her!——

Nar. If I may discover my partiality for Mr. Byron, without offending you, Sir, I should tell you, that I have every reason in the world to admire and esteem him.

Gen. Come hither, then, both of you; as an earnest of my approbation, there— I've joined your hands before the parson; and may neither you, nor I live to repent it.

Byr. This, Sir, is so generous, my life will be too short to repay the obligation.

Sir Har. Demme, but I cut a pretty figure here truly! —chous'd out of my own borough, and a fine girl, by the son of a fox-hunting baronet;—and laughed at by the old Jew of a father, for endeavouring to accommodate him!—Well!—What's to be done?—Why, upon my arrival at Almack's, I must carry it off, for the present, by dint of bronze; tell 'em the girl was damn'd ugly; and, that the other borough had lost its charter.

Gen. Come, come, Sir Harry; every man's not born to be a giant-killer;—(*ironically*) if it be not beneath the dignity of a fine gentleman, to rejoice at the success of a worthier man than himself, adjourn with us to Worry-hall.

Sir Harry. Any thing for a frolic, General, for I'm in tip-top spirits.

Gen. All that now remains, is for me to endeavour to prevail upon Sir Walter to meet us, and consent to make the little rogues happy:—for my own part, I am now fully convinced, that the tender affections were never implanted in the human breast, to be call'd forth, or suppressed, by the caprice of an unfeeling parent.

V A U D E V I L L E.

NAR. Rosy archer, come away!
 Give your train a holiday,
 Lay your bow and quiver by,
 Cease to wound, — and hither hie!
 Rosy archer, &c.

BYR. Hither bring the smiling graces,
 And the loves with cherub faces,
 Bid the valleys laugh and say,
 "Love has made a holiday!"
 Hither bring, &c.

SIR HAR. Lips of coral! eyes so pretty!
 Out of luck foregad was I:
 Tho' I'm chous'd, I'll join the ditty;—
 Down thou little rising sigh.
 May Love's tender prittle-prattle—
 Keep the day for ever bright,
 And no jealous tittle-tattle,
 Mar the raptures of the night!
 May Love's tender, &c.

JEN. Gentlefolks, if you'll permit me,
 I've a word or two to say,
 Tho' perhaps it mayn't besit me,
 On my lady's wedding-day:
 Gravest Don with eye of ferrit
 Tho' he practise all his art,
 Cannot break a woman's spirit,
 Till he's strength to break her heart.
 Gravest Don, &c.

COL. WOR. Brother grey-beards, shor't's my story,
 Read your features in this glass,
 Here's a convert now before ye
 Metamorphos'd from an als:—
 When a swain of merit woos her,
 Make your girl a happy wife;
 Nature bids you not refuse her,
 In the CRISIS of her life.

CHORUS.

When a swain of merit woos her,
 Make your girl a happy wife;
 Nature bids you not refuse her,
 In the CRISIS of her life!

E P I L O G U E.

Written by the A U T H O R,

AND SPOKEN BY

MR. W E S T O N,

Entering with a large Dog.

O H! Lud! What authors have we now adays!
A farmer this!—Ecod or what you please:
 He swears (tho' we've but just got thro' one sweet-o)
 He'll make us speak an epilogue duetto.—
 What say you, *Dragon*?—Why's your tail so low?—
 Be not chop-fall'n—they can't damn *you*, you know:—
 What dumb, my comrade?—terrible disaster;
 So I must puff for you, and for your master.
 Ye Gods be kind!—No cat-call interference!
 Believe, *Tom Weston*, 'tis his first appearance.—

You

E P I L O G U E.

You would not think it ; but the rogue's so steady,
 He's in the privy-council here, already ;
 The *Prompter* gives him merit universal,
 Because—[*whistling*] his whistle calls him to rehearsal ;
 Besides, he imitates no tragic brother,—
 Who makes him pull down one bill—post another ;
 Tho's he's not sleek ;—and has an hungry eye,
 (A poet's dog is never fed too high)
 Yet he is sound, Sirs, and in good condition ;
 He has no whimsies—no indisposition :
 When e'er in letters large the bills he graces,
 You're sure of seeing him—if you have places ;
 He'll *top* the bills, if to this text he sticks ;
 A dog of parts—and have no puppy tricks ?—
 Odzooks, I've lost his business in his praise ;
 Oh !—here he's sent to guard his master's bays.
 A *Dragon*, once they say, kept watch and ward,
 Some curious golden fruit from thieves to guard.
 So to protect the poet's fruit from riot,
 Secure some guineas, and a better diet,
 He's sent this *Dragon*, critics !—So be quiet :
 Sharp then's the word, my slender waisted cousins,
 He'll swallow macaronies by the dozens !
 Growling, and snarling,—don't let this dog catch ye,
 At all your tearing-work he'll over match ye ;
 If by ill humours, you our bard wou'd puzzle,
 I've nothing else to do—but slip the muzzle !
 Tho' your so high (*to the galleries*) *You too* he soon
 wou'd tame ;

DRAGON has wings, if I but shew him game.

But shou'd his master's sing-song melt your soul,
 He'll be as soft as—*Signor Rosignol* :
 Will with harmonious howlings swell each note,
 And bark sweet music—“ *only from his throat.*”

F I N I S.

1766
THE

1765
Capricious Lovers;

A

COMIC OPERA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.

The Music composed by Mr. RUSH.

D U B L I N:

Printed for J. HOEY, sen. J. EXSHAW, H. SAUNDERS, E. WATTS, W. SLEATOR, J. HOEY, jun. J. WILLIAMS, J. MITCHELL, and J. SHEPPARD, Booksellers.

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THE FOLLOWING

COMIC OPERA

IS INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

By his sincere Friend, and

Obliged humble Servant,

R. LLOYD.

THE NEW YORK

COMIC OVER

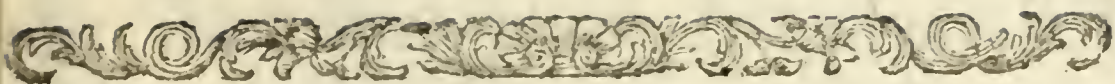
A

GEORGE COLMAN, JR.

By the Author of "The

Original Comic

ALICE



ADVERTISEMENT

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

TH E *Caprices d'Amour ou Ninette a la Cour*, written by Mr. Favart, is the ground work of the following little piece. But I believe whoever shall examine both Operas, will find that I have been perhaps too wanton in my imitation, and departed too widely from the original. They may probably wish that I had pilfered more and written less. What I have ad-

A 3

ded,

ded, what I have omitted, or what I have altered, those who can compare one piece with the other, will easily perceive, and to those who cannot make the comparifon, any explanation on that head is altogether unnécessary.

When Mr. Favart's comedy was first put into my hands, I could not but be much pleased with the life and simplicity he had thrown into his performance, without descending to that species of humour, which the English have very little relish of, gross Italian buffoonry. This I have chiefly endeavoured to preserve in the following Opera, with what success the Public will determine.

The

The Reader is desired to observe, that the second song of Mr. Yates in the second scene is left out in the representation ; the composer rightly judging, that three songs together from the same character, in the same scene, and, from the nature of the subject, in the same style, probably would have no very agreeable effect upon a judicious audience.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Astolpho,	Mr. Packer.
Hobbinol,	Mr. Yates.
Damon,	Mr. Baddeley.
Fabian,	Mr. Dedier.
Colin,	Mr. Vernon.

W O M E N.

Phœbe,	Miss Slack.
Lisetta,	Mrs. Clive.
Clara,	Miss Wright.
Emily,	Mrs. Scott.

SCENE a Country VILLAGE.



T H E

CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A view of a plain intermixed with a number of fruit-trees, and the cottages of the peasants; the men and women employed in different occupations before their doors and in the field.

PHOEBE *at work.*

A I R I.

*W*HILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance thro' the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful Colin ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest.
All my labours to beguile
Love shall wake me with a smile.

10 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

To you, *Colin*, I am betrothed, and to-morrow shall be our wedding-day; let that thought make you chearful. Away, I prithee love, your work calls you; remember that the fruit of your toils will soon be bestowed upon me.

Colin. Do you bid me leave you then already? I have no power I am so happy. Will you, my dearest, grant me one boon before I go?

Phæbe. Name it.

Colin. Your hand, that I may kiss it.

Phæbe. There—take it.

Colin. Now I'm alive agen. I'll to my labour straight, and whilst I pluck the fruit, you shall delight me with a song.

[*Colin gets up into the tree, the peasants come round about him with their baskets, in the meantime she sings.*]

A I R II.

PHOEBE.

*Of Colin's tender love possess'd
My heart is glad, my spirits blest;
His chearful looks, his soul sincere
Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.*

[*Colin sings from the tree.*]

*No splendour gilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean,
But Phæbe's smile rewards my pain,
And Colin is a wealthy swain.*

BOTH.

*No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest,*

*Pleas'd with the ^{Swain}
Nymph my hopes pursue*

*For ^{He}
She is kind, and I am true.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

HOBBINOL, DAMON.

Hob. Go your ways for a pair of fond turtles.—
Ah, *Damon*, it was just so for all the world when I
went a courting to our *Cicely*. There was such pip-
ing, and flogging, and dancing—Ah! those were
merry days—well, well—but they are all done and
past.

Dam. True, neighbour, true, we have had our
day: let the young ones begin now—the very
thoughts of their approaching happiness make my
old nerves spring agen, and I could almost caper for
joy.

Hob. Body o'me, I grow young agen at the sight
of them.

AIR III.

*Tho' my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care
And my heart is as light as the best.*

*When I look on my boys
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see ;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.*

*In the days I was young,
Oh ! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace ;
But now turn'd of threescore
I can do so no more,
—Why then let my boy take my place.*

3 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

*Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
Yet why should we repine,
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.*

Dam. What signify the great folk, with their lace, and their furbelows?—all is not gold that glistens, neighbour, many a found looking sheep, is rotten at heart—Our pleasures may be as good though not so costly as theirs.

Hob. 'Twas but last summer, *Damon*, that our Squire got himself a wife, a parlous fine lady, and a rich one too. Lord, it did one good to look upon her, she had such a delicate white and red, for all the world like our *Kate's* doll; yet a body would believe that they came together only to live asunder.—For Madam lies in one bed, Squire lies in another, and they are now like the two buckets of our town-well, when one comes up, t'other goes down, and if they happen to meet each other you would think they had never seen one another before. Adod, they live like folks in a weather-house.

A I R IV.

*'Tis thus in those toys
Invented for boys,
To shew how the weather will prove,
The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.*

*One goes out to roam
While t'other keeps home,
Inspid, and dull as a drone,
Tho' near to each other
As sister and brother,
They both take their airings alone.*

If this be the matrimony of your town folks give me the country I say.

Dam. I'll warrant it will not be so with your young couple—blessings light upon them, they think of nothing but the feast and the dance, and adod. we'll dance at the wedding too.

Hob. Dance! ah, ha,—don't you remember, *Damon*, come Lammas 'twill be six and forty years ago, when I met *Cicely* at our feast.

A I R V.

*When the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.*

*Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday cloaths,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Colin prove such,
Odzocks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.*

Ay, it was that very day his worship was made justice of the peace and coram——then *Cicely* and I came together for the first time.——She was a tight wench then, her cheeks were as fresh as a rose and as red as a Catherine pear——there was your dancing, *Damon*, when she and I were partners and ——

[Hunt-

14 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

[Hunting piece] *Colin* from the tree.

Oh, neighbours, neighbours, all our grounds are over-run with horses, hounds, and huntsmen—they force into the vineyard.—Plague on all sportsmen, they are born to ruin us.—Here *Roger*, *Tummas*, quick, make haste, the gate stands open, shut it fast, for if we don't take care they'll ravage all.

Phæbe. We must be patient, *Colin*, it's the prince's hunt.

Colin (being come from the tree.)

A murrain take all hunts I say.—Here are they hunting about every day and all day, and their fine sports forsooth must be our ruin. Our labour is all in vain.—they are coming this way I think, get in lads and lasses, these roaring fellows are keen sportsmen when they have our wives and daughters in chace.

Exeunt omnes.

S C E N E III.

Enter ASTOLPHO and FABIAN.

Fabian. A country girl; Sir, and is this the object of your adoration?

Astolpho. It is, and what is still more extraordinary, her wit charms me as much as her beauty.

Fabian. A miracle!

Astolpho. She is indeed a wonder, and I have been told that an old lady whose circumstances obliged her to dwell in retirement, has been the protectress of this sweet creature, and formed and cultivated her mind by an excellent education, leaving her possessed of the most amiable simplicity, a native frankness of temper, and an agreeable vivacity.

Fabian. Does not your highness fear some imputation?

Astolpho.

Astolpho. What signifies the blood she springs from? A handsome woman is naturally born above her condition.

Fabian. But the Princess *Emily*, Sir! her rank and virtue,—

Astolpho. I confess them. Yet my heart, spite of myself, is on the point of proving faithless to her. I doat on this little rural innocent, and what is still more extraordinary, with but little hopes of success.

Fabian. Is she so coy then?

Astolpho. My answer here must be still more romantic. I adore her, and yet, which perhaps is the best proof, I have never dared to utter my passion.

Fabian. But how can you hope to gain her heart without solicitation?

Astolpho. For that purpose I have at length retained a female solicitor, *Lisetta*, whom I have sent to exert all her artifice to win her to the court. I have no reliance but upon her skill, but here they come—let us retire, and watch their conversation.

S C E N E IV.

L I S E T T A, P H O E B E.

P H O E B E.

A I R VI.

*When vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee
To think on him, who doats on me.*

*When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And Philomel laments her love,
Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.*

With

16. THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

*With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.*

Lisetta. You must have a very merry heart, pretty nymph, to be so chearful in such a low and obscure condition.

Phæbe. The obscurity of my condition is the means of my happiness: what have I to disturb my tranquillity?

Lisetta. Tranquillity! Oh melancholy! tranquillity is the pleasure of a drone, dull and stupid. I love active pleasures, to go on in a perfect round of delights, that whirl one about 'till one's almost giddy with happiness, and keep one as busy as a bee. Indeed, my dear creature, you are most horribly mistaken. Your purling streams, secret groves, and dying swains, are mighty pretty things to read of, but there is nothing so absurd in nature as preferring the gloom of a country life, amongst a parcel of cows, sheep, and men like brutes, to the brilliancy of a court.—— And let me tell you, young maiden, that face was never made to be buried in a cottage. Come, come, I know something that would make your little heart go pit-a-pat for an exchange. You shall have nothing to do but to wish and be satisfied. You shall have coaches and horses, and jewels and servants.

Phæbe. Alas a day! who will give me all these fine things?

Lisetta. Don't you remember the other day, you shewed a gentleman his way out of these woods; who comes a hunting here sometimes?

Phæbe. Oh that's the civil gentleman who calls himself the prince's friend. He has promised to speak a word for us at court, and to be sure he'll do us real services, for he professes great regard.

Lisetta

Lisetta. Regard—a fiddlestick for regard,—such beauty as your's will command love wherever it appears. What signifies moping in these desarts—only consider how you will shine in a court.

Phæbe. Ah, madam, I see you laugh at me. I am not designed for such fine folks, I should be ashamed to shew my face at court.

Lisetta. Not you indeed. There is no such thing as shame at court.—You shall flaunt it about in a gilt equipage, with tall handsome footmen behind it, dressed in silks and sattins, and gold and silver, and fringes, and laces, and flounces, with jewels on your fingers and diamonds in your ears, and a watch by your side. And then your toilette!

Phæbe. Toilette! What's that?

Lisetta. The ladies treasury, from whence in all ages they draw their most lasting charms. The throne of art, the armory of Cupid, and the altar of the graces; it is there that they triumph over nature, and repair the ruins of age by the delicate touches of the pencil.

A I R VII.

*Yes that's a magazine of arms
To triumph over time
Whence beauty borrows half her charms
And always keeps her prime.*

*At that the prude, coquette, and saint
Industrious sets her face,
While powder, patch, and wash, and paint
Repair or give a grace.*

*To arch the brow there lies the brush,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spanish wool to give the blush,
The pearl to die them fair.*

Hence

*Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freshest beauty strong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.*

Phæbe. This is past my comprehension,—I don't understand it.—Shall I grow handsomer at court?

Lisetta. Aye to be sure.

Phæbe. I should like it vastly, I wish I was there. Had I more charms, *Colin* perhaps might love me better.

Lisetta. Try.

Phæbe. I have a good mind and yet I am afraid,—but see yonder comes the gentleman who belongs to the prince.

Lisetta. So, so, her vanity begins to work apace. The fish nibbles, I'll leave him to hook it.

Exit Lisetta.

S C E N E V.

Enter ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Good-morrow, fair maiden, what still at your rustic employments? Fie, fie, to bury such charms in the country is treason against beauty.

Phæbe. Indeed Sir, your language is past my simple understanding.—A fine gentlewoman was here but now, and she talked all riddles to me; pray, Sir, can you explain them? She told me that there was a receipt at court to make beauty everlasting, and that somebody adores me, for my part I can't find what she means.

Astolpho. Oh *Phæbe*!

Phæbe. Bless me! Sir, you sigh, is there any thing gives you pain? What is the matter with you?

Astolpho. I love you, *Phæbe*.

Phæbe. Is that all?—And so you love me.

Astolpho.

Astolpho. Most sincerely.

Phæbe. I'm glad on't.

Astolpho. Indeed!

Phæbe. Aye indeed, Sir. Surely, Sir, you will not deny the request of her you love.

Astolpho. No, *Phæbe*, no, name it and be satisfied.

Phæbe. You know, Sir, they are continually hunting here from morn to night, if you have any interest, good Sir, speak to the prince, that we may be no more troubled with him, for my part I can't find out what has possessed them to run over our fields in such a manner; for the pleasure of killing a little leveret they'll destroy you forty acres of corn—only see.

Astolpho. Be satisfied,——— your request is already granted.

Phæbe. I thank you, Sir, with all my heart, and above all I beg you will never come here, for I don't like to see you.

Astolpho. What! how's that *Phæbe*, I hoped——

Phæbe. Hoped!—pray what, Sir?

Astolpho. You do not love me then———

Phæbe. I! not I indeed—I love *Colin*.

Astolpho. Vexation! who? *Colin*! who?

Phæbe. A young man in our parish who courts me and has promised me marriage.

Astolpho. Consider, *Phæbe*, do not throw away your affections, place them more properly. Let me conjure you. [Taking hold of her hand.]

SCENE VI.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Softly, softly, maister, you may not touch my *Phæbe*.

Astolpho. So here's my worthy rival.

Phæbe. [Putting herself before *Colin*.]

Phæbe. I pray, Sir, do not hurt him.

Astolpho.

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Astolpho. Be not alarmed, pretty maiden, I come not here to cause unhappiness. He rests secure for me, if *Colin* is indeed so dear to you, be assured I am his friend—Oh that I could renounce this weakness!

Colin. Plague on the friendship of the fox, who comes in such a civil leering way to steal away the chickens.—If you must needs pamper yourself with a delicate morsel, e'en look for it elsewhere.

P H O E B E.

A I R VIII.

*Be calm I pray, my true love dear,
You know not what you're doing,
A lord is in our presence here
Affront may prove our ruin.*

C O L I N.

*How can I e'er believe him such
These crafty wiles pursuing.
To Ast.] My Lord you honour me too much,
—A plague on both your wooing.*

P H O E B E.

*Oh, Colin, cease your idle prate;
Your folly must undo us.
You know not from a man so great
What favour may come to us.*

C O L I N.

*Believe not what the courtiers swear,
They ruin whilst they're civil,
To Ast.] I thank you, Sir, for all your care,
—Such kindness is the devil.*

ASTOLPHO

ASTOLPHO to PHOEBE.

I was in hopes my tenderness might have won upon you; the happy *Colin*, I perceive, interests you more; may he be the means of compleating your happiness, though I am rewarded with affliction. But your will shall be my law, adieu, remember, think upon my love, and be assured of every service in my power.

Exit.

Colin. Thank heaven the coast is clear, and all is calm agen.

Phæbe. Indeed, *Colin*, you treated the gentleman much too roughly.—He is a lord, and he has promised to carry me to court.

Colin. To court! and will you go?

Phæbe. To be sure, why not? they say it is a charming place,—we'll go together, love!

Colin. Hear me, *Phæbe*, nothing that's handsome is safe at court, his design is to betray you, which you don't seem to suspect,—he talked to you about love, why did you listen to him, *Phæbe*?

Phæbe. What if he did talk about love, his love is hopeless, and your courtiers are too well bred to offend against good manners.

Colin. Yes, yes, they are such sort of folks to be sure—you have found them so.

Phæbe. Why do you suspect me? I only give ear to such discourse to laugh at it, to laugh with you, my dear *Colin*, remain secure in that assurance.

Colin. O no doubt that is charming and fine, but don't I see him at this very moment lurking about, and staring upon you as if he'd look you through and through? as he is not yet gone about his business, go home to your own cottage, to-morrow you are to be my wife, go along without any more to do. I tell you it must be so.—

Phæbe. I can't——

Colin. You must——

Phæbe. I wont——

Colin.

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Colin. You shall——

Phæbe. Mighty well, *Colin*, I don't deserve this at your hands, let me alone!

P H O E B E.

A I R IX.

*Be not so cross and rude,
You hurt me, Colin—Oh—
My lord is much too good
To see me treated so.*

*His lordship's tender care,
Shall keep me free from harm;
I'll tell him all I swear——
O lud! you break my arm.*

S C E N E VII.

ASTOLPHO, FABIAN.

Astolpho. Insolent villain! release her this instant!

Colin. Let us alone, Sir, I beseech you, 'tis our own affair, and you have nothing to do with us.

Fabian. Stand off, fellow, 'tis the prince.

Phæbe. The prince; you! the prince.

Astolpho. Yes, I endeavoured to conceal my rank, that your love might be disinterested. But to preserve you, I will now use my own authority.——come hither——

Colin. The prince!——the devil [*Aside.*

Astolpho. Come, *Phæbe*, and adorn my court, there your beauty shall shine with all it's advantages, and partake with the sovereign of the homage of all hearts.

Phæbe. Yes, Sir, I will go with you. (*To Colin*) Henceforth you shall learn to prize me better.

Colin. Was ever such perfidy?

PHOEBE.

P H O E B E.

A I R X.

*Go! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.*

*Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a vain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.*

Colin. A plague take the whole sex, say I, they
are as light as chaff, and fickle as the wind.

A I R XI.

*Thus laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave.*

*I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My soul shall take the juster part,
And love shall yield to rage.*

Exeunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Toilette, PHOEBE dressing.

L I S E T T A and C L A R A.

A I R XII.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
 But I pray you both forbear,
 Sure I am all o'er scratches!
 That your curious hands must place,
 Such odd spots upon my face
 With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
 From a dress of so much weight,
 With my robe too dangling after;
 Could my Colin now but see
 What a thing they 've made of me,
 Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

You have made a strange figure of me indeed at last. These things are wondrous awkward to me, pray let's have done.

Lisetta A little more rouge if your ladyship pleases.

Phœbe. Ladyship! don't laugh at me.

Lisetta. One slight touch more.

Phœbe. More daubing! have done, I'll no more on't.

Clara. Your diamonds, madam.

Phœbe. O how they sparkle.—but there are some flowers—Pho, they have no smell!—every thing is unnatural here. Beauty is but a painted sign. All is imposture even to the very flowers.

Clara. These flowers ma'am are made to please the sight, not the smell, and in this instance they excel those of nature.

A I R

A I R XIII.

*The flowers which grace their native beds,
A while put forth their blushing heads,
But ere the close of parting day
They wither, shrink, and die away.*

*But these which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade;
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art at pleasure can renew.*

Lisetta. Ah ma'am, you'll soon understand the power of this art. I am ravished with it already. What an amiable figure!

Clara. What a genteel air!

Lisetta. How immensely elegant!--horrid creature! (*Aside.*)

Phæbe. (*Over-hearing*) What did you say?

Lisetta. Quite in nature, ——you'll be the object of general adoration.

Clara. All the world will feel the force of your charms.

Phæbe. Charms! are these your charms? I hardly know myself, and yet after all, a peacock, a jay, or a butterfly is dress'd ten times finer; here are gold, and silver, and jewels, and ribbands of all the colours in the rain-bow.——A great hoop that hides my real figure, washes that take away my natural complexion, shoes that will cripple me, and stays that make me crooked. I wish I was in my own cloaths again.

A I R XIV.

*When late a simple rustic lass,
I rovd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And beath my only paint.*

*The charms I boast, (alas how few!)
I gave to nature's care,*

*As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.*

Lisetta. Your ladyship will excuse me, but, upon my word, your notions are quite antiquated, have not the least relish of the *Bon Ton*.

Phæbe. *Bon Ton!* what's that!

Lisetta. Every thing in the world, ma'am, in the polite world at least. It is impossible to look, or walk, or talk without it, ma'am.

Phæbe. What will you persuade me out of my senses! d'ye think to make me believe that I have not the use of my eyes, my tongue, or my feet? Don't I speak plainly? Don't you understand me? Don't you call this *speaking*?

Lisetta. Not quite according to the *bon ton*, madam; there is no occasion for your speaking plainly, it is the worst thing you can do; nor for my understanding you, nay indeed, that's still worse than t'other, you should never speak to be understood. As to your manner, d-r-a-w-l out your words in a faint weak voice as if you did not know how to get them off your tongue. Your ladyship, *entre nous*, speaks too much in the country tone. You seem all health and spirits. Put a little sickly delicacy in to your accents, languish with your eyes; and totter in your gait, and then you'll be quite in the *bon ton* ma'am.

Phæbe. How strange and ridiculous! surely this place is the region of absurdities.

A I R XV.

*How strange the mode which truth neglects
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in speech are plain in thought.*

Lisetta. Why there again! in your singing now! Your ladyship has a fine pipe, but not a note according to the *bon ton*. No Italian expression, which is the life and soul of all music, the very essence of harmony;

mony; your fingers of taste will run up and down the ladder of sounds from the cellar up to the garret, now rumbling along in the grand *Spirituoso* till they make your ears crack again, and then in the *Piano* they expire like a swan to their own melody. In our favourite compositions we are not contented with making the sound an echo to the sense, but by a happy jumbling of both together create the most agreeable confusion of harmony in the universe. Pleased your ladyship, I'll give you a specimen.

A I R XVI.

*Tho' thunder in thy accents roll,
No fear shall shake my daring soul,
O tyrant, grumble, rant and rave,
My spirit scorns to be thy slave.*

*But pity lends her soothing aid,
Can I forsake my tender maid?
O tyrant, vain is thy decree,
Her mournful looks are death to me.*

There, ma'am, that's your taste.

Phœbe. It's very fine, but I don't like it. This taste, as you call it, seems to have declared war against nature, and turned all her works topsy-turvy. Pray shall I meet with all these fopperies at court?

Lisetta. Court, madam, abounds with curiosities, there you will meet a thousand objects to entertain you. There are your pretty little creatures with high heels to their shoes, and solitaires round their necks, that look so lady like, you would think they were women with swords by their sides; then there are your precise puppets trotting along with formal bands under their chins, and plastered wigs upon their heads, whispering strange nothings in your ear, and exhibiting at one view the most whimsical combination of pride and servility.

Phœbe. Come then! I long to be there, let's to court.

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Clara. A fan, a fan for her ladyship.

Phæbe. Dear me! what use can I make of this?

Lisetta. This is a wonderful instrument. Its exercise is various and elegant. You shall hear it, ma'am, and then if you please I'll attend you to court.

A I R XVII.

*For various purpose serves the fan,
As thus — a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.*

*Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.*

*All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand if not the heart.*

*'Tis folly's sceptre first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.*

S C E N E II.

Another apartment in the palace.

FABIAN, ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Yes, *Fabian*, I do observe, nay pity her uneasiness. Though from her delicacy she has not hitherto upbraided me, I perceive the princess entertains strong suspicions, which you know are but too well grounded.

Fabian. Yet those, my lord, are easily removed.

Astolpho. And how?

Fabian.

Fabian. Your highness' orders have already done it, for what you promised *Phæbe*, will be a proof, which *Emily* cannot suspect, that this amour has nothing real in it. When this same *Colin*, whom the young madam doats on, comes to court, his love will be a blind for your's.

Astolpho. True I have sent for him, but what then?
——— pray explain.

Fabian. The aukward simplicity of country lovers, must make an agreeable contrast with the elegance of court manners, an amusement only fit for laughter. As such only you designed it, for that purpose you brought them hither, for entertainment and observation. The princess cannot suspect your designs upon *Phæbe*, when her own *Colin* is permitted to be with her, and you will easily find means to compass your intentions when all suspicions are quieted.

Astolpho. But see the princess comes—I would avoid her———
Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter EMILY and CLARA.

Emily. He shuns me, *Clara*, alas 'tis now beyond a doubt.

Clara. Do not torment yourself, and create imaginary affliction.

A I R XVIII.

*Our selves too often we deceive,
And wrong our judgment to believe,
When thinking harshly of the swain
We cheat our hopes and brood on pain.*

Emily. With the generality of women, I confess, the heart is not so much affected as their vanity is hurt by the fickleness of their lovers. Self-love is too often the link which unites their souls; but the only

interest which sways my bosom is the purest and tenderest affection.

Clara. Believe me, madam, the prince is no stranger to your tenderness——he will return it.

Emily. You would comfort me, I see——perhaps I am alarmed from too slight a cause. However, watch their steps if you regard your mistress.

EMILY.

A I R XIX.

*If tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.*

*Till left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.*

But who is this the prince brings with him?—Oh 'tis the village nymph he so much doats on. I must observe them.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter PHOEBE, ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Well, what think you of the court, does it delight you, *Phæbe*?

Phæbe. It is the seat of wonders. Every thing changes character here, the men are quite different. I met one who is the lord of the manor in our neighbourhood, a very proud gentleman amongst us, he carries his head so high and looks so fierce, and threatens folks with his cane in the country if they do but look upon him, here he was bowing and scraping and cringing like a spaniel. Why are they so complaisant

complaisant here, these great folks who terrify and domineer over us in the country? Does the court make them so much better? No, I believe if they do any good here 'tis only to get a right to do something bad elsewhere.

Astolpho. I hear you with pleasure. Did not the brilliancy and the politeness of the court surprize—

Phæbe. Oh they were extravagantly polite indeed. They paid their compliments with wonderful civility, and ran over my person and features in a loud whisper with the most minute observation,—upon my word she's a mighty pretty tight thing, quite an angel for the country, what a poor little innocent it is, what an air she has, what a walk, what a voice! —

Astolpho. Oh, that is mere pleasantry—they'll be more careful by and by, and shew you infinitely more respect. They will be eager to invent new diversions for you, they will read your wishes in your eyes, and I my dear will serve them as a model.

S C E N E V.

Enter EMILY, CLARA.

Emily to Phæbe. So, madam, you have made a noble conquest. Suffer me, I beseech you, to pay my homage where the prince pays his.

Astolpho. Nay, but *Emily*, you misunderstand.

Emily to Phæbe. Your superior charms.

Phæbe. Pray, madam, do not mock me.

Emily to Astolpho. Don't disturb yourself, my lord, my presence interrupts I see, I will retire.

Phæbe. Stay, stay, we have no secrets to talk of. The prince and I ———

Emily. I understand you, madam. I were wonderful indeed if charms like your's had not most terrible effects.

A I R XX.

*I must approve your highness' flame,
Your passion for the fair,
And all the world must feel the same
Who marks her shape and air.*

*A mien so rich in ev'ry grace,
Her manners so polite,
Such beauty beaming from her face,
Was ever such a fright!*

Phæbe. So then, the prince is her lover. Yes, yes, I plainly perceive it. Upon my word, this place abounds with very odd customs. (*To Astolpho*) can you divide your heart to two at a time. (*To Emily*) The prince loves me too, madam, he has sworn it.

Emily. (*ironically to Astolpho.*) More pleasantry; that's all.

Astolpho to Emily. Nay, but I assure you.

Phæbe to Emily. You need not be under any apprehensions on my account. For my part I love *Colin*.

Astolpho. Yes, yes, *Colin* is her love, and *Colin* shall come, I told you so—(*To Emily*) Don't give any credit.

Emily. I believe nothing.

Astolpho. 'Twas but a whim that caused all this, for I imagined the rustic simplicity of these peasants, might make an agreeable contrast with the refined manners of our courtiers.

Emily. (*forcing a laugh*) A very ridiculous project truly! Oh we shall be charmingly amused. Come let us hear some of her prattle.—Well, my dear, and how do you like the court?

Phæbe. May I speak, my lord?

Astolpho. Oh, what you please.

Phæbe. Then if I must fairly confess the truth, I am heartily tired of this horrid place, where every object

object I perceive seems a contradiction to common sense. Their whole design is to reverse nature ; where people are for ever busy in doing nothing, where they eat without appetite, and lie down without rest, where their mirth is all grimace, and their pleasure nothing but perpetual noise.

Clara. Her observation, madam, to me seems perfectly just ; groves and retirement are your only places for innocence and simplicity.

A I R XXI.

*Along your verdant lowly vale
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling thro' the lofty trees
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.*

*Thus free from envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure unruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform
And swell our passions to a storm.*

Emily. And pray when is she to return to her village again ? is she to go to-morrow ?

Phæbe. No, Sir, to-night, to-night, I beseech you, the sooner the better.

Emily. Come, come then, let us leave her to prepare for her journey, and indulge her meditation on her beloved *Colin*. Your servant, my dear.

Astolpho. Adieu, *Phæbe*, don't be uneasy, your *Colin* will soon be here.

Astolpho and Emily out.

Phæbe. Your servant, my dear ; a mighty pretty subject to laugh at truly. E'en keep your prince to yourself, I want none of him. I am sure, I did not come here to look for him. (*weeping*) I have nothing to reproach myself with, only let them suffer me to go and I shall be happy. Is it my fault ? what have I to do with it ? If *Colin* was to treat me so, instead of

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making myself so pleasant with other folks, I should die for grief.—But what is this I hear?—ah 'tis *Colin*, how engaging he'll find me, let me see if he will recoll ct me in this dress.

COLIN.

A I R XXII.

*Plague take such folks,
Their whims, their jokes,
With their nonsense, rant and riot,
This calls me clown,
That shoves me down,
Can a body ne'er be quiet?*

*So push'd about,
Thrust in, thrust out,
In a tumult, noise and hurry,
I'm squeez'd to death,
I've lost my breath,
And my wits run hurry scurry.*

Here have they dragged me out of the country to make a fool and laughing stock of me. A parcel of servants I think they called them, though I took them for lords, they were all so belac'd and beruffled, have put me into this dress forsooth in spite of my teeth; and what have I to do with these tawdry trappings. I want nothing in this world but mine own sweet heart *Phæbe*. They came truly to fetch me hither, and yet I can't find her; a plague upon 'em, every thing distracts me; I know not whether I stand on my head or my legs.

Phæbe. I'll e'en go and accost him—Sir! Sir.

Colin. Lud lud, what can this fine lady want with me?

Phæbe. This is the luckiest accident in the world; he can never find me out through all this dawb of paint and patches, and with my veil on too.

Colin.

Colin. How she surveys me, I believe she'll look me through and through.

Phæbe. I'll e'en try his constancy,—and pray, Sir, what occasion can have brought you to court?

Colin. Me? I only come to look for our *Phæbe*.

Phæbe. Who, Sir, *Phæbe*?

Colin. Yes, a tight lass of our parish, who has promis'd to be my wife, but she has left me in the lurch.

Phæbe. You amaze me, that's scarce possible.

Colin. Aye forsooth, but it's true.

Phæbe. But after all, Sir, why should that give you any manner of uneasiness, a person of your figure, I am sure, has it always in his power to make a better choice; you were never made to be treated with disdain. I tell you so, Sir, as a friend.

Colin. A friend to me, madam. Lord! I never saw you before in my life.

Phæbe. Upon my word, Sir, I wish you well.

Colin. What? without knowing me?

Phæbe. Oh, Sir, people of your sort are easily known; you have a certain air in your countenance, an appearance in your dress. ———

Colin. Oh, madam, upon my word ———

Phæbe. Which sufficiently explain themselves to my eyes.

Colin. O, as to that, your ladyship ———

Phæbe. And then what is still more distinguishing, your excessive politeness.

Colin. Politeness! I polite! indeed, madam, I don't pretend to know any thing of that matter. To be sure I was always counted a civil body, and I know how to keep my distance and doff my hat, for I know that's good manners for certain when one talks to a great lady.

Phæbe. But you, Sir, are a gentleman.

Colin. A gentleman! I a gentleman! O lud, O lud.

Phæbe. I see it plainly, but you are infinitely too modest, you are indeed. ———

Colin.

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Colin. Yes, yes, forsooth, I am a country gentleman.

Phæbe. And that, Sir, is all in all, that is a sufficient recommendation, and demands a peculiar protection.

Colin. (*Aside*) Odsbud, but I believe this lady has taken a fancy to me. They had good reason indeed, who told me one need but shew one's face at court to make one's fortune.

Phæbe. Bless me, what a charming figure ; what ease, what elegance. Oh, Sir, if you come hither to make your fortune you cannot fail of success. Come, come, you shall be my servant.—O heaven's what ails me ! I am so dizzy I can hardly stand ; lord how my heart flutters !

Colin. O, madam, madam, shall I assist you.

Phæbe. No, Sir, I thank you Sir, not at all. I begin to recover, I feel myself grow better apace. Oh the sweet, sweet gentleman !

Colin. Indeed, madam, you frighten me, what would you have me do, pray speak, madam.

Phæbe. You must—O, Sir, spare my blushes, lord how I tremble !—You must love me a little——can you ? will you ? if you do your fortune is made.

Colin. This can be no trick. It grieves me to see her in such a taking. I'll e'en pretend to fall in love with her. Adad, I must have more about me than I dreamt of, to make such quick impressions on ladies of such high fashion.

Phæbe. (*Aside*) So, so, he begins to waver. Let me see how far he will carry it—well, Sir, and will you agree to my proposal ?——give me your hand.

Colin. Oh, madam, I—I dare not.—

Phæbe. Am I so frightful then ?—come, come.

Colin. There then—I never was hard-hearted in all my days.

Phæbe. (*discovering herself*) Oh, traitor, have I caught you—this is no more than I expected ; now look upon me. Is it thus you reward your *Phæbe* ?

Colin.

Colin. *Phæbe ! who ! Phæbe !*

Phæbe. Yes, it is *Phæbe*. I have found you now.

DUET.

Phæbe. *See, traytor, now before thy face
Thy falshood stands confest.*

Colin. *O maiden, think me not so base,
I feign'd it I protest.*

Phæbe. *Go, go, deceitful swain.*

Colin. *Say not these words again.*

Phæbe. *Thy guilt is now too true.*

Colin. *Such words are death from you.*

Phæbe. *No better are thy due.*

Colin. *Yes, better are my due.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street.

HOBBINOL, DAMON.

Damon. **A**YE, aye, neighbour, your fine folk, for all their vapouring and bouncing, are no honefter than they should be. Who would have thought that our *Phæbe* would have been sent for to court!

Hob. Sent for, quoth a; no, *Damon*, trepanned, drawn in by artifice.—Lord! what a parcel of nonsense of teeth, and lips, and ivory, and coral, and diamonds, did some of those scented puppets pour out before the wenches in our village, till the maids grew so fantastic that they did not know their heads from their tails.

Damon. Fair words cover foul dealings; give me plain speech, and plain manners, I say.

Hob. By my troth, Gaffer, I never could abide these leg making gentry, who bow, and scrape, and palaver, with their hats stuck, like gizards, under their arms; and all the while they mean no more by their civility than to cuckold the husband, or debauch the daughter.

Damon. Thank Heav'n, *Hobbinol*, we have none of those vices, we are not so polite.

Hobbinol. In good truth, neighbour, I envy none of those sort of folk.

A I R

A I R XXIII.

*Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.*

*Tho' bent down with age and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth ;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.*

*Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place ;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.*

But sure they cannot mean mischief to our young couple, since my boy *Colin* has been sent for to court with all haste, and to meet your *Phæbe*, they said.— Body o' me, how their eyes will sparkle when they meet each other ! I'll warrant you now she is as melancholy as a turtle that has lost it's mate.

Damon. But for my part, *Hobbinol*, I cannot abide the thoughts of her being at court ; why the place is for all the world like a fair, full of nonsense, noise, and shew.

Hob. Aye, neighbour, they keep fair here all the year round, and a plentiful market too, only the goods now and then are a little stale.

Damon. A plague take their town manners, I say. Though I doft my hat never so low, and bespeak them never so civilly, they do but laugh in my face. Adod, I think we been as proper folks as the best of them in our time. They mun keep their flaunts and flers to themselves. It is a wonderment to me, neighbour, how we found our way hither.

Hob. Or how we escaped whole from so many dangers. I thought I should have had my body squeezed to death by one of those sidgetting fellows,
with

with poles in his hands and a chair at his backside; who thrust me into the kennel almost under the wheel of a coach, and then furlily cry'd out, "by your leave."——Had I known that had been the way of asking a civil question, ecod! but I would have had my crutch ready to have given him an answer.

Damon. Well, well, these disasters are at an end now.

Hob. True, Gaffer, true, we mun not bide here, we must try what we can to recover our children, and for my part I do think *Colin* will be perfect mad if he misses his dear *Phæbe*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A dressing-room in the Palace.

PHOEBE, LISETTA.

A I R XXIV.

*From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.*

*Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted,
While she who pleases most to-day
To-morrow shall be slighted.*

Faithless, faithless *Colin*! And pray, madam, does *Colin* know the prince designs this visit to me?

Lisetta. O yes, he is informed of it—long since, poor soul.

Phæbe. The news of it has affected him no doubt—

Lisetta. Oh yes, madam, for a quarter of an hour, or so. Now he'd run up and down stamping and tearing, and raving and rending like a madman; then he'd

he'd stop short of a sudden, and folding his arms like a lover despairing beside a clear stream, heave a desperate sigh, with the most rueful length of face mortal ever beheld. The Knight of the woful countenance was a cherub in comparison.

A I R XXV.

*Oh 'twould pierce a heart of stone
To hear him roar and blubber,
So great a lover ne'er was known,
—Nor e'er so great a lubber.*

*Like little master left alone,
By gay mamma forsaken,
With hiccup, sob, and sigh and groan,
His heart is almost breaking.*

But, like the rest of his sex, sorrow took no fast hold of him, 'twas but an April shower, and all was fair again.

Phæbe. Indeed, *Lisetta*, were it not for his treachery I could almost find in my heart to pity him. But, dear *Lisetta*, I find myself strangely fatigued; your pleasures here pall the mind without entertaining it; my spirits are quite overpower'd.

Lisetta. I'm glad of it; now, now you begin to have the *bon ton*.—I was sure your ladyship could not be so long amongst the polite world without catching the manners of it. 'Tis nothing but nerves, weak nerves, and fashionable vapours, things of course.

Phæbe. Vapours, and weak nerves, why can it be a fashion to be sick?

Lisetta. O lord! it's downright ungentle to be otherwise. Your ruddy complexions, and active limbs may do very well for a dairy maid in the country; but here they are perfectly unnecessary, nay, absolutely improper. Lard, ma'am, it is as unfashionable for a fine lady to be without a complaint, as 'tis to be out of debt.

Phæbe.

Phæbe. The more I observe your manners here, the more they surprize me.—But were it not possible, madam, that *Colin* might be concealed somewhere here-about, that he may over-hear our intercourse?

Lisetta. Undoubtedly, madam; but for what purpose does your ladyship intend——

Phæbe. The dearest in the world, revenge.

Lisetta. That is indeed a most delicious morsel, and the injustice he has done you by his suspicions, deserves the worst of mortifications from your hands.

Phæbe. Well, *Lisetta*, I leave that management to you. The prince will be delighted with it. Adieu, I shall attend his highness's pleasure. [*Exit Lisetta.*

If *Colin* blames me now 'tis not without reason, but I will still surprize him more. Alas! why did I come hither! Is it the air I breathe which poisons all my peace? at home, my only thought was mirth, for there all was tranquillity, pleasure and happiness.

A I R. XXVI.

*When far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harboured there.*

*But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.*

S C E N E III.

Enter EMILY, CLARA.

Emily. So, *Clara*, I still find her here you see. The so much boasted charms of the country, will I fear lose all their relish after the splendour of a court.

Clara. Love, madam, is undoubtedly very intoxicating, and it is no wonder if the addresses of a prince turn the brain of an ignorant village lass

A I R

A I R XXVII.

*Flattering hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.*

*Noisy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.*

Emily to *Phæbe*. So then, you will not leave us yet. The court has stronger attractions than you were aware of, *Phæbe*.

Phæbe. Alas! madam, did it depend upon my choice I would be far off. The pleasures of this place are lost upon me, they are too artificial for us simple folks who are the servants of nature.

Emily. Quit then, as fast as you can, a place so contrary to your manners. I would not delay a moment. Alas! why cannot I shake off this troublesome pomp and pageantry of courts?

A I R XXVIII.

*What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights, and gingling toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.*

Clara. O lard! madam, how pretty must it be to wander along by the flowery banks of murmuring rivers, and to breath the delightful fragrance of the meadows! Oh 'tis a paradise on earth.

A I R

A I R XXIX.

*Return, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.*

*The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise ;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.*

Phæbe. Upon my word, ladies, you reason excellently well in your turn. I perceive the advice of every body flows from self-interested motives. You would most obligingly inform me that my presence displeases you, madam ; I heartily believe it—But, now I think on it, I can't go yet, 'tis absolutely impossible. I have a particular engagement with the prince.

Emily. With the prince !

Phæbe. Yes, with the prince ; Oh you will laugh exceedingly.——

Emily. Laugh ! I laugh ! how !

Phæbe. The prince you know is in love with you.

Emily. (*sighs*) And what then ?

Phæbe. Then !—why he desires an interview with me.

Emily. Which you have granted, I suppose.

Phæbe. Oh, doubtless. It is not for folks in such an humble situation as mine to refuse so great an honour, and indeed, after so many instances of friendship and protection, it were a sin to deny so small a request. But I see, madam, you are discomposed.

Emily. Who I ! not I, not in the least.

Phæbe. I can't abide to be thought ungrateful.

Emily.—So then, *Phæbe*, after all this parade of honour, and virtue, and love, you can make an assignation ?——

Phæbe. Come, come, don't be suspicious ; where you dread a rival, you may find a friend. I pity your
un-

uneasiness, madam, nor will I ever be the cause of adding to it. Come then with me, and, if possible, endeavour to forget your jealous resentment. I warrant you all will be well yet. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

An Ante-chamber.

Enter COLIN.

A I R XXX.

*Oh booby, blockhead, numskull, afs,
Oh fatal strange mistake ;
I fear I've lost my dearest lass ;
Oh sure my heart will break.*

*Where shall I now my Phæbe find,
Oh lovely, cruel fair ;
And will she then be still unkind ?
I tremble, I despair.*

I'm ruined, dead, undone. They have bewitched her, they have poisoned her, they have given her something to steal away her heart ; and yet I scarce can credit it.—It is impossible—what *Phæbe* meet the prince alone ! alas ! it is but too true. My folly has aggravated her to an entire neglect of me. Well, Heaven be thanked I am not quite friendless yet. The good-natured gentlewoman who brought me hither has promised to place me where I may overhear all, and if I find my suspicions true, I know how to be revenged for the trick she has played me. Yes, I will give vent to my anger, yes, thou cruel, hard-hearted *Phæbe*, I'll tell you to your face that you are a false, ungrateful hussy, and then—I'll go and hang myself ; and then—you shall never see me more —But yonder's the fine lady, my friend and guide.—Lord ! Lord ! how my heart beats ! how I dread the event !

Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

*An apartment in the Palace.**Enter PHOEBE.*

So then—hitherto all things are rightly disposed, *Colin* now may be satisfied of our interview ; how strangely am I situated ! at once the object of the prince's love, which I never was ambitious of ; of the princess's jealousy, whom I wish to serve ; and my own *Colin's* hard suspicions, which are most unjust ; but here comes the prince.

Enter ASTOLPHO.

Well, my Lord, you find me an obedient servant ; what would your highness have with me ?

Astolpho. Can that be a question now, *Phæbe*, does not the tenor of my whole behaviour explain itself to you ? Come, come, you know I love you.

Phæbe. Love me, alas my lord, I was born to humbler hopes, and your highness can never be at a loss for more worthy objects.

Astolpho. Worthier—Surely, *Phæbe*, you take a pleasure in creating my misery.

Phoebe. No, I would rather wish to make you happy.

Astolpho. Alas ! I have wish'd, I have sigh'd a long time for a heart without guile, a heart that was simple and ingenuous ; a happiness not to be met with at court.

Phæbe. Oh, my lord, that is a happiness you have always in your own power.

Astolpho. My power ! do you approve my passion then ? am I so blest ?

Phæbe. Indeed I will not hesitate one moment to make you so. Wait but my return and I will convince you.

*Exit.**Astolpho.*

Astolpho. What can this mean? I am astonished, my spirits are all in arms, and my heart flutters with expectation.

Phæbe returns with Emily.

Phæbe. There, my lord, (*presenting Emily*) that happiness is now your own; and I feel a satisfaction in being the means of it. *Exit.*

Astolpho. (*aside*) Oh shame! shame! shame!

Enter COLIN from behind.

A I R XXXI.

*Confusion, tortures, death, despair,
Why am I thus betray'd?
Thy vows I whistle to the air,
Go, perjur'd, treacherous maid.*

(*Emily looks at Colin, and enter Phæbe on the other side.*)

*I see my fault, I blush for shame,
Oh joy to find thee true!
Oh nymph forbear that fault to blame
Which rose from love to you.*

Phæbe to Astolpho. Now, Sir, you are master of that treasure you so long desired; be happy in the possession of it.—And now, *Colin*, what is become of your jealousy? take care how you harbour again a fiend which destroys all peace.

Colin. I begin to revive again.

Emily to Astolpho. Assured as I am of your inconstancy, I might perhaps break out into reproaches, but your conduct afflicts me more than it offends, and makes me happy without being violent. I see, Sir, I have lost your heart. (*going*)

Astolpho.

48 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

Astolpho. (*stopping her*) Stay, stay my princess, our hearts were not designed for such separation, *Phæbe*, it is true, by thus enlightning my bewildered senses has humbled me sufficiently, and I should blush indeed, if I did not endeavour to imitate her. Her example shall excite me, and if my revived affections are worthy of a return, Hymen shall unite us on this day.

Emily. Love surely may excuse its own frailties.—Oh *Phæbe*, let me embrace thee, how much do I owe to your friendship!—how shall I reward you?

Phæbe. Leave that to *Colin*, madam, for from him alone I expect it. Come, *Colin*, endeavour to amend your errors; here, take my hand, now you know all my vengeance.

A I R XXXII.

*Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.*

*The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.*

*Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phæbe kind, my Colin true.*

Colin. Nor shalt thou be deceived—let us away with haste. We will be married straight, this is true joy indeed; what need of so much mystery to be happy?—but however, Sir, I pray you leave off your hunting on our grounds. Peace and quietness are better than all the honours in the world.

A I R

A I R. XXXIII.

*Why should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendor never knows.*

*Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.*

*The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.*

Astolpho. May heav'n protect you both, live long in peace and happiness, and share my bounties as you please.

Enter FABIAN.

Here are two old men come after *Colin*, and *Phæbe*; they make such a bustle and clamour one would think they were stark staring mad.

Astolpho. Oh bring them in, the happiness will now be general indeed. (*To Emily*) what uneasiness has my folly produced ! But——

DAMON (without.)

I tell you, I will have my daughter.

HOBBINOL (without.)

Give me my son, I say, body o'me, you sinock-fac'd chitterling ; Oh, that I was but threescore for your sake.

C

Damon.

50 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

Damon. Don't talk to me, my own's my own, and I will come in.

Phæbe. Good heavens! my father.

Enter HOBBINOL, and DAMON.

Damon. So, so; we have found you now—Adod, but we have not. They do nothing but make fools of us, I think.

Hob. For my part I believe it is the land of lies; I did not want such fine folks, our search is after a couple of stray'd children, and they told us they were here. (*Going up to Colin*) I pray you, Sir, can you tell me any tidings? (*discovering him*) Ods my life, it's my own boy *Colin*; I am transported, I am overjoyed, —and why did not you answer your father, you dog? —Only see, *Damon*, how they have bedizen'd him, a-looks for all the world like the king in the puppet-show.

Phæbe to Damon. And here too is your *Phæbe*, Sir, It is no wonder you should not discover me through this disguise, since even the quick-sighted eyes of a lover have been deceived before now.

Damon. Have I recovered thee at last, my child! My neighbour and I have had a wearisome pursuit after thee.

Colin. All is well that ends well, father; we shall now be as happy as the day is long, thanks to the prince there. In truth we are much obliged to him.

Hob. Oblig'd! quoth-a, yes, yes, I suppose you are oblig'd.

A I R. XXXIV.

*No doubt but your foolscap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy kind?*

*To be sure, like a good-natured spouse,
 You've lent him a part of your bed;
 He has fitted the horns to your brows,
 And I see them sprout out of your head;*

*To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
 The court is a wonderful school,
 —My lord you've an excellent taste,
 —And, son, you are a cuckoldy fool.*

*If your lady should bring you an heir,
 The blood will flow rich in his veins,
 Many thanks to my lord for his care—
 —You dog, I could knock out your brains.*

DUETT.

*Colin. I scorn to be any man's slave,
 I know what is proper and right.*

*Hob. You talk, Sir, exceedingly brave;
 You puppy, get out of my sight.*

*Colin. Dear father, ne'er trust to report,
 My Phæbe is true to her swain;*

*Hob. Then why this fine jaunt up to court,
 You dupe, you're a cuckold in grain.*

Astolpho. Be not so distrustful, old friend. I have seen my error, and repent it. The temporary uneasiness you have found in the loss of your children, will be amply compensated in the happiness of to-day. Here (*taking Emily by the hand*) my affections are settled. *Phæbe* merits no suspicions, and if mutual love happily rewarded can ensure a blessing upon earth, her union to-day with *Colin* shall effect it. Come, come, we shall all be happy.

Emily to Hobbinol. You may be perfectly satisfied, Sir, your fears are all groundless. It is from the conviction of her innocence, and by her interposition, that all parties are reconciled. Surely you ought to be satisfied on this point, when you see I am.

Hob.

52. THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

Hob. Say you so? why then, come hither, children,
Heav'n bless you——Body o'me, but I cry for joy.

Damon. Let me join my blessing too. And now,
adod, I'm as gay as a lark, and as light as a cork.

Astolpho. From this hour my blifs commences.
How sweet it is to gain the affections of a heart
which owes all its charms to innocence and simplicity!
but to find one without guile in the midst of courts,
whose honesty of nature is not corrupted, though it
is cultivated by art, makes up my peculiar felicity.

TRIO.

Colin. *For thee my love shall ever burn,*
Tbou art my fondest aim.

Phœbe. *My love shall yield thee sweet return,*
I burn with equal flame.

Emily. *No care shall e'er my soul annoy,*
No fears my blifs destroy.

Colin. *For thee my love shall burn.*

Phœbe. *My love shall yield return.*

Emily. *My love shall yield return.*

All. *Oh, this is perfect joy.*

F I N I S;

T H E

WIVES REVENGED;

A

C O M I C O P E R A,

I N

O N E A C T.

THE

WIVES REVENGED;

A

COMIC OPERA,

I N

O N E A C T.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL

I N C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

D U B L I N.

PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS.
BY J. AND R. BYRN, SYCAMORE-ALLEY.

M.DCC.LXXX.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E following little Piece is an imitation of the French comic operas of one act, which are generally characterised, either by their natural simplicity, or some single striking incident, and little or nothing more is designed.—It is now first attempted to introduce this species of entertainment on the English theatre, as containing excellent situations for light airs.—On the French Stage, notwithstanding all their merit, they tire in the length of time taken for representation; and, were they spun out to the common length of our after pieces, it is conceived they would be found still more insufficient.

The subject matter therefore being wholly preserved, and the dialogue both varied and compressed, they are, with every deference submitted to public judgment.

C. D I B D I N.

CHARACTERS.

M E N.

<i>Mr. Vermilion,</i>	- -	Mr. MATTOCKS.
<i>Alderman Tokay,</i>	- -	Mr. WILSON.
<i>Deputy Dimity,</i>	- -	Mr. QUICK.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Vermilion,</i>	- -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
<i>Mrs. Tokay,</i>	- -	Mrs. MORTON.
<i>Mrs. Dimity,</i>	- -	Miss WELLER.

THE
WIVES REVENGED;

A
COMIC OPERA.

SCENE I.

A Painting-Room in Mr. VERMILION's House ;
on each Side a Door opens into a separate
Chamber ; the Window of which is so situated,
that the Audience are witnesses to all that passes
within. Mrs. VERMILION is discovered

A I R.

*COME here, all wives,
Who lead your lives
With Deary jarring,
Growling, sparring,
Bawling,
Squawling,*

Swearing,

8 THE WIVES REVENGED;

Swearing,

Tearing ;

Who in the dumps are left to pine,

In spight of all your charms !

At the sound of my drum,

Come—hither come !

While honour's rub-a-dub you're hearing,

To my standard quick repairing,

To fight alike your cause and mine,

Behold me under arms.

Rouze, rouze, and brave them to the field,

Your tongue the weapon that ye wield,

Laurels shall crown your brow,

But if they hold out 'gainst this force,

Talk as a dernier resource,

Of Vengeance—you know how.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Mrs. VERMILION, Mrs. TOKAY, and Mrs.
DIMITY.

Mrs. Ver. Ah! ha!—I have not beat my drum in vain—here come two Volunteers already—Mrs. Tokay, and Mrs. Dimity, I am charmed to see you.—You are punctual to a minute.

Mrs. Tok. No wonder, when the summons was of such a serious nature.—You must see us it seems on business, which concerns us as nearly as our lives.

Mrs. Ver. This business is to sup with me here this evening,—where I mean to give you a delicious repast.

Mrs. Dim. But, my dear, what necessity for such a message?

Mrs. Ver. More than you are aware of.—Are you disengaged?

Mrs. Tok. Yes,—my husband is gone into the country, on some particular business, 'till to morrow.

Mrs. Dim. And I am also a widow till that time.

Mrs. Ver. They told you so, did they?—O men, how many ways do you deceive and cheat us!

Mrs. Tok. What do you mean?

Mrs.

10 THE WIVES REVENGED;

Mrs. Ver. Why, I mean that both your Husband, Alderman Tokay, the Wine-Merchant of Portfoken ward, and your Husband, Deputy Dimity the Taylor, of Candlewick, expect the pleasure of supping this evening, in this house.

Mrs. Tok. Here!

Mrs. Dim. With you?

Mrs. Tok. Why your Husband is out of town.

Mrs. Dim. How! Ma'am!—And you all alone?

Mrs. Ver. Listen to me:—They have both formally made me a declaration of love, and I confess to you, I thought myself not a little flatter'd, at attracting the attention of two men, whose wives are so universally admired—Says Mr. Alderman, you know his jocular way, Ma'am—

A I R.

*That form, and all these charms, odds fish!
Are, I protest, a dainty dish;
And of your eyes, the very sight,
Really creates an appetite,
Grace, Pr'ythee let me say.*

*I'm at a feast, and Ma'am would you
Digest a perfect man of Goût,
Who'd drink you as a toast each sup
And who, for Love, could eat you up,
Take Alderman Tokay.*

Now,

Now, Ma'am, for a specimen of your husband's eloquence in love.—Mr. Dimity.

A I R.

*In me, you think to find, perhaps,
One of those linsy-woolsy chaps,
Who of despair and daggers puff,
And all such worn-out thread bare stuff;
No, no, Ma'am, not in me.*

*I'm of another cloth cut out,
Well wearing, durable, and stout,
And, would you, in a lover find
A fair outside, honestly lin'd,
Take Dicky Dimity.*

Well, Ladies, to so much gallantry, I could not but make a most obliging answer.—You shall hear it.

A I R.

*To cruelty a stranger,
How shall I 'scape this danger?
You woo with too much art;
While tender and obliging,
Thus slyly you're besieging,
A poor defenceless heart.*

The

*The reason you may guess,
 Why thus it flutters so;
 'Tis love says yes, yes, yes,
 And virtue, no, no, no.*

Why you seem thunderstruck.

Mrs. Tok. What a villain!

Mrs. Dim. The Traitor! But I'll give him his own.

Mrs. Tok. And for Mr. Tokay, I'll make him blush with shame—you shall see such a scene.

Mrs. Dim. I'll expose his infidelity to the whole world.

Mrs. Tok. And my wrongs shall be known all over the town.

Mrs. Ver. And so expose yourselves.—No, no, if you'll be guided by me, we'll be better reveng'd of them than all this.

Mrs. Tok. How?—I'll do any thing.

Mrs. Dim. Speak, dear Mrs. Vermilion!

Mrs. Ver. Time presses, let me therefore tell you my scheme in as few words as possible; I have acquainted Mr. Vermilion with every thing, who is not out of town, but has only had it so reported to favour our design—Your husbands are coming here—I shall receive them in this painting room, because nothing can possibly pass in these two chambers adjoining, which cannot be overheard.—And thus—but
 on

on my conscience, one of them knocks at the door now—do you slip down these back stairs, and slide out after I have conducted them up.—Then be ready for me at your house, which is but two steps off,—where I shall presently come and fetch you, and tell you every thing you have to do.

Mrs. Tok. Well, well, we'll be guided by you.—Could I have believed it!—

Mrs. Dim. Adieu. We'll hold ourselves in readiness—Oh! I could tear his eyes out. (*A knocking*)

Mrs. Ver. You hear, they are impatient, Ma'am!—Come, come, decamp, quick!—

S C E N E III.

Mrs. VERMILION, TOKAY, and DIMITY.

Mr. Tokay. Ah! my charming neighbour!

Dim. My dear, Mrs. Vermilion!

Mrs. Ver. Gentlemen! to what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you? don't say any thing before him that I asked you to supper: (*to Tokay*) he has a scandalous tongue.

Tokay. Scandalous as a tea table, Ma'am!—I don't know what put it in the damn'd fellow's head to come here—Well, neighbour Dimity, I'm glad to see you. We happen'd to meet together, Madam, at your door, just as I was coming to pay my respects to you.

C

Dim.

Dim. Yes, I came according to instructions to take measure.

Mrs. V. Hush, hush! don't say I invited you here—he'd expose us—

Dim. O Lord! to the whole world.—I say, Ma'm, the remnant of the evening lay on my hands, and so I thought I could not piece it out better, than in coming to ask you how you did.

Mrs. V. Well, Gentlemen, since it happens so, if you have no better engagement, I shall be glad of your company to eat a bit of supper with me.

Tokay. You are infinitely kind. Could not you send him away?

Mrs. V. No, no, 'twould create suspicion.

Dim. Vastly kind, indeed—Could not we get rid of him?

Mrs. V. 'Tis impossible—Come, Gentlemen, I must use you without ceremony—We have the house to ourselves—I gave the maid leave to see her aunt, and the man is gone with my husband—I am a widow for a whole week.

Tokay. A week! zounds, I shall be elected without a scrutiny.

Dimity. A week! Damn me, I shall cut out a fine parcel of work here!

Mrs. V. Mr Tokay, help me to fetch the table; and do you, Mr. Dimity, look in that closet for the table cloth, and knives and forks—Come, come, stir.

Tokay. Dispose of me as you please.

Mrs. Ver. (To Tokay, with whom she brings forward the Table.) Ah, my dear Mr. Tokay, if that fool was not here—

Tokay. My turtle! let me kiss you for that thought.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ver. Hush ! hush ! he'll see us ! (*to Dimity*) that's right—(*to Tokay*) now do you search in that cupboard, and you'll find a salad ready for dressing—(*Tokay goes while she speaks to Dimity*) 'Twas very kind of you to come, dear Mr. Dimity. What a pity 'tis we are not alone !

Dim. I wish to Heaven he was in one of his butts of Madeira.

Mrs. Ver. Well, one journey more and all will be ready. You see I have nothing but a cold supper, but such as it is—

Tokay. Oh ! Madam ! your company is green peas at Christmas.

Mrs. Ver. Oh ! truce with compliments, and sit down without ceremony.

Tokay. How many jealous ones we should make now, if your husband, and our wives, knew of this.

Dim. Come, Ma'am, sit.

G L E E.

Our wives at home, your husband gone,
 To them leave care and thinking ;
 While gaily we the hours pass on
 In laughing and in drinking.
 The real joys of love are shar'd
 By those who are discreetest ;
 And here's his health who first declar'd
 Stolen pleasures are the sweetest.

(after the Glee a knocking.)

Mrs. Ver. Hush !

Dim. What's the matter ?

Mrs. Ver. Surely some one knocks.

Tokay. Do you expect any body ?

Mrs. Ver. Not a soul.

Tokay. Zounds ! I hope 'tis not your husband.

Mrs. Ver. Oh ! no.

Dim. But if by hazard—

Mrs. Ver. I hardly think it—however, in that case I can hide you in this room—but don't concern yourselves—It can't be him ; and for any body else, I'll soon send them away—*(She just looks, and returns)* Heavens ! 'tis my husband sure enough ;

enough; I would not have him see you for the world; get in, get in.

Dim. Stuff us in any where

Mrs. Ver. If I can I'll send him out—Don't stir for your lives—

[They go into the room on the right hand, and by means of the window, are in sight of the audience.]

SCENE IV.

Mr. VERMILION. Mrs. VERMILION.

Ver. Ah! wife; you ought to have a thousand obligations to me—I did not find my man—and tho' it was so late, I was determined not to lose a moment—But I think you receive me coldly.

Mrs. Ver. No love, I don't—I only—

Ver. Hey! what the devil's this?—you were going to have good cheer—a paté of partridges! Three covers! why, who the devil have you invited to supper?

Tokay. Zounds! she'll never draw herself out of this scrape.

Dim. Hush! Hush!

Mrs. Ver. Why, my dear—I—a I have—asked some ladies to sup with me.

Ver. Ay! who?

18 THE WIVES REVENGED;

Mrs. Ver. Why, Mrs. Tokay, and Mrs. Dimity.

Tokay. Our wives!

Ver. What, our two handsome neighbours?

Mrs. Ver. Yes, love; and I wonder they don't come—I wish you'd go and fetch them.

Ver. My soul, there is nothing I would not do sooner for thee, than walk.

Mrs. Ver. Well, 'tis but a step, I'll go myself.

Ver. I would not trouble you, but I am so tired with my journey.

SCENE V.

Mr. VERMILION, (*Tokay and Dim. hid.*)

Good Heaven! how fortunate—thou little divinest, my sweet wife, what a service thou art going to do me—I shall sup with her I adore.

Dim. Do you hear him, Alderman? he says he shall sup with her he adores.

Ver. There is not her equal in the world, and my love is like her's, perfect—she is more majestic than Juno.

Tokay. Ay, that's your wife, for she is the most tallest.

Ver. More willing than Io.

Dim. That's your's.

Ver. More lively than Sappho; but, to my misfortune, too virtuous.

Tokay.

Tokay. Yes, yes, I fancy he means my wife, indeed !

Ver. Heavens ! what transport ! what tender, delightful extasy, to press her panting, yielding to my bosom—What is there but loves makes our lives desirable.

A I R.

*Love, to thee myself I give,
In thee I breathe, by thee I move,
My fleeting hours, while yet I live,
To thee shall be devoted, love.*

*Thou art the charm of every mind,
The young, the old, thy influence prove :
Tender, jealous, roving, kind,
We all are happy, so we love.*

II.

*In earliest youth how time did glide,
Cloe might well have tempted Jove,
And I, what bliss ! was Cloe's pride ;
Then how I sung thy praises, love !*

*A smile, a nothing from my fair,
I priz'd all blessings far above ;
I knew not even the name of care,
Nor ought but thy sweet transports, love.*

Omitted

20 THE WIVES REVENGED;

Omitted in the representation.

III.

‘ *When ardour damp’d, youth shall be past,*
‘ *From fair to fair still will I rove ;*
‘ *And from this moment to my last,*
‘ *Untir’d, I’ll sing thy praises, love :*

‘ *Each friend in this some folly sees,*
‘ *Will then such transports thee behove ?*
‘ *Love ! when thou can’st no longer please ?*
‘ *What, is it nothing then to love ?*

SCENE VI.

Mr. VERMILION, Mrs. VERMILION, Mrs. TOKAY, and Mrs. DIMITY. (*Tokay and Dimity concealed.*)

Ver. Ah ! I am charmed—How d’ye do, Ladies ?

Mrs. Tokay. } How d’ye do, Mr. Vermilion ?
Mrs. Dim. }

Ver. Give me leave to embrace you, my dear neighbour, and you, Mrs. Dimity.

Mrs. Dim. Lord ! how you kiss one, indeed !

Tokay. Why, what a devil of a fellow it is !

Ver. Come, wife, we must have another cover. Where’s the servant ?

Mrs. Ver. I have given her leave to go out.

Ver. What exquisite pleasure to pass a few hours with you, my dear Mrs. Dimity.

Tokay.

Tokay. My dear Mrs. Dimity! do you hear him?

Ver. Come, wife, let us set at table.—How I am transported to see my sweet Mrs. Tokay!

Dim. Sweet Mrs. Tokay.—Alderman, do you hear him?

Ver. (*Sitting at table.*) Never was happiness equal to mine, flatter'd and caress'd by three charming objects, equally amiable.

G L E E.

*Young Paris was blest, just as I am
this hour,*

Mrs. Ver. *When proud Juno offer'd him riches
and power ;*

Mrs. Tok. *When stately Minerva of war talk'd
and arms,*

Mrs. Dim. *When Venus to conquer him pleaded her
charms.*

All. *These charms won the prize—What an
ideot was he !*

*The apple of gold I'd have parted in
three,*

*And, contenting them all by this witty
device.*

Mrs. Ver. *Given Juno,*

Mrs. Tok. ————— *And Pallas,*

Mrs. Dim. ————— *And Venus,*

Ver. ————— *A slice.*

All. *Given Juno, and Pallas, and Venus,
a slice.*

Ver.

Ver. An admirable thought.—Part then, my love, between you in the same manner.

Mrs. Ver. Lord, Mr. Vermillion, how you do rattle.

Mrs. Tok. Oh! we forgive him.

Ver. Well, wife, what wine do you give us?

Mrs. Ver. I have forgot to fetch it.

Ver. Come, get it then, pray, my dear—you seem uneasy—Oh! I know what it is—she has to cross the garden in her way to the cellar, and she is afraid of spirits.

Mrs. Ver. Well, Lord, every one is not so brave as you are.—I confess I'm foolish enough to have this absurd terror sometimes.

Mrs. Tok. Dear Ma'am! I'll go with you.

Tokay. Why does not he go himself?

Ver. I would go myself, if I was not so exceedingly tired.

Dim. What a devil of a reason!

Mrs. Tokay. Oh! we don't want you—Come, Mrs. Vermilion—

[*Mrs. Vermilion and Mrs. Tokay go into the chamber opposite to that in which are Tokay and Dimity.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Mr. VERMILION, and Mrs. DIMITY *on the stage*, TOK. and DIM. *concealed on one hand*, and Mrs. VER. and Mrs. TOK. *on the other*.

Ver. Ah ! my charming Mrs. Dimity.

Mrs. Dim. Ah ! Mr. Vermilion.

Ver. Don't you understand me ?

Mrs. Dim. Alas !

Dim. What the devil are they going to say to one another ?

Ver. We are alone.

Mrs. Dim. Well !

Ver. Permit me then, heavenly creature, to seize this opportunity, (*attempting to kiss her.*)

Tokay. This is pretty plain, I think, neighbour Dimity.

Mrs. Dim. Pray be quiet.

Ver. Cease then the fire of those bewitching eyes, those smiles, those lips like roses, that voluptuous carnation in your cheeks, where comely health resides ; deprive yourself of these which feed the fire of my tender love.

Mrs. Dim. Flattering creature !

Tokay. Poor Master Dimity !

Ver. Heavens ! how beautiful she looks !—
Come, charming creature, let us not lose this
favourable

24 THE WIVES REVENGED;

favourable moment—Believe me, never was love so ardent, or so faithful as mine,—you answer nothing,—you must not deny me.

Mrs. Dim. Dear me you are so pressing—I am all in a hurry—I must take a walk in the garden to recover myself.

Ver. Do, my Angel,—I'll conduct you to a delicious retreat, where the soft zephyr alone shall be witness to our love.

Mrs. Dim. You agreeable devil, you!

Tokay. What do you think of this? He is not tired now?

[Mr. Ver. and Mrs. Dim. go into the chamber, where are Mrs. Ver. and Mrs. Tokay.]

S C E N E VIII.

TOKAY and DIMITY on the Stage.

Dim. They are gone out, let me pass you.

Tokay. Poor neighbour Dimity!

Dim. I'll snip the scoundrel's nose off; (*following them*) they have locked the door.

Tokay. Ha! ha! this brings to my mind an old song, that I sometimes give 'em at the meeting of the livery, I'll sing it you, neighbour.

A I R.

A I R.

*Curtis was old Hodge's wife,
 For vartue none was ever such ;
 She led so pure and chaste a life,
 Hodge said 'twas vartue over much :
 For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*

Omitted in the representation.

II.

*' Curtis said if men were rude,
 ' She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair ;
 ' Says Hodge, I b'lieve thou'rt wond'rous good,
 ' However let us nothing swear ;
 ' For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
 ' Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*

III.

*One night she dreamt a drunken fool,
 Be rude, in spite of her, would fain,
 She makes no more, but with joint stool,
 Falls on her husband might and main ;
 Still says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*

IV.

*By that time she had broke his nose,
 Hodge made a shift to 'wake his wife,
 Oh ! Hodge, says she, judge by these blows,
 I prize my vartue as my life :
 Still, says sly old Hodge ; says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*

D

V.

V.

*I dreamt a rude man on me fell,
 However I his project marr'd ;
 Dear wife, says Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 But next time don't hit quite so hard :
 For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least d'ye see.*

Dim. I could not have believed it—my wife, who I thought the pattern card of virtue !

Tokay. Women are frail, neighbour ! women are frail !

Dim. Mr. Alderman, you have the advantage, but if it had been your's—

Tokay. Mine ! No, no, Mr. Dimity, Mrs. Tokay is perhaps the most discreet matron in all the ward of Portsoken—But, come, bear your disgrace like a man—let us see—Zounds, I'll seize some of these cakes, if 'tis only to fortify the stomach—And—stay—there is nothing to drink—If the wine was but come, I'd drink the lady and gentleman in the garden.

Dim. 'Tis cruel in you, Alderman, to rip up the subject in this manner.

Tokay. Hush ! I hear them, let us retire.

Dim. Well, I'll sow up my mouth for a little while—However, I'll trim them yet, before I put the work out of hand—[*They go back to their hiding place.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Mr. VERMILION, and Mrs. DIMITY, and afterwards Mrs. VERMILION and Mrs. TOKAY.

Mrs. Dim. Dear me! what shall I do?

Ver. Don't cry; believe me, my respect and caution shall ever equal my love.

Mrs. Dim. If my husband should know it—

Ver. How can he know it?—No, believe me, he'll carry his honours as contentedly as the best.

Dim. My honours! there's a scoundrel for you.

Mrs. Dim. And will you be always constant?

Ver. For ever, my angel—Hush! here's my wife, and Mrs. Tokay.

Mrs. Ver. So, have you well employed your time since we have been gone?

Ver. If to be wise, is to profit of each moment, we have well employed our time, I assure you.

Tokay. Yes, yes, that we can witness for them.

Mrs. Ver. Here's the wine.

Ver. Come, ladies, take your places.

Tokay. I fancy we shall be here some time. Come, neighbour Dimity, eat some of this cake.

Dim. No, I thank you, Mr. Alderman—I have no appetite.

Ver. Come, Mrs. Tokay, take care of yourself—my dear Mrs. Dimity, what makes you so serious?—Here's Mr. Dimity's health; he is a man I like; clever, sensible, well furnished, here.—[*Pointing to his forehead.*]

Dim. Did you ever hear such a villain!

Ver. Ladies, let us drink round, and then suppose we sing a little catch to put us in spirits.

Mrs. Tok. With all my heart; what shall it be?

Ver. The Wives Revenged.

Mrs. Tok. Ha! ha! ha!

C A T C H.

*When husbands from their duty stray,
Their wives should be reveng'd, some way;*

*Courage then, dames, neer meap at home,
What! sit and cry, and let them roam.*

*Your honour's wounded—rouse—defend it,
And, cuckold them—or else pretend it.*

Ver. Charming!—ravishing! my dear Mrs. Dimity, and you, beautiful Mrs. Tokay—how
you

you enchant me—but how's this, wife?—but one bottle?—Heavens! you should have brought half a dozen at least; at such a delightful feast ought any thing to be spared?

Tokay. Half a dozen!—what the devil are we to stay all night here?

Ver. Come, come, one more journey—I am sorry to trouble you, and I confess 'tis not very polite, but I am dead, and can't stir a step.

Dim. Oh! the impostor!

Mrs. Ver. Come, ladies, which of you will accompany me?

Mrs. Dim. Mrs. Tokay loves walking.

Dim. There, there, she wants to stay with him again—the vixen!

Mrs. Tok. No, Ma'am! you shall have your turn as well as me.

Dim. Hang my buttons now if—

Mrs. Dim. With all my heart.—Come, Mrs. Vermilion.

S C E N E X.

VER. and Mrs. TOK. on the stage, TOK. and DIM. concealed on one side, and Mrs. VER. and Mrs. TOK. on the other.

Mrs. Tokay. Are you not ashamed, Sir, to look me in the face?

Ver. Why, Madam?

Mrs. Tok. Why, Sir?—Do you think if your wife

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wife was insensible to your behaviour, it would pass upon me?—No, Sir, not one leer, nor whisper escaped me.

Ver. Ha! ha! ha! jealous by all that's charming.

Mrs. Tokay. Jealous!—no, Sir, my love is not alarmed, 'tis my pride that's hurt—*Mrs. Dimity*, indeed! I'll Mrs. Dimity her; to leave me for such a Gill-flirt.

Dim. Why, Alderman, how's this?

Tokay. Why, really, I don't know.

Mrs. Tokay. You know, the first time I was weak enough to listen to you, was at my Lord Mayor's ball—You danced, you enchanted me, and while my dear good Mr. Tokay was getting himself into a state of intoxication, with his own champaign, you looked, and persuaded, and swore yourself into my affections—and now—I could cry my eyes out.

Ver. Come, come, no more of this—you are as dear to me as ever. Let us not then lose the moments in frivolous conversation—rather let me lead you where silence and the night shall hide those raptures—

Mrs. Tokay. Heaven's! you were born to persuade me—And don't you love that creature at all?

Ver. How can you do yourself the injustice to think so? I was piqued at your late coolness, and so put on all this to try if your affection was as strong as ever.

Mrs. Tokay. Is it possible?

Ver. You know it is—Come, lose no time!

[*They go off to Mrs. Ver. and Mrs. Tokay.*]

SCENE

SCENE XI.

TOKAY and DIMITY on the Stage.

Tokay. Zounds ! I'm struck as dumb as an oyster.

Dim. Why, Alderman ! I thought your wife was the most discreet matron of all the ward of Portsoken.

Tokay. A dauber of canvas to make a cuckold of an Alderman ?

Dim. Come, come, 'tis some comfort that you are not out of work any more than me.

Tokay. A damn'd plaisterer of train oil, and yellow oker !

Dim. Stay, have I never a snip of a song now that will suit you ?

A I R.

*Master Jenkins smoked his pipe,
And swore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainst each husband threw some wipe,
Or dry-jest drolly carried.
Master Jenkins thought a wife
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore, to lead a husband's life,
Must be the very devil.*

II.

*Master Jenkins smoked his pipe,
At home, content, and married ;
Regardless of each sneer or wipe,
Or dry-jest drolly carried :*

Master

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*Master Jenkins swore, a wife
Was not so great an evil;
And any but a husband's life,
Was now the very devil.*

III.

*Master Jenkins smoked his pipe,
And had been some months married,
Severely now he felt each wive,
For horns the poor man carried:
Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And swore of such an evil
To get well quit, he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.*

But women are frail, neighbour!—Women are frail!—Come, Alderman, will you eat any of this cake? (*drinks*) Here's the Lady and Gentleman in the garden—but, zounds, I hear them, let us retire—(*both retire*)

SCENE XII.

VERMILION and Mrs. TOKAY, and afterwards
Mrs. VERMILION and Mrs. DIMITY.

Mrs. Tok. Heavens! I am undone!—ruin'd!
Ver. I tell you, my love, they did not see us.
Mrs.

Mrs. Tok. You are mistaken, and that malicious Mrs. Dimity—

Ver. Hush! they are here.

Mrs. Ver. Your servant, Madam, I must give up my place to you, I find.

Mrs. Dim. Yes, Madam, you did not slide out of the little summer-house so cunningly, but that we saw you.

Mrs. Tok. What do you mean, Ladies?

Ver. I can't perceive what they would be at—This Lady has never stirred from hence, I assure you, all the time you have been gone.

Mrs. Ver. All this is mighty well, Sir, but we part to-morrow.

Mrs. Dim. Yes, indeed! I wonder how she has the impudence to look Mrs. Vermilion in the face!

Ver. Well, Ladies, since you are determin'd upon quarrelling, you had better wish one another good night. If you'll give me leave, I'll see you home.

Mrs. Dim. No, I won't be seen in her Company.

Mr. Ver. Madam, whatever your delicacy may be injur'd at, as it is dark, you had better, I think, take this opportunity of guarding yourself from danger.

Mrs. Dim. Well, for the matter of that, since no one will see us together—good night to you, my dear Mrs. Vermilion—I am sure I pity you.

[*Mr. Vermilion, Mrs. Tokay, and Mrs. Dimity, retire to the chamber.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. VERMILION, TOKAY, and DIMITY *on the Stage.*

Tokay. Dear Ma'am ! revenge yourself.

(on his knees)

Dim. Do, Ma'am, *(on his knees.)* my devil of a wife, for all her demure looks, has tore a hole in my coat, as large as that in the Alderman's.

Tokay. Upon my knees I entreat of you.

Dim. And so do I upon mine--'tis the only way to repair the rent in your reputation.

S C E N E THE LAST.

All the CHARACTERS.

All except. }
Tok. and Dim. } Ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs. Dim. How ! this my dearee ?

Mrs. Tok. What do I see, the Alderman !

Dim.

Tokay. Yes, Ma'am, but not so contented as you may imagine.

Dim. And for me, Ma'am, I shall not quietly wear my honours, whatever that gentleman may think of the matter.

Mrs. Tok. I don't understand you.

Tokay. What, you know nothing of the summer house?

Dim. No, I warrant them, pretty creatures, nor of the garden, the jealousy, the carnation in the cheeks, the intoxication, the zephyr, and the Lord Mayor's ball.

Ver. Hark ye, Mr. Alderman Tokay, and Mr. Deputy Dimity, never go a poaching again on other peoples grounds, for fear they, in your absence, should take it in their heads to beat up the game about your's.

Mrs. Ver. Come, 'tis I who must explain all this—You have both had the arrogance to make love to me; and the summer house, your coming here to supper, and, in short, all that has passed, was only a laugh at your expence, and you may thank your stars you are no worse off.

Tokay. Neighbour Dimity, we cut a good figure here.

Dim. Yes, for this is the case, all our work's returned upon our hands.

Mrs. Ver. Come, come, the best thing you can do, is to beg pardon of your wives, to whom I'll be an advocate for you.

Mrs. Tok. To shew you what good creatures we are, they have their pardon, even before they ask it.

Ver. Generously done—and now let us sit down, and forget all animosities over a bottle of the Alderman's Tokay.

A I R

36 THE WIVES REVENGED;

A I R.

Mrs. T O K A Y.

'Twixt husband and Wife, there's an end of all quarrels,

*The battle is fought, and the victory is ours;
The wives have the day, and a forest of laurels,*

*Like Cap's alamode, on our temples now towers,
Yet tho' we return from the field so victorious,*

*Where courage resides—always pity should live,
And warriors to still make their conquests more glorious,*

The enemy vanquish'd, forget and forgive.

Mrs. D I M I T Y.

Henceforth I return to my former obedience,

*Which, alone, in a wife, real kindness secures;
I acknowledge, and take on't the oaths of allegiance,*

*You'll reign King of my heart, while I'm Queen
of your's.*

*Many wives tho' had paid you in kind, thus induced
to't.*

*Taking care, every hour, a fine life you should live;
With bick'ring and taunts—but 'tis o'er, and a
truce to't,*

Whatever is past, I'll forget and forgive.

Mrs. V E R M I L I O N.

And now, if so far you have heard us thus Hector,

*'Twas only, believe me, that each play'd her part;
For our fear, lest the critics should read us a lecture,
Is a certain conviction we're women at heart.*

*Tho' our husbands we've tam'd, for the Piece we've
our terms,*

*Let what merits you find, in your memory live,
Nay, let kindness augment them—but as for our
errors,*

We humbly intreat you forget and forgive.

T H E E N D.

THE

CHELSEA PENSIONER:

A

COMIC OPERA.

CHIEF & PENSIONER

OF THE U.S. ARMY

From 1779

T H E

*Edm. N. 10m
275*

CHELSEA PENSIONER:

A

C O M I C O P E R A.

I N

T W O A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L,

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

[by Chas. Dibdin]

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PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY OF BOOKSELLERS,
BY B. SMITH, N^o. 121, CHURCH-STREET.

M DCC LXXIX.

CHESTNUT STREET

COMMITTEE

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S.

M E N.

GOVERNOR,	-	-	Mr. HULL.
BIENHEIM,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
LIVELY,	-	-	Mr. MATTOCKS.
LAPSTONE,	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
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ESTER,	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
NANCY,	-	-	Miss BROWN.

THE
CHELSEA PENSIONER:

A
COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

A View near Wandsworth.

The Door of an Ale-house, a Table, Bowls, Glasses,
Pipes, Tobacco, &c. At the Table are sitting *Blen-*
heim, Lively, Flint, Rifleman, Hone, Thicket, Plunder,
Birch, and Latitat.

G L E E.

SWEETLY, sweetly, let's enjoy
The smiling moments made for love;
And while we clasp the dimpled boy,
The glafs to you, to you shall move.
And drinking, laughing, jesting neatly.
The time shall pass on sweetly—sweetly.
Love's arrows, dipp'd in rosy wine,
To the charm'd heart like light'ning pass;
And Mars feels transport more divine,
When smiling Venus fills his glafs.

LIVE.

8 THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

~~LIVE.~~ That's right my lads—we may boast and chatter of our prowesses, but love is the only goal for which we start upon the course of honour—without love our laurels would be but in a wither'd condition; and I'll bett all the world to a corn of powder, that he goes nearest to the mouth of the cannon, who has some mistress to brag of his exploits to when he returns home.

FLINT. Bravo, Lively—you and the old song say the very same thing. Give it us my boy.

LIVE. With all my heart: in the mean time, take care of this old gentleman here.

A I R.

Brother soldiers why cast down?

Never, boys, be melancholy:

You say our lives are not our own,

But therefore should we not be jolly?

This poor tenement at best

Depends on fickle chance. Mean while

Drink, laugh, and sing; and for the rest,

We'll boldly brave each rude campaign;

Secure, if we return again,

Our pretty landlady shall smile.

II.

Fortune his life, and yours commands,

And this moment, should it please her,

To require it at your hands,

You can but die, and so did Cæsar.

Our span, though long, were little worth, 2

Did we not time with joy beguile;

Laugh then, the while you stay on earth,

And boldly brave, &c.

III.

Life's a debt we all must pay,

'Tis so much pleasure which we borrow,

Nor heeds, if on a distant day

It is demanded, or to-morrow.

The

The bottle says we're tardy grown;
Do not the time and liquor spoil;
Laugh out the little life you own,
And boldly, &c.

FLINT. Thank ye, Lively; thank you.—Come, old gentleman—say here's to you.

PLUN. (to RIFLEMAN) Why, lord, I tell you, they knows no more about the respect due to us Gentlemen Soldiers—why damme they thinks us fit for nothing but a cat-o'-nine-tails, and to be hired out and shot at for five pence a day.

RIF. Why that's true, as you say, Plunder; but then who have we to thank for it?—our superiors—Merit is not rewarded—Come, my lads. here's confusion to the first inventor of jumping over heads. For my part, I say little; but if I had been rewarded as I ought, for my behaviour in that there scrimmage!—Why now I suppose you have heard of poor old Blenheim.

LIVE. Heard of him!—he is one of the disgraces of his country. There is no general to whom I would pay more respect; descended from an antient family, he inherited only a brown musket; and after having distinguished himself in most of the Great Duke of Marlborough's wars. with a bravery, the admiration of every one, is, at the age of sixty-five, nobly rewarded by a brevet for Chelsea Hospital, whither, I am told, he is now on his way, and where his wife, a washer-woman, and his daughter a seamstrefs, are waiting his arrival.

PLUN. Poor old Blenheim! why do you think if as how I had been a general, and Blenheim had served under me, that I would have broke his poor old heart, by putting a parcel of boys before him, because one was my Lord this thing's footman, and t'other carried my Lady that thing's lap dog—

THICK. Why to be sure there must be something wrong going on; but for my part, if they did not tax dogs, and horses, and servants, and enclose commons, they might do what they pleased, for ought I cared. What do you say, old Pedagogue?

BIRCH.

BIRCH. Why, Squire, I say what I have said a hundred times. that your great people should all be sent to school.

LAT. Why to be sure, if they would sue out a writ of discretion, and join issue with common sense, they would be more likely to get a favourable verdict from their country—en't I right, master Barber?

HONE. Why I'll tell you what—I think if as why I may speak the truth, that we are all of us shaved too close.

PLUN. You think, old Periwig!—for me, if I was commanding officer about and concerning the affairs of this nation, every rank and file should be made either colonel or general.

LIVE. Come, come, you are too violent; those at the head of affairs know when and how to manage matters a devilish deal better than you can dictate to them.

PLUN. Manage matters! why I tell you their promotions are interest, their manœuvres ignorance, and their camps parties of pleasure.

BLÉN. Ha! ha! ha!

LIVE. You seem, my old friend, to find something pleasant in our conversation.

BLÉN. Pleasant!—Pardon me, Sir, not very pleasant, but light and airy as may be expected at your time of life—You seem to govern the nation over your bottle, and to amend the state and legislature at every bumper: you contend that others are neglected; that you are neglected yourselves. This is a partial evil not to be lamented; and if you are soldiers, you ought to be ashamed of such paltry considerations.

LIVE. In your days, my friend, this might be good doctrine for aught I know; but now the case is altered, and every man thinks only of his own interest.

BLÉN. So much the worse; and if the case is altered, you are properly requited; neglect ought to be your portion.

LIVE. How's this—do you insult us in return for our hospitality?

BLÉN. Far from it; I deal with you as a friend, and pay you with honest truth for the shelter you afford me.

LIVE.

LIVE. There is something like wisdom in your remarks, old gentleman, but mix'd, I think, with rather too much spleen. This public spirit, which you require, is certainly a virtue, but by no means a duty.

BLÉN. In your station 'tis a duty—the very foundation of every military virtue.—Whoever dedicates himself to the service of his country, should consider his country unable to requite his services; for in fact, that which he devotes to the public good, is above all price.—No more of these complaints then—'Tis unavoidable in counties like ours, that bravery must sometimes fall into neglect, otherwise there would be no subordination; for how could you reward as you ought an English army, unless every one could command in chief?

LIVE. And pray who are you that talk to us in that stile?

BLÉN. Blenheim.

ALL. Blenheim!—

BLÉN. Blenheim—that poor old Chelsea Pensioner, for whom but now you seemed to have so much compassion.

LIVE, And can you who have been treated so ungratefully, inculcate the principles of public virtue, and disinterested love of our country?

BLÉN. From whom then do you expect to hear your duty—from these gentlemen, who never saw fire but in the corner of a chimney? 'Tis true I have been wrong'd, neglected, taken up, imprisoned, accused of violating the King's rights, in the very moment I protected them, and that by the very man whose life I saved in battle, he who is possessed of a considerable place in the revenues, while I am groveling in this abject condition; but what signifies all this? the actions of my life may be effaced from the memory of a Court, but the memory of mankind will be more retentive, and if it should not, I have the conscious remembrance, and that is sufficient.

THICK. A queer old codger this!—Come my honest fellows; I believe the skittle pins wait for us;
good

good bye old rugged and tough, we'll come and smoke a pipe with you at Chelsea.

PLUND. Come, Lively, let us go and see what recruits we can pick up at Wandsworth Fair.

LIVE. March on, Corporal.

G L E E.

With mingled sound of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life;
And as we march through every fair
Make girls admire and bumkins stare.

With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
Or else produce the well-tim'd crown;
And lifting first the sturdy elves,
We gain their sweethearts for ourselves.

BLenheim and LIVELY.

LIVE, Now they are gone, how can I serve you—do you want money?

BLÉN. No young man, I thank thee, I have where withal to conduct me to my last retreat.

LIVE. What! a retreat for such merit!—It makes me look with horror on my country, and blush for every drop of blood I've spilt in her cause.

BLÉN. For shame! distinguish better; my wrongs—

LIVE. Are a scandal to the nation; and by Heaven I'd strangle the villian.

BLÉN. My poor lad! thy compassion is folly! when thou shalt have strangled all the world, will it give me the use of this arm, or make me a day younger?

LIVE. No—but it would teach such miscreants how to use others.

BLÉN. And by what title do you pretend to execute my revenge?—Have I transferred to you a right I do not myself possess?—No, my good young man!—If I would have revenged myself, half a regiment would have deserted under my command; but I am resigned to

to my fate ; imitate my example, and allow me to be a judge of what is right and honourable.

LIVE. At least point me out your enemies that I may hate them.

BLÉN. Nay, let your children hate them, let them imbibe from their very infancy a detestation for them.

LIVE. They shall—who are they ?

BLÉN. The enemies of my country.

A I R.

If deep thy poignard thou would'st drench,
In blood, to, venge old *Blenheim's* woes
My enemies, boy, are the *French*,
And all who are my country's foes.

Shall I receive an added day
Of life, when crimes your name shall brand ?
No, never let detraction say,
That virtue arm'd a murderer's hand.

Of anger then, no single breath,
Respire for my poor sake—but since
You've spirit to encounter death,
Die for your country, and your prince.

LIVELY and PLUNDER.

PLUN. Come, serjeant, the men are all expecting you ; there are a fine parcel of raw country fellows, and one animating speech at the drum head makes them our own, my boy.

LIVE. Plunder, can we spare one of the men to conduct old *Blenheim* to *Chelsea* ?

PLUN. Fire old *Blenheim*, we have no time to consider about invalids.

LIVE. Come, Plunder, thou art an honest fellow ; thy fortune has a similitude to mine ; the only difference is, thou ran'st away, and took up a musket after ruining a poor old mother, whilst I entered in the guards, after being turn'd out of doors by a rich old father.

B

PLUN.

PLUN. Well, lad, what of this?

LIVE. I'll tell thee what of this, as thou art my Py-lades, I must needs entrust thee with my secrets;—I love this old fellow; nay, more, I love his daughter.

PLUN. Oh, oh, you do?

LIVE. Ay, you rogue, and I have some reason to believe I am not altogether disagreeable to her.

PLUN. And do you expect governor Lively will ever consent that his son should marry the daughter of an old Chelsea Pensioner?

LIVE. If he does not, I'll discard him, as he has me and chuse the old Chelsea Pensioner as the best father of the two;—but, however, I am not without hopes;—thou know'st what a perfect veneration my father has for every military relict, and I think, if I was to throw myself at his feet, plead Blenheim's cause and my own at the same time, I could get the old invalid a good employ myself re-instated into his favour, and thee a commission.—Come along,—I'll first to my duty,—that discharged, I'll fly to comfort my Nancy, and then to throw myself at the feet of my father.

Jew's Row, *Chelsea*, with a poor looking House in the Front; *Lapstone* is working in a Stall underneath the Window; *Esther* is ironing within-side, the Window open and *Nancy* sits on a Bench at the Door making a Shirt.

T R I O.

Neighbour, neighbour,
Work away;
What like labour;
Makes us gay?
The world is sad,
It knows not why;
Your poets in rhimes,
May rail at the times;
But since they're so bad,
And no cure's to be had,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

But

But look behind,
 And you shall find
 For one poor pleasure, plagues a score;
 Nor is, I fear,
 One whit more clear
 The prospect should you look before;
 Then far beyond blind fortune's power,
 Live and enjoy the present hour.

LAPS. Why, Mistress Esther, your good man makes it rather late; it begins to draw towards the heel of the evening.

ES. I wonder, indeed, he does not come; tho' to say the truth, I am glad he staid till I had done my ironing, for if I get the money where I am to carry home these things, we'll have a comfortable bit of something for supper.

LAPS. So we will, Mrs. Ester. I am sure I shall make one with more pleasure than ever I did at a feast upon St. Crispin's day; besides, who knows, if we should wax merry, but the thread of our discourse may turn upon my love for Miss Nancy;—dear me, I should be at home to a peg.

EST. I'll speak a good word for thee, neighbour Lapstone, never fear—what dost thou say, daughter, to our old friend?

NAN. Indeed, mother, his being our old friend is no very strong recommendation to me.

EST. No, I warrant you, you can't get your fine serjeant out of your head;—one would imagine your mother's example was enough to frighten you from ever thinking of a red coat.

NAN. I am sure, mother, I have heard you say a hundred times, that with all your troubles, you could live the same life over again for the love of my father.

EST. So I could, child, so I could, and be happy enough in the main; I can safely swear, in all our marches, dustings, and famishings, a-bed early, a-bed late, I never was the woman that said a cross-grain'd word to him.

NAN. What makes you so averse then to my partiality for the serjeant?

EST. Why, child, 'tis all along of his father that we have been brought to misfortunes.

LARS. Yes, Miss, I do assure you 'tis very true: when Pensioner Malplaquet came yesterday to have his shoe heel-tapped, for 'tis tore out already though he has had it but five months; however, that's not very marvellous; the Contractors give the poor Pensioners bad beer, or any thing now a-days; a fault somewhere to be sure there is; I wish it could be enquired out—but, as I was a saying, Pensioner Malplaquet knows the good looking young Serjeant that comes after you—you knows who I mean, he that makes me prick my fingers with my awl so often for vexation. And he says that he is the only child of Governor Lively: now, Governor Lively is the gentleman that was the cause how and confarning your father's being taken up for a smuggler.

EST. And what a barbarous villain he must be, when all the world knows your father lost the use of his arm by saving the old rogue's life at the battle of Fontenoy!

NAN. Then make yourself easy, mother, for the author of any misfortune to my father shall never impress me with one favourable sentiment.

EST. How prettily she talks it, neighbour.

LARS. Sharp as a pairing-knife.

EST. Neighbour Lapstone, suppose you was to go towards Battersea-bridge and try to meet my old man while I carry this ironing home—As to thee, daughter I shall never consent to make thee unhappy; and, I trust, thou hast duty enough never to make me so, or thy poor father; and, as to the rest, if thou refuseth our good neighbour here, only because he is poor, I can tell thee, wench, as there is no station ever so high but has its bitters, so there is no station ever so low but has its sweets.

A I R.

The world's a strange world, child, it must be confess'd
 We all of distrefs have our share;
 But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
 By my troth, 'tis no matter where.

We

We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
 Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
 So there is but a portion of ease and content,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter how.

II.

A living's a living, and so there's an end,
 If one honestly gets just enow,
 And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter how.

In this world, about nothing, we busied appear;
 And I've said it again and again,
 Since quit it one must; if one's conscience is clear,
 By my troth 'tis no great matter when. [Exit.

LAPSTONE and NANCY.

LAPS. So, Miss, it seems I shall never be able to get the length of your foot.

NAN. I am afraid not.

LAPS. What, I suppose you can't buckle too then?

NAN. I cannot, indeed.

LAPS. And pray, Miss, med a body ax why?

NAN. I have many reasons which you can't possibly guess.

LAPS. Why, to be sure, nobody knows where the shoe pinches so well as them that wears it.

NAN. In the first place, you are not my choice.

LAPS. Why, Miss, that's true; but a ready-made shoe sometimes fits as well as a bespoke one.

NAN. Then there is such a disproportion in our ages that I am sure——

LAPS. What you thinks if we were to be married together it would be all one as if I was to clap an old sole to a new upper-leather.

NAN. And how do you think we should agree then?

LAPS. Why for all the world like John and Jean in the old ballad.

NAN. What, that you sing sometimes in your stall?

LAPS. Yes, Miss.

NAN. I wish you'd sing it—'twould divert me.

LAPS. Why, Miss, I ought to be going towards Battersea-bridge; but I am sure I would do any thing to divert you.

A I R.

Sing the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John for her would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the noblest Don:
She's his queen,
He's her Don;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John:

II.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean,
Is sure to burst the sides of John;
Does she, for grief, look thin and lean,
He instantly is pale and wan
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

III.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass of happy John;
And, heavens! how joyful was she seen
When he was for a licence gone!
Joyful seen,
They'll dance anon;
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

IV.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the spouse of John;
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her Don.

No more queen,
 No more Don ;
 John hates Jean,
 And Jean hates John.

V.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
 Is certain now to displease John ;
 With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
 With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.
 Thin and lean,
 Pale and wan ;
 John hates Jean,
 And Jean hates John.

VI.

John prays Heav'n to take his Jean,
 Jean at the devil wishes John ;
 He'll dancing on her grave be seen,
 She laugh when he is dead and gone.
 They'll gay be seen
 Dead and gone,
 For John hates Jean,
 And Jean hates John.

[Exit.

Enter L I V E L Y.

L I V E. Here she is, by heaven, and alone!—my dear Nancy, I flew to you, for a single moment, to inform you——

N A N. Sir, I have received sufficient information, in your absence, to determine me never to hear you upon any subject again.

L I V E. How!

N A N. I know who you are, Sir,—why, you concealed your real name and family from me.—Perhaps you and your father were not to be satisfied, till the ruin of the daughter, was added to the ruin of the father.

L I V E. By heaven I have not the most distant conception of what you mean; I swear to you my intentions

ons in relation to you proceed from the purest and most disinterested affection.

NAN. Are you not the son of governor Lively?

LIVE. I am.

NAN. That oppressor of innocence, that tyrant who fought to destroy his very preserver.

LIVE. No, let me defend him;—tho' he has discarded me, driven me an alien from his house, I deserved it all, and assumed another name only that I might not be a reproach to him;—nor did I ever know him capable of an injustice;—what would you insinuate then?—what preserver do you mean?

NAN. My father, who saved his life.

LIVE. Your father.—stay—it must be so—our conversation, every thing confirms it:—but I'll answer with my life whatever injustice poor Blenheim has suffered, my father is unconscious of the cause;—nay, I have often heard him declare he would load the old soldier with favours who saved his life at Fontenoy;—this is delightful, I'll fly to him this instant.

NAN. Thou art a worthy youth—forgive my rashness.

LIVE. Thy fault was, as thou art amiable to perfection—I go—when shall I return and demand thee of thy father?

A I R.

NAN. When thou shalt see his bosom swelling,
When soft compassion's tear shall start
As my poor father's woes thou'rt telling,
Come back, and claim my hand and heart.

The cause blest eloquence will lend thee;
Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress;
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy success.

Enter BLENHEIM and LAPSTONE.

LIVE. Suffer me to speak one word to your father, and I'll away;—here he comes, take no notice that you know who I am, nor let your mother.

LAPS.

LAPS. Come along, neighbour.

BLEN. Ah, my, daughter!

NAN. My dear father!—how we have wished for you!

BLEN. Where's thy poor mother?

NAN. I expect her every moment.

BLEN. Ah, young man.

LIVE. I took the liberty of coming to prepare your family for your reception; and once more to know if my friendship can be serviceable to you;—poor as my situation is.—I have a relation powerful enough to redress your wrongs; suffer him to receive an account of them to-morrow from your own mouth.

BLEN. Thy friendship I accept with all my heart, young man;—I have a regard for youth; in that happy season, the heart is unhackney'd in the ways of men; besides thou art a good lad, and hast many excellent sentiments, and as thou art pursuing the road to glory; my advice may perhaps assist thee. *(During the above speech, Esther comes, and Nancy instructs her by signs to take no notice of Lively.)*

EST. Ah, my dear old man, and so thou'rt come home at last—and how dost?

BLEN. Not quite so young as formerly, good wife, but as sincere believe me;—come young man, wilt thou partake a poor supper with us?

LIVE. My duty calls me hence;—I'll see you to-morrow, and I hope, with good news.

F I N A L E

NANCY. Good night, good night, thou noble youth;
And if thy tendernefs and truth
Should a propitious influence need,
To make thy generous views succeed
From grief to set my father free,
Oh! for a moment think of me

Oh! for, &c. &c.

LIVELY. Good night, good night, the chearful hour
If sad remembrance e'er should sour;
If, as the joyful glass goes round,
One single drop of care be found;

Your

Your cup from the intruder free,
And for a moment think of me.

And for, &c. &c.

Esther.

Good night, good night, try all you can
To serve, I pray you, my good man;
His fortune has been very rough,
But, if his griefs are not enough
To melt your heart, and set him free,
Oh! for a moment think of me.

Oh! for, &c. &c.

Blenheim.

Good night, good night, and if henceforth
Thou see'st proud vice, neglected worth,
Abuse of power, perverted laws,
Bad mens prosperity the cause,
And art from indignation free,
Oh! for a moment think of me.

Oh! for, &c. &c.

C H O R U S.

Good night, good night, and when henceforth
I see proud vice, neglected worth,
Abuse of power, perverted laws,
Bad mens prosperity the cause,
And am from indignation free,
I'll sigh, and then I'll think of thee.

I'll sigh, &c. &c.

End of the F I R S T A C T.

A C T II.

A Part of Chelsea Hospital—Blenheim sitting on a Bench—a March is heard, and after it a Discharge of Musquetry.

BLEN. **T**H E inhabitants of this hospitable asylum are consigning one of their companions to the earth, while the good-natured neighbours flock around, and with an honest grief regard the old veterans, whose eyes are swollen at the remembrance of that time when young and lusty they fought glory in the field with the present object of their concern——Generous grief!——It becomes the natives of this beneficent country, For of all the tributes due to worth, there's none so graceful or so noble as the tear that bedews the grave of a soldier;——but the ceremony is at an end and here they come.

Enter MALPLAQUET, PLATOON, PENSIONERS,
and BLENHEIM.

MAL. Ah poor fellow, 'tis all over with him sure enough!——well, we have not buried him all, for he left behind him at the battle of Hockstet, as good a leg and as fine an arm as ever mounted a breach or poised a firelock.

PLAT. Well, he was a noble, fine fellow.

MAL. Ah! I shall never forget before the breath went out of his body——he called me to him——says he, you see Malplaquet, what a campaign I am going to make——give me some ammunition to take with me, my boy——so with that I gave him the guzzle, he drank a good swig, took me by the hand, cried, damme, good bye! and went off like a sucking babe.——Ah! 'twill be my turn next. (*Drinks.*)

PLAT. Come, come, don't take it so to heart.

MAL. There was a time to be sure——we had our day once, that nobody can deny——but now we are as
useless

24 THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

useless as so many broke up mortars, or spiked cannon
 —Ah! we are fit for nothing now but to drink and
 talk of what we could do formerly.

PLAT. Drink——well and what can we do better?
 —won't you take a sup with us, brother?

BLÉN. With all my heart.

G L E E.

Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain,
 Which is the best employ?

Is it love, whose very pain

They say is perfect joy?

Is it war, whose thund'ring sound

Is heard at such a distance round?

Is it to have the miser's hoard?

Is it to be with learning stor'd?

Is it gay Pegasus to rein,

Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain?

No, no, will answer every honest soul,
 The best employ's to push about the bowl.

[At the end of the Glee the Pensioners go off,
 leaving Blenheim.]

BLENHHEIM and LAPSTONE.

BLÉN. Who have we here?

LAPS. Why, 'tis I.

BLÉN. You, friend Lapstone? and how came you so
 metamorphosed?

LAPS. Why you know you was saying last night at
 supper, that you should like to marry your daughter to
 a soldier, and so what does I do—I borrows the dead
 gentleman pensioner's coat to ask you how I looks in it
 —dout you think I have a good military air?

BLÉN. Admirable! but I should think your joints as
 well as mine are not very supple.

LAPS. Oh Lord, you don't know how lissom I be,
 Mr. Manœuyre, the drill serjeant in the Park, tells
 me, that with a little treading upon my toes, and cud-
 gelling

gelling over the shoulders, he is sure in a week he could make me turn out in the line ;—besides, we ought all to go for soldiers now.

BL EN. Ay ! why now, friend Lapstone ?

L APS. Why I am creditably informed that the French are determined this summer to evade us in four places.—The are to make a retreat in Cornwall, embark a large body of troops upon the coast of Ireland, throw succours into Portsmouth harbour, and take a diversion upon the Thames.

BL EN. Indeed !

L APS. Nay more !—They are to set fire to all the shipping in the river, knock down the Tower, and surprize the Lord Mayor as he goes a swan-hopping.

BL EN. Why indeed this business is enough to surprize any body.—But still I think you and I can do but little service ; we are too old.

L APS, Old ?—Why Lord love you, I am but sixty one—to be sure they scratched me off the list for malicious men upon the church door.

BL EN. Well friend Lapstone, if I were to counsel you, while others serve their country in the field, you should endeavour to be useful to it in your stall ; but with two such headstrong propensities as yours, I suppose advising you would be much the same as desiring the sea not to roar.

A I R.

Awhile in every nation
War may blaze around,
Still spreading desolation,
Yet there's hopes of peace.
Awhile the billows raging,
May sky and sea confound,
Yet winds and waves asswaging,
Storms at last will cease

But man by vice o'ertaken,
A tempest in his mind,
His warring passions shaken,
Are reeds as in the wind.
Rare is the eloquence that has the charm,
To rule that pestilence or quell the storm.

LAPSTONE alone.

LAPS. I' cod I believe he's right ;—if I get wounded with my pairing knife or my awl, I have no occasion for a surgeon to cure me ; I can't say so much for a bayonet or a firelock—no, I'm determined—I'll visit no rendezvous, but houses of call, nor think about quarters except to examine whether they are dog skin or calf.

A I R.

'Twere better I took your advice, my good neighbour,
My conduct henceforward I'll mend ;
With joy and content to my last will I labour,
Still striving to make a good end.

And then as to love, I'll ne'er think of a woman,
I will not, I swear it by goles,
But like methodist preachers on Kennington Common,
I'll live by mending of soles.

II.

Many battles I'll fight—o'er a pot of good porter,
Whole armies I'll kill—in my stall ;
To no soul—of a shoe, will I ever give quarter,
And what hides will I pierce—with my awl.
And then as to love, &c.

Enter GOVERNOR and LIVELY.

Gov. I hope he won't know me in this disguise ; I should fain hear his story without discovering myself ; it will be told with more ingenuity, and I shall hear it with less confusion.—For thee, Frederick, thou hast so pleased me, that if this appears as thou hast related it, I'll forgive thee every thing.

LIVE.

LIVE. Sir, your eagerness ever to do justice, prompted what I have done; in the relation of which, you'll find I have been faithful.

Gov. But how came your intimacy with the daughter?

LIVE. Passing frequently, Sir, this way, I continually noticed her at some industrious employment; I inquired who she was, got introduced, and loved her; but though her person and conversation won my very soul, yet these were nothing in my esteem, compared with the unparalleled affection for her father.

A I R.

'Twas not her eyes, though orient mines
Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,
Her cheeks that shame the blushing rose.

Nor yet her form Minerva's mein,
Her bosom white as Venus dove,
That made her my affection's queen,
But 'twas alone her filial love.

II.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And justly the fir'd lover charm.

But transient these—the charm for life,
Which reason ne'er shall disapprove;
While, truly, shall ensure a wife,
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

But here he comes; I have brought this gentleman to share with me the pleasure of your conversation.

GOVERNOR, LIVELY, and BLENHEIM,

BLEN. I longed to see you, Sir—you are allied to a worthy young man---but I am afraid that by visiting me you will involve yourself in a danger you are not aware of--in the ruin of a man proscribed.--If a real

criminal is punished, he will be soon forgotten, but if a man of blameless integrity is injured, he will be persecuted with unrelenting hatred, for the very mention of his name is a satire on the times, and his existence is to the conscience of his enemies an unceasing remembrancer of guilt.

GOV. I fear your words have too much truth in them; and yet in the course of human contingencies it must happen, that men of worth will occasionally be plunged in misfortune.

LIVE. But ought that consideration to check the noble ardour of a soldier? the poorest pensioner in this charity has his moments of exultation when he recollects he has fought bravely.

BLEN. True, a love of glory is a noble passion!---but do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it?---Alas! when a deluge of human blood bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land, can the mind in that situation taste of joy?

LIVE. Never.---Yet surely when this blood is spilt in their defence, of whom nature intended us the guardians, though our sensibility may be shocked, our honour can never be stained.---In my mind, defence and reprisals are the only justifiable measures in war, while ambition is but another name for massacre.

BLEN. You have distinguished right.---But in your pursuits after fame you will have a worse enemy to guard against than ambition.---Envy!---which when you have done your duty, will make even accidents a ground of impeachment against you.---Have you done all that was possible?---You ought to have done better.---The charge is aggravated, and the good you have done dwindles into nothing---your downfall is effected, and some worthless wretch is sure to rise upon your ruins.

GOV. This is indeed a melancholy truth.

BLEN. But 'tis a truth that springs from error more than injustice; I teach it to this young man that he may rise superior to it---that he may consult his own heart, and in that manly self-conference inquire---

“ Were I reduced to the condition of old Blenheim,
“ would

“ would my innocence make even affliction smile ?” If you hesitate a moment to say yes to this question, pass your life in obscurity, for you have not the materials for a public character.

A I R.

Let your courage boy be true t'ye,
 Hard and painful is the soldier's duty ;
 'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
 To fear a stranger,
 Each threat'ning danger,
 That whistles through the dusky air ;
 Where thund'ring jar,
 Conflicting arms,
 All th' alarms,
 And dreadful havock of the war.

Your duty done and home returning,
 With self commended ardour burning ;
 If this right pride,
 Foes should deride,
 And from your merit turn aside ;
 Though than the war the conflict's more severe,
 This is the trial you must learn to bear.

GOVERNOR, LIVELY.

Gov. What injustice have I been guilty of to this man ? I would have discovered myself and remedied all, but that I wish to come provided with the means ; I have thought what employ to procure him, and mean to supply myself with the necessary instruments before I acquaint him with his good fortune.

LIVE. Yonder comes his wife and daughter, Sir.

Gov. You tell me the old woman don't know who I am ; I suppose she'll abuse me liberally ; I'll humour it---and as to the daughter, I mean to make a trial of her.

LIVE. Dear Sir——

Gov. Nay, I must insist, upon your duty, that you'll not interfere ; assisting the father is one thing ; but

consenting to my son's marriage with the daughter, is another; her birth, to be sure, is as good as yours; and fortune I do not regard; but——

LIVE. My life on't, then, you'll find that a prince might accept her alliance without a blush---but they are here.

GOVERNOR, LIVELY, ESTHER, NANCY.

EST. Nay, come along child; I am not afraid to speak to him, not I.

NAN. My anxiety makes me break through every decorum; pray tell me——what of my father?

EST. Ay, let us know something about my old man they tells me, Sir, you are come to right him; I am sure 'tis high time; do you know this Governor Sir?

Gov. A little.

EST. Is not he a sad old villain?

NAN. Hush, mother, consider this gentleman's his relation,

EST. What of that? what of that? the truth's the truth.

Gov. Aye, aye, don't mince the matter, speak what you think of him; I assure you nobody would be so likely to blame him, for doing wrong, as I should.

EST. Wrong, Sir, you shall judge yourself whether he has done wrong or no: after all poor Blenheim's sufferings, I am sure I shall never forget when his dear arm was shot through and through, at Fontenoy; I was waiting, with some other gentlemen's wives, upon a baggage waggon; and when he was brought home, says he, wife, this is a smart wound; but I am glad I received it, for it saved my captain's life; and don't you think, after this, that he must be the cruellest, hard-hearted old rogue——

Gov. Oh! certainly, I never met with such an infamous piece of business in my life; but, now, what plan would you have me pursue to make him do justice?

EST. Why, Sir, if you'll be so good, I'd have you go to him, tell him what a villain he is; and that, if he ever expects to sleep quietly in his bed, he'll come here directly, and reward my poor husband for all he has undergone.

Gov.

Gov. You may depend upon me—he shall be right ed; and I don't doubt but there are many years of happiness yet in store for you.

Est. Why, most of my family lived to a good round age; and, for my part, I'm brave and hearty.

Gov. So you seem.

A I R.

Est. Why;—thanks be prais'd I'm pretty free

From sickness though I'm old;

Indeed an asthma teazes me

Now I've got a cold;

The gout too plays me tricks;

Then I've the rheumaticks,

And a sort of wheezing.

That's sometimes teasing,

In the morning, do you see,

But 'tis over soon;

For by that time 'tis noon

The deuce a thing ails me.

GOVERNOR, LIVELY, NANCY.

Gov. Poor woman! she's very sincere at least.

NAN. I hope you'll have the goodness to pardon her, Sir; her anxiety for my father outweighs every other consideration.

Gov. Your father has been ill-treated, matters have been falsely represented to me, and he has severely suffered for it; I mean to atone for my error, but I hear it is expected that I shall countenance an extravagant passion which, it seems, my only son has thought proper to entertain for you.

NAN. Sir, my father's lessons and example has fortified me against the severest strokes of fortune; his happiness, therefore, accomplished, I shall resign myself to whatever may be my fate without a sigh.

Gov. I am glad to hear it; this good sense seems to promise me that you'll see, very fairly, the propriety of breaking off this matter intirely.

LIVE. For heaven's sake, Sir——

Gov

Gov. Sir, I shan't hear a word from you ; the girl has a hundred times your understanding ; she can't, for the life of her, deny but that I talk very reasonably ; can you now, young woman ?

NAN. Indeed, Sir—I—I a think Sir——

Gov. As I do—I knew it well enough ; well then, I suppose you won't be at all shocked when I tell you I have found out a match for my son.

LIVE. Sir !

Gov. Hold your tongue, I tell you——and 'tis the sweetest girl ! her person is lovely, tempting enchanting, beautiful.

LIVE. Nay, for heaven's sake, Sir——

Gov. Will you let me go on, Sir ? she has the most charming, little, delicate——you know her, Frederick.

LIVE. Do I, Sir ?——I wish I did not.

Gov. Yes, you do, and you'll love her, I am sure you will, when I tell you who she is.

LIVE. Never.

NAN. May he be happy—let her be who she will.

Gov. You won't, hey, I'll try that ; 'tis——

LIVE. Who, Sir ?

NAN. Oh ! Heaven !

Gov. Why, that little baggage there, that stands frightened out of her wits ; go to her and comfort her.

LIVE. What happiness !

Gov. Well, do you wish you did not know her ?

NAN. What excess of goodness !

Gov. I did not intend to have yielded so soon your jade ; but I don't know how it is, I am almost as much in love with you as my son ; but suppose I had not forgiven you, could you have been happy together in so low a situation ?

NAN. Yes, Sir, even if I had been obliged to have carried his knapsack.

A I R.

When well one knows to love and please,
What distresses can one prove,
What can rob that heart of ease ;
Possess'd of pleasure, rich in love ?

Alas !

Alas ! without this sovereign good,
 Whose power no emperor can stay ;
 Riches, rank, or noble blood,
 Honours, titles, what are they ?

One tender look's to lovers worth
 More treasure than the Indies own ;
 Smiles are the empire of the earth,
 The arms of those we love a throne.

Another View of the Hospital.

A Party of Soldiers.——LAPSTONE :

LAPs. You say you are old Blenheim's friends.

SoL. Yes, he's our ancient comrade as it were, and understanding he is here, we are come to crack a noggin with him.

LAPs. You'd be sorry to have him used ill, should not you.

SoL. I should like to see the man that dared to do it.

LAPs. You see those two men going out of the gate, one of them is Governor Lively's son, and the other some friend in disguise ; —I know there's mischief hatching, for I heard them say they'd have the warrants filled up, and then come and surprize them.

SoL. Hey—fire and fury, follow me.

BLENHHEIM, MALPLAQUET, and PENSIONERS.

BLEN. 'Tis true, my honest comrade ; the grievances of people in our situation, are not attended to so much as they ought ; but in the best institutions there will, of necessity, creep some abuses, and we should be more reasonable, if instead of magnifying the few we find, we were thankful we find no more ;—but who have we here ?

Enter ESTHER, NANCY, GOVERNOR, LIVELY,
 SOLDIERS, and PENSIONERS.

EST. Oh, husband, a whole heap of your friends have seized the young man, and the strange gentleman that's
 with

with him, and are forcing them before you; and neighbour Lapstone says, 'tis well they did, for they were just going for a warrant to take you up, and carry you to prison again.

NAN. He's a meddling fool;—their intentions are the fairest depend upon it.

Gov. So, old gentleman, we are your prisoners it seems.

BLÉN. My prisoners—let me understand you, Sir.

Gov. Why, these men, who, I think, are a little too busy in your affairs, will needs have it that we mean you some foul play.

BLÉN. And do they mean to shew their friendship to me by this outrage?

SOL. Why, lookee, Master, Blenheim—you are a hearty one—I have served with you, and I honour you—and if these gemmen here means you no foul play all's well enough; but if they did, I am the man that would go through a little rough work rather than see it.

BLÉN. These gentlemen can mean me no ill, for I have done them none---pray, Sir, forgive them.

Gov. On one condition, I will.

BLÉN. Name it.

Gov. That you'll forget your wrongs and forgive me---the unfortunate, though innocent author of them.

BLÉN. How, Sir---are you Governor Lively?

Gov. Yes, and to shew you that the world is sometimes mistaken, at the moment your friends believed I was meditating mischief against you, I was hastening to procure the means of exalting you to a situation you deserve, and would adorn.

BLÉN. I do not deny, Sir, but that my heart feels proudly at this moment, and though I do not wish this for myself, I wish it as an example for the world.

Gov. But how shall I thank thee, my son!

BLÉN. Another mystery—your son!

Gov. Yes, my worthy son! who has pointed me out this most noble period of my life—how shall I reward him?

LIVE. 'Tis not in your power, Sir,—poor as old Blenheim is, he has a treasure in his possession infinitely above all yours.

BLÉN.

BL EN. My only treasure is my daughter—and if your father consents, I know not where I could bestow her so worthily.

GOV. Take her, and don't say a word—we none of us, I am sure, know very well how to explain our present sensations—let music, therefore, express for us what we can't express for ourselves.

F I N A L E,

LIVE. Love, joy, and harmony,
Shall henceforth here abound ;
While with the glafs, the jovial glee
Shall merily go round.

C H O R U S.

Drums shall beat, and fifes shall sound,
And love, joy, and harmony,
Shall henceforth here abound ;
While, with the glafs, the jovial glee
Shall merrily go round.

EST. Dame Fortune, my good man and me,
Has done then playing pranks ;
Accept, good, Sir, for this bounty,
My humble mite of thanks,
Cho. Drums, &c.

NAN. Wondering, I here, transported stand,
How most to admire the worth
Of him to whom I give my hand,
Or him who gave me birth.
Cho. Drums, &c.

BL EN. Fortune as now is often just,
Yet we'll not take our due,
'Till of success this sudden gust
Is ratify'd by you.
Cho. Drums, &c.

F I N I S.

Received of the Treasurer of the
County of ... the sum of ...
for ...

...
...
...

...
...
...

...
...
...

1775
MAY-DAY:

OR, THE

LITTLE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

OF ONE ACT.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, in CROW-STREET.

[by David Garrick]



DUBLIN:

Printed for Messrs. CORCORAN, J. HOEY, WILKINSON, WILLIAMS, COLLES, W. WILSON, MONCRIEFFE, WALKER, R. STEWART, JENKIN, SPOTSWOOD, P. WILSON, WOGAN, E. CROSS, HILLARY, BEATTY, and TALBOT.

M DCC LXXVII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FURROW, *a rich farmer*, Mr. PARKER.

WILLIAM, *his son*, Mr. WEBSTER.

CLOD, *his servant*, Mr. RYDER.

DOZEY, Mr. O'KEEFFE.

CRYER, Mr. STANTON.

W O M E N.

LITTLE GIPSY, Miss POTTER.


DOLLY, Mrs. THOMPSON.

Country Lads and Lasses.



M A Y - D A Y :

OR, THE LITTLE GIPSY.



S C E N E I.

Enter WILLIAM and DOLLY.

WILLIAM.

GO on, dear sister Dolly—And so my sweet girl was brought to the Widow Gadly's, as a relation of her's from Shropshire, and went by the name of Belton ?

Dol. Yes, yes—you had not been gone to London two days, before your father and she met in the Widow's garden ; I was with him, he was very inquisitive indeed, and was struck with her lively manner ; I could hardly get home to dinner.

Wm. Why this was beyond expectation ; and so, Dolly——

Dol. Yes, his liking went much beyond my expectation, or your wishes : In a week he fell in love with her, and is at this time a very dangerous rival.

Wm. I am sure to have some mischief happen in all my schemes.

B

Dol.

Dol. Her singing, and twenty little agreeable fooleries she puts on, have bewitch'd him : Her mimicking the Gipsies has so enchanted him, that he has prevail'd upon her to come to the May-pole to-day among the holiday lads and lasses, and tell their fortunes. She has dress'd up herself often and been among 'em, without their knowing who she is—in short, she has bewitch'd the whole village—I am to be there too as her mother—My father will have it so.

Wm. So much the better, while you are telling fortunes, I may talk to her without being observ'd ; send but a fortune-teller, or a mountebank, among country people, and they have no eyes, and ears, for any thing else : Where is my father now ?

Dol. Upon some knotty point with Roger Dozey, the clerk—I must go, and prepare for the frolick : don't be melancholy, Will ; the worst that can happen is to marry the girl without your father's consent, turn gipsy with your wife, and send your children to steal his poultry.

Wm. But harkee, Dolly, who is to have Mr. Goodwill's May-day legacy ? A hundred pounds is a tolerable foundation to build upon—What is become of George, Dolly ?

Dol. I have not time to tell you—He is a rogue like the rest of you : But as I have a heart that can make an honest man happy that possesses it, so it has a spirit within it to despise a knave, or a coxcomb.

Would women do as I do ;
 With spirit scorn dejection,
 The men no arts could fly to,
 They'd keep 'em in subjection :
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.

Would women do as I do,
 No knaves or fools could cheat 'em,
 They'd passion bid good bye to,
 And trick for trick would meet 'em :

But

But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce, is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.

Wm. Well said, Dolly!—but I am afraid in my situation, I must give up all hope.

Dol. Then you'll give up the best friend you have ; make much of her, or with a true female spirit, like mine, she'll leave you the moment you seem to neglect her.
 [Exit Dolly.]

WILLIAM.

How can my heart rest, when I see from the land,
 Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me ?
 If hope cast her anchor to fix on the sand,
 The winds, and the waves both deceive me.

My love to its duty, still constant and true,
 Tho' of fortune and tempest the sport,
 Shall beat round the shore, the dear object in view,
 'Till it sinks, or is safe in the port.

S C E N E, *a Hall in FURROW's House.*

Enter FURROW and DOZEY.

Fur. Well, but Dozey, think a little, and hear' a little before you speak, and understand my question.

Doz. Put it.——

Fur. You know that Walter Goodwill, Esq; left a legacy of one hundred pounds, to the couple who shall be married upon certain conditions, in this parish, on the first of May.

Doz. I have 'em in my hand here, a true copy.

Fur. You told me so before.

Doz. Truth may be told at any time.

Fur. Zounds ! hold your tongue or we shall keep talking all day.

Doz. Keep your temper, which is a better thing.

Fur. But I can't, if you won't hear me.

Doz. I say nothing, and will say nothing.

[twirling his thumbs.]

B 2

Fur.

Fur. I know you are my friend Dozey, and I have been your friend—I found you a good companion and a scholar, and got you rais'd from sexton to clerk.

Doz. Necessity! There was but one person more in the parish beside myself who could read, and he stammer'd.

Fur. Well, well, no matter, we shall never come to the point.

Doz. Never, if you travel out of the way so.

Fur. I say then——

Doz. And I am silent.

Fur. I am over head and ears in love.

Doz. You had better be over head and ears in your horse-pond, for that might cool you——Put no more upon an old horse than he can bear——An excellent saying!

Fur. You put more upon me than I can bear: I want no advice but your opinion. If I marry Fanny Belton, may I demand Squire Goodwill's hundred pound legacy?

Doz. I will read it. [*Searching for his spectacles.*]

Fur. Zounds, I have read it a thousand times; and the belman cries it all about the parish.

Doz. Are you her free choice?

Fur. To be sure I am, as she is mine.

Doz. What age has she?

Fur. About twenty.

Doz. Has she her senses perfect?

Fur. To be sure.

Doz. I doubt it!—a girl of twenty marry three-score and five, a free choice, and in her senses; it can't be.

Fur. You are grown old and stupid.

Doz. She must be young and stupid, which is worse.

Fur. May I claim the legacy, if I marry her?

Doz. You say the choice is free?

Fur. I do.

Doz. But is it not *fit*, another of the conditions—The choice must be both *free* and *fit*——Ergo I say you can't have a penny of it.

Fur.

Fur. Why will you vex me, Roger Dozey? I am always helping you out of scrapes and difficulties, and why won't you assist me?

Doz. I am getting you out of a scrape now, by preventing your marrying.

Fur. I'll tell you what Roger—there is something so perverse about you, that tho' I am your friend, you are always thwarting me.

Doz. Because you're always wrong——You are so blinded with passion, that you wou'd thrust your hand in the fire, if I did not take care that you should not burn your fingers.

Fur. Well, but dear Dozey, you are the fore-horse of this parish, and can lead the rest of the team as you please. Pray now con over this matter by yourself, and you shall sit in my little smoaking-room, and have a bottle of my best October to help your study, and when you have finished the bottle, and settled your mind with a dram afterwards, meet me at the may-pole, and give your opinion. I shall be there by that time, to claim the girl, and the legacy—If it is mine, a good large fee out of it shall be yours. Remember that.——— [Exit.

Doz. It is the only thing you have said worth remembering—let me see—a large fee, and a good bottle of October will do wonders—and yet to make the union of one and twenty, with sixty-five *fit*, will require more fees than his purse can furnish, and more October than ever was, or ever will be in his cellar—However, not to be rash——I'll drink the bottle, and consider the case. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Country Prospect.

*A VILLAGE and a MAY-POLE, with a
GARLAND.*

*Lads and Lasses are discover'd dancing, while
others are playing on the ground.*

*After the Dance, they surround the May-Pole and
sing the following—*

C H O R U S.

O lovely sweet May !
The first of sweet May !
Spring opens her treasure,
Of mirth, love and pleasure
The earth is drefs'd gay,

We see all around, and we hear from each spray,
That nature proclaims it a festival day.

Clod. Well sung my lasses—which of you all will have 'Squire Goodwill's legacy? I don't believe that any of you are in the right road to it—it must be turn'd over to the next year, and then I shall marry one of you out of pity, and get double by it.

Bet. I'll assure you, Goodman Clod—I would not have you for double, and double, and double——

Clod. The grapes are four, Betty—

Nan. What a sin, and a shame is it—that a poor girl should miss such a fine fortune, for want of a sweetheart.

Bet. It's a sin, and a shame that there's no young fellow to be had for love or money——The devil is in 'em I believe.

Nan. They are like their betters in London—they marry, as they would do any thing for money—but then they yawn, and had rather let it alone.

Clod. What the duce, have we got any maccatonies in the country?

Bet.

Bet. Maccatonies ! What are them, Clod ?

Clod. Tho'f I saw a power of 'em, when I was up among 'em, yet I hardly know what to make of 'em.——

Bet. What were they living creters ?

Clod. Yea, and upon two legs, too—Such as they were.

Nan. What like Christians ?

Clod. 'Ecod I don't know what they're alike, not I—they look like something—and yet they are nothing—I heard a person say, I sat next to at the show play (for I would see every thing) that these maccatonies, say themselves they have no souls, and I say they have no bodies, and so we may well say that they look like something, and are nothing, 'ecod.

Bet. Come prithee Clod, let's hear all about what you saw in London, and about the fine ladies too, what did they look like, pray ?

Clod. Like a hundred things, all in one day, but my song that I got there, will tell you better all about it, than I can ?

S O N G.

I.

What's a poor simple clown,
To do in the town,
Of their freaks, and fagaries, I'll none,
The folks I saw there,
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.

C H O R U S.

Let others to London go-roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay

II.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
 I cannot tell how,
 Were now white as curd, and now red ;
 Law ! how would you stare,
 At their huge crop of hair,
 'Tis a haycock o'top of their head !
Cho. Let others, &c.

III.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
 An with trinkets about,
 With Ribbands and flippets between ;
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore-horse,
 With tassels, and bells in a team.
Cho. Let others, &c.

IV.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank waisted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat ;
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
Cho. Let others, &c.

V.

“ Would you these creatures ape,
 “ In looks, and their shape,,
 “ Teach a calf on his hind legs to go ;
 “ Let him waddle in gait,
 “ A skim-dish on his pate,
 “ And he'll look all the world like a Beau.
 “ *Cho.* “ Let others, &c.

VI.

“ To keep my brains right,
 “ My bones whole and tight,
 “ To speak, nor to look, would I dare ;
 “ As they bake they shall brew,
 “ Old Nick and his crew,
 “ At London keep Vanity Fair.
Cho. “ Let others, &c.

All. Well sung, Clod——

Bet. But, tell us, Clod—how did young Will Furrow behave in London?—he rak'd it about, I suppose, and that makes him so scornful to us.

Clod. Poor lad! he was more mop'd than I was; he's not scornful—His Father, shame upon him, cross'd him in love, and he sent him there to forget it.

Nan. And he ought to be cross'd in love; what does he mean by taking his love out of the parish? if he has lost one there, he may find another here, egad, and I had lik'd to have said a better.

Clod. Ay, but that's as he thinks—if he loves lamb, he won't like to be cramm'd with Pork——Ha, ha, ha!

Bet. His father wou'd send him to the market town to make a schollard of him, which only gave him a hankering to be proud, to wear a tucker and despise his neighbours.

Clod. Here he comes, and let him speak for himself—he looks as gay as the best of us.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wm. My sweet lasses, a merry May to you all—I must have the privilege of the day—Kisses and the first of May have ever gone together in our Village, and I hate to break thro' a good old custom.

[*Kisses 'em*]

Bet. Old customs are good all the year round, and there can't be a better than this——

[*Curtsey's and Kisses him.*]

[*The tabor and pipe is heard.*]

Clod. Come, come, adon with your kissing, for here comes the cryer to proclaim 'Squire Goodwill's legacy.

Enter CRYER, tabor and pipe playing.

Cry. O yes! O yes! O yes! Be it known to all lads lasses of this Village of Couple-Well, that George Goodwill, Esq; late of Bounty-Hall, in this County, has made the following bequest—You, my lads, open
your

your ears, and you, my lasses, hold your tongues, and hear his worship's legacy.

Clod. Silence——Silence.

CRYER, reads.

Is there a maid, and maid she be,
But how to find her out, who knows ?

Clod. Who knows indeed !

Cry. Silence, and don't disturb the court.

Is there a maid, and maid she be, *[reads.]*
But how to find her out, who knows ?
Who makes a choice that's *fit* and *free*,
To buy the wedding cloaths ;
If such rare maid and match be found,
Within the Parish bound,
The first of May,
Shall be the day,
I give this pair a hundred pound.
God save the King !

[Exit Cryer, the lads and lasses huzzaing !]

Wm. Well, my good girls, and which of you is to have the hundred pound legacy ?

Nan. Any of us, if you will give us a right and title—what say you to that Mr. William ? The money ought not to go out of the parish.

Bet. Ay come now—here are choice ; you must be very nice indeed, if one of us, and a hundred pound won't satisfy you.

Clod. 'Ecod but he knows a trick worth two of that. *(aside.)*

Bet. Well, what say you, Mr. Will !

Wm. I like you all so well, that I can't find in my heart to take one of you without the others.

Nan. What, would you make a great Turk of us, and live like a heathen in a serallery ?

WILLIAM

WILLIAM,

I.

Yes, I'll give my heart away,
 To her will nor forsake it,
 Softly maidens, softly pray,
 You must not snatch,
 Nor fight, nor scratch,
 But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever constant warm and true,
 The toy is worth the keeping,
 'Tis not spoild with fashions new ;
 But full of love,
 It will not rove——
 The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,
 I will not give it blindly :
 My heart a lamb, tho' brisk is tame ;
 So let each lass,
 Before me pass,
 Who wins, pray use it kindly.

IV.

All have such bewitching ways,
 To give to one would wrong ye ;
 In turns to each my fancy strays ;
 So let each fair,
 Take equal share,
 I throw my heart among ye.

Clod. You may as well throw your hat among 'em,
 Master William ; the lasses cannot live upon such
 slender fare, as a bit of your heart.

Wm. Then they must fast, Clod ; for I have not
 even a bit of my heart to give them. (*aside.*) What
 in the name of May, neighbours, comes tripping
 thro' Farmer Danby's gate, and looks like May from
 top to toe.

Clod. As I hope to be marry'd 'tis the Little Gipsy
 that has got a bit of your father's heart ; aye, and a
 good bit too, and holds it fast.

Jen.

Jen. I'll be hang'd if she's not going to the Grange now—Your father casts a sheep's eye at her—He hinders his own son from wedding lawfully, while he is running after this Little Gipsy—I hope she'll run away with his silver tankard

Wm. Upon my word I think my father has a good taste. How long has she been amongst you? who is she? what is she? and whence comes she?

Jen. That we neither know, nor can guess—She always comes out of 'Squire Grinly's Copse, but nobody knows how she gets there—Clod dog'd her t'other night, but she took care to throw something in his eyes, that struck fire, and half blinded him.

Clod. Ay, feath, did she; and while I was rubbing 'em, she vanished away, and left me up to my middle in a bog.

Wm. Poor Clod! you paid dearly for peeping.

Bet. I wish she would sing! she is a perfect nightingale.

Wm. Hush! hark! I hear something—let's go back, or she may be sham'd fac'd—She's very young, and seems very modest—True merit is always bashful, and should never want for encouragement: she comes this way—let us keep back a little.

(They retire.)

Enter LITTLE GIPSY.

G I P S Y.

Hail, Spring! whose charms make nature gay,
O breathe some charm on me,
That I may bless this joyful day,
Inspir'd by Love, and thee!

O Love! be all thy magic mine,
Two faithful hearts to save;
The glory as the cause be thine,
And heal the wounds you gave.

What a character am I oblig'd to support? I shall certainly be discover'd—the country folks I see are retir'd

tir'd to watch me, and my sweet heart among 'em—I am more afraid of a discovery from these, than from wiser people—Cunning will very often overshoot the mark, while simplicity hits it. I must rely upon my dress and manner—if I can but manage to tell other people's fortune, tho' but falsely, I may really make my own.

Clod. She mutters something to herself; I wish I could hear what she is maundring about.

Wm. Fortune-tellers always do so—the devil must be always talk'd to very civilly, and not loud, or he won't be at their elbow.

Clod. Lord bless her, there's no harm in her—I wish I was the devil to be so talk'd to.

Gip. What a frolick have I begun! should I succeed, our present distress will double our succeeding happiness——

[The country people come forward.]

Your servant, pretty maids, and to you also young men, if you are good, for naughtiness, they say, has found its way into the country—I hope none of you have seen it.

Wm. O, yes; I have seen enough of it, it hangs about one like a pest; and for fear my cloaths should be infected, I order'd that they should be burnt before I left London.

Clod. Ay, ay, wickedness there sticks to a body like pitch.

Gip. Then I'll fly away from the infection. *(going.)*

Wm. No, no, you little Gipsy, that won't do, we must hear that sweet voice again, and have our fortunes told before you go away.

(They lay hold upon her.)

Jen. I vow, neighbours, I think I have seen this face before.

Gip. It is not worth looking upon a second time.

Wm. Indeed but it is, I could look at it for ever.

Clod. 'Ecod and so could I, and buss it into the bargain.

Bet. Law, don't make such a fuss with the poor girl, as if nobody was worth kissing but a Gipsy—sing away, child, and don't mind 'em.

Gip. No more I will, mistress.

G I P S Y.

I.

O spread thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the
ground,

Drive the blasts of keen winter away ;
Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let spleen, spight, and envy, those clouds of the
mind,

Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy ;
The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

III.

As May with her sunshine can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the season improve,
Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treasures of spring, let the village be
dress'd,

Its joys let the season impart ;
When rapture swells high, and o'erflows from each
breast,
'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.

Wm. Now you have charm'd our ears one way, my sweet Gipsy, delight our hearts by telling us our fortunes.

Clod. Here are fine cros doings in my hand.

(shewing it.)

Jen. Pray look into mine first. *(Cleaning her hand.)*

Dol. Here's a hand for you, Gipsy!

(shewing hers'.)

Gip. I never saw a worse in all my life ; blefs me ! here is—it frights me to see it !

Dol. Then I am sure it will fright me to hear it, so I'll stay till another time.

Wm. Little pretty Gipsy, what say you to mine ?

Gip. *(Looking into his hand)* You have a dozen lasses in love with you, and are in love with none of 'em.

Clod. There's a little witch for you !

Wm. There you are out, Gipsy ; I do love one truly and sincerely.

Gip. As much as you love me—don't believe him, lasses—Come, come, let me see your hand again—by the faith of a Gipsy, you are in love, and the lass that you love——

All. Who is she ?

(Getting about her.)

Gip. She is in this parish, and not above twenty yards from the maypole.

Clod. The dickens she is ! who ? who is it ?

(All looking out.)

Will. Say no more, Gipsy ; you know nothing at all of the matter ; you should be whip'd for fibbing.

Clod. And I'll be the constable ; but 'ecod I would not hurt her.

Gip. Ay, but I do know, and she is about my size.

(They all measure with her.)

Wm. Hold your tongue I say—here comes your mother I suppose.

Enter DOLLY, like an old Gipsy.

Dol. What, did you run away from me you little baggage? Have I not warned you from wandering in the fields by yourself these wicked times?

Gip. Pray, mother, don't be angry; the morning was so fine, the fields so charming, and the lads and lasses so merry, I could not stay at home, and I knew you'd come limping after——

Dol. Huffy, huffy! have not I told you, that when the kid wanders from its dam, the fox will have a breakfast.

Clod. 'Ecod, and a good breakfast too—it makes my mouth water.

Dol. I don't much like the company you are in—who is that young rake there?

Wm. One that hates kid, mother, and is only giving your daughter a little good advice.

Dol. Indeed the young fellows of this age are not so rampant as they were in my days.—Well, my lads and lasses, who among you longs to know their fortunes? I am the oldest, and the best fortune-teller under the sun.

(They all gather about her.)

Wm. Now, my dear little Gipsy, you must tell me my fortune. *(They retire, and the rest get about Dolly.)*

Jen. Now for it, mother.

DOLLY.

Young maids, and young swains, if you're curious to know,

What husbands you'll have, and what wives;
From above I can know, what you'll do here below,
And what you have done all your lives:

Don't blush and don't fear,
As I'm old I am wise,
And I read in your eyes——
I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,
I'll read what the stars have decreed ;

If you, a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,
You'll be sorry that page I should read.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,
With fattins, and silks, and fine watch ;
Yet when for base gold, youth and beauty is sold,
The devil alone makes the match.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

“ If an old man's so rash, to wed a young wife,
“ Or an old woman wed a young man ;
“ For such husband and wife, I read danger and strife,
“ For nature detests such a plan.

“ Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.”

Clod. There's a slap o'the chops for old measter,
'ecod, I wish he was here to take it.

Jen. But now, come to particulars, good Gipsy.

Nan. Ay, ay, to particulars, we must have particulars.

Clod. Ay, zooks, let's understand your gibberish.

Dol. Let me sit down upon the bench under yonder tree, and I'll tell you all I know.

Clod. And he that desires to know more is a fool—
come along, Dame Deal-Devil.

*(They retire with Dolly, and then William
and Gipsy come forward.)*

Wm. May heaven prosper what love has invented ;
and may this joyful day finish our cares for ever !

DUETTO.

WILLIAM and GIPSY.

Passion of the purest nature,
 Glows within this faithful breast,
 While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
 Love will let me know no rest..

Thus the ewe her lamb caressing,
 Watches with a mother's fear,
 While she eyes her little blessing,
 Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

Fur. (*without*) Where is the Gipsy? where is my little Gipsy, I say?

Wm. The wolf is near indeed, for here comes my father.

Enter FURROW.

Fur. Where are the lads and lasses, and what are you two doing here alone?

Wm. Had I my will, we should not long have been here alone: I would have put her into the hands of the constable, and sent her to the parish.

(*Gipsy looks grave.*

Fur. She has cheated him too—that's excellent! this is a rare frolic, faith (*aside.*) You send her to the constable, you booby!—I should have put you in the stocks if you had, Sirrah—don't be grave, my little pretty Gipsy, that bumpkin shan't hurt you—what a fine may-game this is!—I love her more than ever!—I'll marry her to-day, and have the hundred pounds too———

(*aside.*

Gip. I'll go home directly, I can't bear to see that young man look so cross.

(*going.*

Fur.

Fur. You shall go to my home, my dainty sweet Gipsy, and make him look crosser.

Wm. I wonder, father, you are not ashamed of yourself, to be imposed upon by such a little pilfering creature, she ought to be whip'd from village to village, and made an example of.——

Fur. How the fool is taken in—I'm out of my wits (*aside.*) I'll make an example of you, rascal, if you don't speak more tenderly to that lady.

Wm. Lady! a fine lady! ha! ha! ha!

Gip. Don't put yourself into a rage with him, he is mad they say, mad for love.

Fur. So am I too—I am his father, and have more right to be mad than he has.

Wm. A lady!—A Gipsy lady!—ha, ha, ha!

Fur. And what is more, Mr. Impudence, she shall be my lady—and then what will you say to that, rascal?

Wm. That you have got a fine lady.

Fur. Have I given you a good education you ungrateful whelp you, to laugh at me? Get out of my sight, or I'll spoil your mummery—I will—

(*Holding up his stick.*)

Wm. I am gone, Sir—one word if you please—You prevented me from being happy with the choice of my heart, and to one superior to her sex in every quality of the mind, and now without the excuse of youth on your part, or the least merit on her's—As you have made me miserable with great cruelty, you are going to make yourself so without reason. And so, Sir, I am your's and that fair lady's very humble servant—Ha, ha, ha! (*Exit William.*)

Fur. If I had not resolved not to be in a passion the first of May, the festival of our Village, I should have sent him to the bottom of our horse-pond; but I can't help laughing neither, you have done it so featly—How the poor boy was taken in! he! he!—fine frolick, faith! And now, Miss, I will open my my mind more to you; why should we lose a hundred pounds?—I'll marry you to day—the better day, the better deed.—What say you, my little Gipsy?

Gip.

Gip. It will make a great noise !

Fur. I love a noise—what is any body good for, without noise—besides we shall be the happiest couple for a hundred miles round.

Gip. Not while your son is miserable—make him happy first, and then nobody can blame you.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are ! Don't trouble your head about such a fellow, I'll turn him out of the house to seek his fortune, and so he'll be provided for.

Gip. If he is not happy, I shall be miserable, nor would I be a Queen at the expence of another's happiness, for all the world.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are !—and how happy shall I be ; the rascal shall know your kindness to him, and how little he deserves it—it shall be done, and the Village shall know it is all your doings. And here they come ! now for it ! I am ten times happier than I was this morning !

Enter all the Lads and Lasses.

Come, where is my son, where is Scapegrace ?

Clod. Here, master William !

Enter WILLIAM.

Here's Scapegrace, Sir.

Fur. Now you shall know what a fine lady this is, or rather how unlike a fine lady she is. This pilferer, wretch, baggage, and so on—she vows not to be made happy till you are so—and so being prevailed upon by her—and her alone—I give you my consent to marry the girl you were so fond of, or any girl of character, and before all my neighbours here, on this joyful holiday, the first of May, and I likewise consent to give you the Bilberry-farm, and to maintain her and my grand children.

Wm. If you indulge my inclinations, I have no right to find fault with your's—be my choice where it will, you will be satisfy'd.

Fur.

Fur. More than satisfy'd—I will rejoice at it, and reward it—name the party, boy.

(The girls stand all round with great seeming anxiety.)

Wm. I always did obey you, and will now.

(looking at, and passing by the other girls, This—this is my choice.

takes the Little Gipsy by the hand.)

Clod. Zook's ! here's a fine over-turn in a horse-pond. *(aside.)*

Fur. He's crack'd sure !

Wm. I was, Sir, and almost broken hearted ; but your kindness, consent, and generosity, have made me a man again, and thus we thank you.

(They kneel to him.)

Fur. This is some may-game—do you know her ?—and does she know you ?

Wm. We have known each other long—this is the father, I saw, lov'd, and was betroth'd to ; but your command separated us for a time—in my absence to London, she was here under the name of Belton ; wou saw her often, and lik'd her, nay lov'd her—it was our innocent device, that you might see her remits, and not think 'em unworthy of your son—you over-run our expectations, and we delayed the discovery till this, we hope, happy moment.

Clod. You must forgive 'em, measter.

All. To be sure.

Fur. I can't—I am trick'd and cheated—I can't recal the farm ; but I can, and I will——

(walks about angrily.)

Clod. Be more foolish if you please—you have tricked, and cheated yourself, measter—but heaven has been kind to you, and set all to rights again——

Gip.

GIPSY.

(Addressing herself to Furrow.)

I.

Love reigns this season, makes his choice,
 And shall not we with birds rejoice?
 O calm your rage, hear nature say,
 Be kind with me *the first of May*.

II.

Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
 Keep wealth from youth you can't possess?
 To nature hark, you'll hear her say,
 Be kind with me *the first of May*.

III.

Oh! then be bounteous, like the spring,
 Which makes creation sport and sing,
 With nature let your heart be gay,
 And both be kind *this first of May*.

Fur. I won't be sung out of my senses——

Enter DOZY, drunk.

Doz. Where is he? where is the bridegroom? I have it, I have it—October has done it!—it has inspired me! and the legacy shall be old George Furrow's, or I will never taste October again—I have got you the money, old boy! *(claps him on the shoulder.)*

Fur. You are got drunk, you old fool, and I don't want the money. *(sulky).*

Doz. What! you are sick of marriage, and don't want the wife perhaps—did not I tell you, it was not *fit*? was not I *free* enough to tell you so?—it is not *fit*.

Fur. This drunken old fool compleats my misery.

Doz. Old fool! what Mr. Pot, do you abuse your friend kettle?—old fool am I?—now judge, neighbours—I have been drinking *October* to make this a joyful May-Day, and he wants to marry a young girl to turn it into sackcloth and ashes—who's old fool now?

Fur. Take him away.

Doz.

Doz. I shall take myself away—Lasses, if any of you long for the legacy, and are not engaged, I am your man—that old fellow, there, would have married a child in sober sadness; but I have been courting a good bottle of October, and now, having lost my senses, I am *free* and *fit* to marry any body——

(Exit reeling.)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fur. Where's Dolly?—was she in this plot?

Wm. In that part of it you gave her: she performed the old Gipsy to a miracle, as these lasses can testify, and then went home to prepare the May feast.

Fur. I will have no feast *(sulky.)*

Jen. Was she the old Gipsy?

Bet. It is all a dream to me!

Fur. I can't come to rights again.——

(The lads and lasses push the Gipsy and William towards him, saying—to him.)

Clod. Never was known such a thing as ill-nature and unkindness in our village, on the first of May, for these ten thousand years.

F I N A L E.

C L O D.

Shall our hearts on May-day,

Lack and a well day!

Want their recreation?

No, no, no, it can't be so,

Love with us must bud and blow,

Unblighted by vexation.

W I L L I A M.

Shall a maid on May-day,

Lack and a well a day!

Die of desperation?

No, no, no, for pity's sake

To your care a couple take,

And give 'em consolation.

GIPSY.

G I P S Y.

Shall a youth on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Lament a separation?
 No, no, no, the lad is true,
 Let him have of love his due,
 Indulge his inclination.

F U R R O W.

Shall my heart on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Refuse its approbation?
 No, no, no, within our breast,
 Rage, revenge, and such like guests,
 Shou'd ne'er have habitation.

W I L L I A M and G I P S Y.

We no more on May-day,
 O, what a happy day!
 Shall never know vexation:
 No, no, no, your worth we'll sing,
 Join your name to bounteous spring,
 In kind commemoration!

G R A N D C H O R U S.

“ Cold winter will fly,
 “ When spring's warmer sky,
 “ The charms of young nature display;
 “ When the heart is unkind,
 “ With the frost of the mind,
 “ Benevolence melts it like *May*.”

E N D of M A Y - D A Y.

Modern Honour ;

OR, THE

BARBER DUELLIST:

A COMIC OPERA

In Two ACTS;

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

SMOCK-ALLEY.

Written by a GENTLEMAN of this City.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By R. STEWART, No. 200, Abbey-street;

M,DCC,LXXV.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E Author would consider himself wanting in Gratitude, should he omit this opportunity, of returning his sincere Thanks to his Friends, and the Public in general, for the Countenance and Support given this Piece, in the Representation.——Desirous of adding to their Satisfaction, and relying on their wonted Good-Nature, he now submits it to their perusal, humbly hoping, they will make Allowance for the incorrectness of a first Attempt, from one, whose sole Ambition was to render it a pleasing Repast to his fellow Citizens.

D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

THOMAS RYDER, Esq;

DEPUTY MASTER of the REVELS,
and Manager of the THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOCK-ALLEY, DUBLIN.

S I R,

ALL those conversant in theatrical Affairs, since you became Manager, must have perceived with what avidity and diligence you sought the Public Esteem ; you have engaged the best Performers at a Time when you had no Competitor, and reclaimed the Stage from several Enormities unheeded by your Predecessors.

EVERY Person who wishes to see our Theatre on a respectable footing should assist, or at least acknowledge, your spirited and laudable Undertakings : Accept,

A 2

therefore,

therefore, on my part this first Effort of an infant Muse.—I confess it is a Trifle, and assure you, I had little hopes of its Success but from the Consideration that every Species of Comedy has long been indebted to your Fancy and Judgment for beauties scarce thought of by the Authors.

YOUR alacrity, Sir, in bringing this Piece on the stage is a convincing Proof of your earnest desire to please: and also manifests your zeal for encouraging the Genius of the Nation.

I ASSURE you, Sir, it affords me a very particular Pleasure, that while the Town is doubtful whether to admire you most as the Actor, or the Private Gentleman, I am favoured with this Opportunity of letting you know, with how much Respect and Esteem, I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1775.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. O W E N S.

TO rouse your gen'rous spirits into smiles,
T' expose the cunning sharpers fraudulent wiles;
To stem the Passions, some weak minds have caught,
To night the BARBER on the stage is brought.
A Barber—yes, a Barber—nothing less;
You'll say he shaves perhaps—that's one good guess.
But tho' he does, before the story ends,
He's shav'd and dress'd himself to make amends.
With Combing, powd'ring, and perfuming art,
He thinks to puff with love a lady's heart:
But then a Mr. STEADY curbs his scheming,
And shews the fool that he was only dreaming.
If this y' approve, 'twill pay the Author's pain,
Whose sole ambition is to entertain.

Long time has London justly bore the sway,
Foremost to cherish either Farce or Play.
This caus'd HIBERNIAN bards, what'e'er they writ
Thither to send the bantlings of their wit.

Our stripling author, fir'd with native zeal,
Scorns from his country's judgment to appeal;
Convinc'd there's none more learn'd—none more polite,
And candour ever will, with sense unite.
To you, therefore, he freely yields his cause,
Lur'd by the prospect of your kind applause.
He hopes his inexperience of the stage,
Will, when consider'd, soothe the Critic's rage:
The thought first pleas'd himself, as something new;
Now doubly happy—if it pleases you.

Besides, a first attempt your favour claims;
Thus you'll encourage new poetic themes;
For damp a Genius, strait his passion dies,
Four plaudits grant, then emulous he'll rise;
Flutter his pinions, and attempt the skies.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. STEADY,
JERRY, his Man,
JEMMY CURLPATE,
TONY TICKLE-
CHOPS, his Man, }
KELP, a Chandler,
SHUTTLE, a Weaver,
CUTWELL, a Shop-
keeper, }
CABBAGE, a drun-
ken Taylor, }

Miss MELMONT,
Lucy her Maid,

Mr. WHEELER.
Mr. FORDE,
Mr. VANDERMERE.
Mr. PARKER.
Mr. MAHAR.
Mr. KANE.
Mr. GLENVIL.
Mr. JACKSON,
Mrs. BARRY.
Mrs. BROWN.

MODERN

MODERN HONOUR;
OR, THE
BARBER DUELLIST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Discovers a Room in STEADY's House——Enter
STEADY, follow'd by his Man.*

A I R I.

STEADY.

WHAT pleasing thoughts the senses charm,
When long sought bliss is nigh ;
What thrilling hopes my soul alarm,
To meet my fair, I fly.

II.

The sailor thus when storms surcease,
His native land in view,
With joy surveys the happy place ;
And bids his cares adieu.

Jerry. Why, Sir, you seem much rejoiced at coming to Dublin.

Steady. Yes, Jerry, how can I be otherwise, when it contains all that is dear to me.

Jerry. Well, but Sir, you ought not to be too sure of any thing: women are changeable creatures, and who knows how many new lovers your mistress

mistress may have got, during our three months absence?

Steady. Why, faith I must confess a person of Miss Melmont's beauty and accomplishments, can never be without a number of admirers,—but then I'm certain, she is far superior to that frail and inconstant disposition you speak of; besides, I've received such assurances of fidelity from her, that now 'twould be next to impiety to despair.

Jerry. I wonder, Sir, she never answered the letters you sent her from the country.

Steady. That, she never promised, from a certain delicacy which I know she possesses, in perhaps too high a degree—the assurances I speak of were before I left town.

Jerry. All this may be true, Sir. What I urge is from experience, which, with humble submission, Sir, I take to be the true way of reasoning.—I'm sure no one could get more assurances than I did from Dolly Weathercock, yet the baggage deceiv'd me after all, and ran away with Tom Dangletail your honour's old footman.

Steady. But then you know, Jerry, since I last saw her, I've got an augmentation to my fortune of five hundred a year by the death of my uncle, and am now doubly happy that I have it in my power to convince her, my love was disinterested.

Jerry. That, Sir, I must confess may do something; yet I remember you were very unwilling to go, when sent for by that same uncle.

Steady. True, loath to leave the mistress of my affections, I almost incurred his total displeasure.

Jerry. However, I think Fortune has made you a tolerable restitution for your trouble in that journey: but, pray Sir, when do you intend to visit your mistress?

Steady. Immediately; for every moment will seem an age to me, 'till I have an opportunity of telling

telling her my success, and giving her fresh assurances of my unalterable attachment.

Ferry. Well, I wish you success, Sir ; but as I told you before women are strange cattle.

A I R II.

Tho' you toil and you pain,
A fair mistress to gain ;
And tho' often she seems to approve Sir,
If one moment away,
Her affections will stray ;
And another engages her love Sir.

II.

For females you'll find,
Veer about like the wind,
Nay stare not, the practice is common ;
From the young to the old,
This maxim will hold,
What is new succeeds best with a woman.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II. *The street.*

Enter Curlpate, examining his pocket-book.

Curl. Let me see,—there's my Lady Loverout, and Lady Courtly, must be attended three times a week by myself, and four times by my boys, or journeymen.—My Lady Visit, and Miss Brittle, on the same terms ; but Mrs. Fashionable, and Lady Midnight, I must absolutely attend twice a day, or lose their custom :—then there's Miss Melmont, she, poor soul, I think, has taken such a fancy to my sweet person, 'twould be madness or something worse, to neglect keeping it up with her.—Now for my male customers :—There's Doctor Magnesia, Counsellor Fingerfee————

Enter

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O, Mr. Curlpate, I'm glad to see you. Mr. Steady and his man are just arrived from the country; I saw them pass by this morning.

Curl. Zounds! now or never is our time, lest Miss Melmont's affections for Mr. Steady should again revive, and I be totally rejected.

Lucy. Or, rather, all our schemes be blasted, by her discovering how much we've deceiv'd her, in our reports of his falsehood.

Curl. Very true; but don't you think she really loves me?

Lucy. I'm sure you think so.

Curl. Not without reason, Lucy. Has she not discover'd it by many little occurrences;—as for example:—should a pin fall from me at the time of dressing, she'd stoop for it herself;—I'd then ask her Ladyship's pardon;—She'd reply, it gave her pleasure to assist me.——Sometimes she'd say, she really thought we Hair-dressers earn'd our money very hardly;—I'd immediately answer in the affirmative; and from thence take an opportunity of borrowing a little money from her,—which she, poor soul would scarcely e'er refuse. (*Affectedly.*)

Lucy. I know her to be extremely good-natur'd.

Curl. Particularly to me, Lucy. But my dear girl, have you taken care to be continually praising me to her, and railing against Mr. Steady as you promised?

Lucy. That, I do every opportunity. But really, Mr. Curlpate, the task has so much difficulty in it, and so little allowed for travelling charges, that a poor waiting maid's spirits can't support it rightly. —Besides, Mr. Curlpate, my conscience, you know —conscience——

Curl. I understand you, it wants something to pacify it; but my dear, dear Mrs. Lucy, if you had conscience you would not——

Lucy.

Lucy. I know, Mr. Steady was always very generous to me.

Curl. Well he might, he is not to give you five hundred pounds the day of his marriage as I am.

Lucy. O, fie, Mr. Curlpate, I thought you had more delicacy than to upbraid me, for thus aiding your favourite scheme.—You know with what reluctance I at first consented—And if I had not a very particular regard for you, it is not twice the paltry bribe of five hundred pounds, cou'd ever prevail with me.—Though you might well spare half a thousand out of ten, considering your present circumstances.

Curl. But consider, Lucy, five hundred pounds is a good round sum—five hundred pounds is—is—is five hundred pounds.—A very pretty beginning for a lady's-maid let me tell you, then, in case you and your mistress shou'd chance to part at any time, why you might commence business in the millenery way, and in a little time marry a gentleman yourself huffey.

Lucy. Ay, if I had your arrogant and scheming disposition, perhaps I might; but don't think to put me off in this manner.—I dare say, if I had stuck to Mr. Steady's interest, as I've done to yours, I shou'd this day be fingering ten or twenty guineas of his—and you know, a bird in hand, is worth two in the bush.

Curl. What an unconscionable jade it is,—however, I must now go through with it. (*Aside.*) I have but one half-guinea in the world, and that I borrowed of your mistress yesterday morning—here it is. (*Gives it reluctantly.*)

Lucy. Well, then, since you're so generous, I'll tell you how the case stands: I've back'd all your stories and lies, concerning Mr. Steady, so well, and taken such care none of his letters shou'd come to my lady's hands, that at present she appears quite off with him; my next business is to
propose

propose you, and I hope, in a little time, we shall see you tack'd to her for life.

Curl. When that happens, you little rogue you, I believe you know what's to follow.

Lucy. I'm confident Mr. Curlpate, will not be worse than his word.

Curl. O, Lucy, upon my honour.

Lucy. Enough—I must haste to keep up my mistress's suspicions against Mr. Steady.

Curl. By all means—and I shall be shortly after you, with a fresh budget of lies for the same purpose.

A I R III.

Curl. Go then, my dear Lucy, and prosper in this,
You know what I mean to bestow,
You know, &c.

Lucy. Why, faith, If I can but unite you to Miss,
Her fortune will bear it, you know, you know,
Her fortune, &c.

Curl. O, then how I'll strut, and willswagger about,
And make such an elegant show,
And make, &c.

Lucy. Then your puffs, to be sure, and your pins
you'll throw out,
And the BARBER will change to a BEAU,
a Beau,
And the Barber, &c.

Curl. Next to drums, routs and balls, and assemblies
and plays,
With my sabre to frighten my foe,
With my sabre, &c.

Lucy. O, Lard! how your dusty companions will
gaze
To see you bedizen'd out so,
To see you, &c.

Curl. Then I'll wear a laced coat, and I'll be a
great man,

Lucy. That's if nothing our purpose o'erthrow,
Both. That's if nothing, &c.

Curl.

Curl. I'll ride in my chariot.

Lucy. ————— You mean if you can.

But farewell it's time we shou'd go,

But farewell, &c.

Both. But farewell it's time we should go,

But farewell, &c. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. MISS MELMONT'S Apartments.

Miss Mel. These reports, concerning Mr. Steady's infidelity, alarm me past enduring; every day produces some new tale to his disadvantage, but his not writing to me, too plainly confirms what I hear of him.

A I R IV.

What could keep my tedious lover,

If his heart were true to me.

God of Love send home my rover,

Or from this anguish set me free.

If he be wrong'd, then I am happy,

All my doubts will soon be o'er;

Then nought shall grieve me,

Nor none deceive me,

Then we'll meet to part no more.

II.

But why pursue these foolish fancies,

Ev'ry thought his guilt proclaims;

Vain are all my hop'd for pleasures,

Flatt'ring, unsubstantial dreams.

No longer I'll indulge this weakness,

Love, no more, thy pow'r I'll own.

Henceforth disdaining,

All fond complaining,

Reason shall resume her throne.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O, Ma'am, I've just seen Mr. Curlpate, your hair-dresser, who was going to my Lady Fancyfull's, with one of the prettiest toupee's I ever saw. Well, if there be a good workman in all

Dublin, 'tis certainly he.—What elegance!—
What fashion!—What a taste!—

Miss Mel. What ails the girl?

Lucy. And then the manner of his dressing :
How dexterously he frizes!—Lard! Ma'am, with
what neatness he handles his machine.—I wish I
were a lady of fortune for his sake.

Miss Mel. Indeed, Lucy, you surprize me ; why
you're always praising this young man.

Lucy. No wonder, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate is an
old acquaintance ;—but if I had never seen him,
till he came to dress your Ladyship, I must have
admir'd him, he's so polite!—so complaisant!—so
genteel!—so honourable!—so handsome!—in
short, Ma'am, so accomplished, in every particular,
that—

Miss Mel. Hold, hold, Lucy, for mercy's sake,
what are you going to make of him?

Lucy. No more, Ma'am, than what he really is,
a fine gentleman.

A I R. V.

Young Jemmy is handsome, in ev'ry degree,
He's tall, he is slender, and brisk as a bee ;
He's mild and good humour'd, genteel and polite,
And form'd, I am sure, to give joy and delight.

But who can excell him in curling the hair :
But who can, &c.

He'll comb it and dress it, and roll it and press it,
And then, with what judgment, he'll stick his pin
there.

But I forgot to tell you, Ma'am, he'll be here
immediately, and he told me he had something
very particular to say concerning Mr. Steady.

Miss Mel. What's the story now, I wonder? Why
he seems to make it his business to enquire after
Mr. Steady's affairs.

Lucy. You know, Ma'am, persons of his profes-
sion are liable to hear a deal of news—and his use-
ful, and timely intelligence, may prevent you from
throw-

throwing yourself into the arms of so unworthy a person as Mr. Steady.

Miss Mel. He really is unworthy, if these reports be true : what's your opinion, Lucy ?

Lucy. I think they're very true Ma'am.

Miss Mel. You do.

Lucy. Indeed I do. O, Ma'am, since he went to the country he's become a downright Libertine !—A general lover, Ma'am.—You see he hasn't wrote a syllable to you these two months.

Miss Mel. For that reason, I am now resolv'd, if he ever visits here, his reception shall be very different from what he formerly experienc'd

Lucy. A spirited resolution, Ma'am, and what he richly deserves.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Steady to wait on you, Ma'am.

Miss Mel. What, Mr. Steady in town ! shall I see him, Lucy ?

Lucy. By no means, Ma'am ; is it after such indifferent behaviour ?

Miss Mel. Very true, but I should be glad to hear what he has to say for himself.

Lucy. I know were it my case, Ma'am, I'd affront him.

Miss Mel. Well, I can't do *that*, without seeing him.

Enter Mr. STEADY.

Steady. Pardon me, my dear Miss Melmont, for this, perhaps, ill-tim'd intrusion.—Emboldened by our former intimacy, I declin'd all ceremony.—My uncle, Madam, is dead, and has left me his whole estate, which, were it an empire, I would freely offer, with myself, at your feet—happy in such an opportunity of proving the sincerity of my love.

Miss Mel. 'Tis too late now, Sir, to apologize for your past neglect.—Where was your boasted constancy, during your three months absence ?—

If I possessed your thoughts, but a single moment,

during that interval, you'd surely have wrote to me.

Steady. You surprize me, madam.—Not write!

Miss Mel. Your neglect, Sir, in that particular, confirms my belief of other reports equally to your disadvantage.

Lucy. Right, Madam, right.

Steady. I assure you, madam, these charges are totally groundless.—If your affections are plac'd on a more deserving object, speak it at once, and scorn to upbraid me with that levity, of which, perhaps, yourself is guilty.

Miss Mel. Your insincerity, Sir, is sufficient to deter me from giving encouragement, to any of your sex.

Steady. If, then, my reputation suffers, by the tongue of slander, or malevolence, permit me to exculpate myself.

Miss Mel. I am not at leisure now, Sir, to listen to your unmeaning protestations—I'm fix'd in my resolution, which is, never to see you more.

[*Exeunt Mel. and Lucy.*]

Steady. I am thunderstruck! I know not what can be the cause of this indifference.—Is it possible, that the mutual vows of constancy and love heretofore exchang'd between us, shou'd be, on her part, so suddenly forgotten; O! Love! Love! What art thou?

A I R VI.

When first on her beauties I gaz'd,
 I lov'd her, and who could do less;
 Then her virtues my passion increas'd,
 And her smiles bid me hope for success.
 Now some rival possesses her heart;
 While I must in absence repine,
 Tho', perhaps, he has greater desert,
 His esteem can't be equal to mine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The BARBER's shop.*

Discovers Ticklechops, and Curlpate's two boys, Cutwell, Shuttle, Kelp, and several young Bucks waiting to be dress'd.—His man and boys shaving and dressing some of them.

Shuttle. No one shall dress me, but Mr. Curlpate himself.

Kelp. Nor me either, suppose I wait till night. What the deuce can keep him so long?

Cut. Ticklechops give us a song, and by that time Mr. Curlpate may come in.

Shuttle. No, no, let's have this day's paper till we see what news from the poor Americans.

Tick. Sir, my master has'nt taken in any paper, since that little red picture was fix'd on the corners of them.

Sb. So then, he doesn't like the stamp, I suppose?

Tickle. True Sir, he is too great a patriot for that,—he swears he'd rather lose half his customers than submit to it.

Shut. Come since we can't get the papers let's have the song.

ALL—the song, the song.

Tickle. Well then if I must sing, I'll give you a verse of a song made by my master on that same Stamp-act.

A I R VII.

Farewell to amusements, farewell to all joys,
This stamp on the papers, our pleasure destroys,
E're while we were merry, had papers guillioire;
But now, they're so dear, we must buy them no
more:

Before it took place, the fresh packet each day,
Would help to divert the dull hours away;
We cou'd then tell what pass'd, on each far distant
shore,

But the papers are stamp'd, and we're happy no
more.

[Chorus by all
Kelp.

Kelp. Not so badly sung of a Barber.

Shut. You couldn't sing half so well booby.

Kelp. Booby—take care how you say that again Sir.

Shut. Sir, let me tell you, a weaver is afraid of no man.

Kelp. I'll tell you what, Mr. Shuttle, if you're inclined to fight like gentlemen, stay 'till I run home for my master's pistols, and we'll step to the yard and exchange half a dozen shots. [*Going.*

Shut. Ay, Ay, I'll fight you with you any thing.

Cut. Stay, stay, Mr. Kelp, you'd better never mind the pistols; bring a couple of candle-rods,—these are weapons you are better accustomed to, than either sword or pistol.

Shut. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do you mean?

Kelp. 'Sblud Sir, what wou'd you be at?

Cut. O not much gentlemen, I only mean to let you know, that this matter may be compromis'd without bloodshed—for let me tell you, no man knows the points of honour better than myself—I have been,—let me see,—at exactly forty-five duels;—in two dozen of which, I was personally engaged,—and always came off with honour and safety;—now the difference between you as it first arose from a little raillery, might be easily forgiven, without the least dishonour to either parties: indeed there are *some* cases, that will admit of no other remedy, than the sword.

Shut. I should be glad to know them, Sir.

Cut. Then you shall hear;—you keep a mistress, I suppose.

Shut. O yes Sir. [*Here all quit their seats, to hear Cutwell's harangue.*

Cut. Then, we'll suppose; Mr. Kelp presumes to salute her in some public walk;—in that case you're to listen to no reason, but to challenge him,—fight him,—blow his brains out.

ALL. Yes, yes, that's reasonable; very reasonable.

Cut.

Cut. Or, suppose you were speaking seriously in company, and that any person present should chance to laugh—no matter whether at you or not—it is a point of honour Sir; you cannot get over, that you kill that person; or be deemed a coward.

ALL, Very right, very right.

Enter CURLPATE.

Curl. Pardon me, gentlemen, it really was not in my power to come sooner. You know my out-door customers must be attended.—Is't your turn Sir? [*To Shuttle, beginning to dress him.*]

Shut. Pray, Sir, who do you think will wait on you or your out-door customers as you call them?

Kelp. I'm surprised Mr. Curlpate you cou'd use us so indifferent.

Curl. Well, well, I hope I sha'n't be long troubled with any of you. (*Aside.*)

Enter CABBAGE.

Cab. What's the matter here?—Mr. Kelp is any one go—go—going to affront you?

Cut. What need you care, Sir, 'tis no affair of yours.

Cab. And pray who—who—who are you Sir? my name is Kitty Cabbage, Sir. I'm a Taylor Sir, I was passing by and hearing you talk of fighting and killing—I was afraid my friend and customer, Mr. Kelp, might be in a little scratch or so—I came in to take his part, and if you or any body here dare stir against him—I'm your man.

Cut. Begone you drunken fool, do you know whom you talk to?

Cab. Extremely well Sir, a'n't you a sort of a—kind of a—shop-boy or so.—What are you Ma'am,—am I right?

Cut. You scoundrel—you villain—I'll have immediate satisfaction. (*Drawing out his scissors*)

Cab. Stay, stay, 'till I get my sheers, oh! oh! I've left them at home, or I'd be a match for you. (*Searching his pockets.*)

Cut.

Cut. Meet me this evening in the Phoenix-park—here—let's exchange gloves.

Cab. Hang the glove have I——wo'n't shoes or stockings do?

Kelp. No, no, but hats will.

Cab. Very well—then here's mine. (*Snatching off Cutwell's hat, &c. and staggering about.*)

Cut. I won't keep your dirty hat, give me my own, but—don't neglect meeting me at your peril, I'll go, and chuse a second (*going then returning*) if you don't come, I'll horsewhip you wherever I meet you, (*going then returning*) And hark you, I'll bring the pistols myself, that you may have no excuse—and I tell you again, if you fail—I'll post you as a Coward in every Coffee-house in Dublin.—[*Exit.*

Cab. You couldn't do a Taylor a greater honour, than to post him in a Coffee-house. [Exit.

Shut. Make that club a little bigger.

Curl. Why, I have just now put a whole heap of horse hair in it.

Shut. Make it bigger I say.

Curl. Will you give me leave to put this old stocking in it?

Shut. Do so, but take care it sha'n't be seen.

Curl. Never fear that, but what curls will you have to day? the paste—the barrel—the pipe—the knife—or the sausage.

Shut. O hang your paste curls, and as for the pipe or the knife, I'm not going to ride, so give me the barrel or the sausage—Ay the sausage, as I'm going to the play this evening.

Enter one of Curlpate's boys, in great haste, with a wig box on his head.

Boy. Master, master, do you see the church-wardens there below?

Curl. O, Ho! they're coming to me to be sure.

Shut. What of an holy-day?

Curl. Yes, yes, they swore they'd haunt me every holy-day, for my saucy language to them last Sunday, put by your tools and away.

(*Noise without.*)

Omnes—Dam'n you and the Church-wardens together.

[*Exeunt some with towels about them, others half-lavvered, &c. &c. in the utmost confusion.*]

S C E N E, V. *The Street.*

Re-enter Curlpate and Ticklechops.

Curl. I'm glad we've got rid of them, as I'm now going about better business.

Tickle. Faith, I doubt that, master, for you know, they're very good customers.

Curl. But I tell you, Ticklechops, I shall absolutely make my fortune by this day's frolic, you did not hear, perhaps, that Miss Melmont's in love with me.

Tickle. No really, Sir;—did she ever tell you so?

Curl. Tho' she never positively told me so, yet I think I may judge by her actions;—pray have not I as good a right to expect a lady of fortune, as Peter Scrape, the Fidler, or Tom Caper the Dancing-master, who figur'd off with Miss Lightfoot the other day.—Sure none of these gentry have such opportunities of securing the ladies affections, as we gentlemen of the comb.

Tickle. A mighty happy trade, truly.

Curl. In short, any thing of any enterprizing genius amongst us, cou'd make more progress in a lady's heart, in the space of one week, than a gentleman lover could hope for in a year.

Tickle. But how do you intend to proceed in this affair, Master?

Curl. Why you must understand, there is a Mr. Steady, whom I consider as a rival, and you know nothing can recommend a man to his mistress's favour more than courage.

Tickle. You mean to challenge him, I suppose?

Curl. Right, and you shall be my second, but first step to Mr. Dash the School-master, he'll write the

the challenge, and you shall have the honour of delivering it.

Tickle. And what am I to get by all this, Master?

Curl. Stay 'till I am married to Miss Melmont, and you shall be my Steward.

Tickle. That's rare news, faith,—here goes then to Mr. Dash,—but where must I deliver the challenge,—I'd much rather you'd give it yourself.

Curl. I plainly see this fellow will never rise above a journeyman. (*Aside.*) When you get the challenge bring it to me, and I'll direct you to Mr. Steady's.—And do you hear,—before you return, go to Plunket-street, for the suit of lac'd cloths I wore last Sunday,—the gentleman will credit you for the hire of them, 'till I see himself.

Tickle. Yes, Sir.—Certainly, this master of mine, has taken leave of his senses. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Curl. Hitherto, we've been striving to wean Miss Melmont's affections from Mr. Steady, in order to gain the easier admittance for my love.—And I've just given Lucy directions, to inform her of my passion.—Now, if she be a truly heroic girl, she'll certainly like me the better for this enterprize.—But shou'd it raise her resentment against me, I must only prevail upon Lucy, to betray her to my arms by stratagem, and if once I get her under close cover, so as to make her mine, why then my fortune's made.

A I R VIII.

Some people may find fault with me,

Proceeding so unfairly;

And call it knavish policy,

To gain my point so queerly.

But such shou'd know, that what I do,

Does not deserve this blaming;

Besides, since I, with great ones vie,

I must be fond of scheming.

II.

The courtier, with his bribe in hand,

The patriot's loud oration,

The

The lawyer with his brief and band,
 Perplex with schemes the nation ;
 There's doctors too, 'a cheating crew,
 With more, not worth my naming ;
 Pray, look around, and 'twill be found,
 That all the world are scheming. [Exit.

SCENE, VI. *The Street.* Enter Jerry.

Jerry. Well, what a damn'd deal of trouble we poor servants have, whenever our masters or mistresses take a fancy to fall in love.—I shall have a sad time on't now, till this love fit be over with my master.—Message upon message, letter upon letter, scheme upon scheme, and trouble upon trouble for poor Jerry.—Now, here must I wait, to see this baggage, Lucy ;—and all my business is only to find out what rival this is, that's putting my poor master's nose out of joint.—Faith if he'd take my advice, he'd give himself no trouble about her, but let her e'en go to the vengeance her own way.—O, here's my mark.—Mrs. Lucy, your most obedient, and very humble servant.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So, Mr. Jerry. (*Going.*)

Jerry. O, Ho,—she wants to be coax'd, I see. (*Aside.*) You are in a great hurry, Mrs. Lucy.

Lucy. So I am, Sir, and what then ?

Jerry. Well, well, but stay a little. (*Catching hold of her.*) Perhaps you're not in so great haste as you pretend to be.

Lucy. What do you want with me ?

Jerry. Not much.—Only just to let you know, you've made poor Jerry the unhappiest fellow living ; your beauty, and your shape, and your carriage, and your air, and your eyes, and your lips, and in short, every thing about you, have so bewitch'd, and bewilder'd me, that I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor walk, nor sit, nor lye, nor—

Lucy.

Lucy. You lie, you booby, I think you can lie fast enough.

Jerry. Nay, don't frown upon me, charming Lucy, for every frown from that adorable face of yours, makes my blood jump, and my bones shake, and my brain reel about—just—like—like—like—the head of a wheel-barrow, or the flyer of a jack.

Lucy. O Lard! why he'll surely die for me, but I won't give him any encouragement yet a bit. (*Aside.*) Indeed, Mr. Jerry, I'm very much surprised at this talk, and I'd have you to know, Sir, I don't like it.—To be sure one can't blame another for loving them. (*Aside.*) But I tell you again, I don't like it, I do'nt, indeed, Mr. Jerry. (*Conceitedly.*)

Jerry. O, I shall have her by and by, and then for my Master's business. (*Aside.*) But my dear Mistress Lucy, if you don't smile upon me directly, I'll go home this instant and cut my throat with one of the carving knives, or throw myself head-long into the kitchen fire. (*Offering to go.*)

Lucy. Stay, stay, Mr. Jerry.—O la! what shall I do? I'm afraid 'twill be a sin upon my conscience, if I let you kill yourself on my account.

Jerry. Yes, that it will; and the most unpardonable of sins too.—And then my ghost shall haunt you every night.

Lucy. O, frightful!—Well, then, I'll tell you what, you must neither cut your throat, nor burn yourself either, 'till you see me again.

Jerry. And when will that be?

Lucy. Perhaps to-morrow.

Jerry. O, Lord! I shall think it a thousand years 'till then, but since you'll give me no other satisfaction, I must e'en be content; tho' I'm afraid I can't have power to keep the knife from my throat for all that.

Lucy. Well, but you must be satisfied. (*Going.*)

Jerry. But, Lucy,—now that we have settled our own matters, tell me what do you think of this love affair,

affair, between my Master and your Lady?—You need not be shy to answer me.—How came she to reject that letter I brought here a bit ago.—You know, you may trust me with any thing.—I suppose there's some new lover in the case?—Come, come, make me your confidante.—Who is he? What's his name?

Lucy. Upon my word, Mr. Jerry, you are very inquisitive; I suppose, it was in order to know that, you kept me all this while; and if it was, I must tell you, you are a very unworthy fellow, *that you are.*

Jerry. But, my dear Lucy—

Lucy. Let me alone, Sirrah, now I perceive what you'd be at, with your love, and your beauty, and your cutting of throats.—But I'd have you to know, that I'm not to be made game of by you; and you may tell your master, that my lady hates, and despises him, as much as I do his prattle-box of a servant.

A I R IX.

Lucy. Come no more to this house, with your tricks
and your letters,

For, Sirrah, my Lady and I are your betters.

Jerry. If you are, by faith, it is more than I know.

Lucy. And for you, if you ever speak to me, I
swear,

Your eyes from your head, I will certainly
tear.

Jerry. Then, since you and your mistress are grown
so uncivil,

Both one and the other may——go to the
Devil,

My master and I will get better elsewhere.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Mr. STEADY, reading the challenge, followed by his Man.

SIR,

Understanding that you have been so preposterous and audacious, as not only to attempt, but actually to pay, your addressee, to Miss Melmont, in order to supplant me in her good graces. And as I conceive the same to militate strongly against my honour; this is to inform you, that you must immediately expunge her fair image from your ambitious breast; or, in other words, resign her, which if you refuse to do, I desire to meet you in half an hour hence, at the Phoenix-park; there to try our title in bloody combat, as becomes gentlemen.

JAMES CURLPATE.

P. S. I shall depend on you to bring the pistols.

Do you know this Curlpate, Jerry, who sent the challenge?

Jerry. Yes, Sir, I know Jemmy Curlpate the Hair-dresser, 'twas his man Ticklechops brought it.

Steady. I suppose then, this Barber, is Miss Melmont's favourite, and consequently the cause of all my disquietude.

Jerry. Nothing more likely, Sir.

Steady. Well, I'm determined to punish his insolence first, then upbraid the ungrateful girl with her levity, and so take my leave for ever.

Jerry. Better and better, Sir, but don't you think it beneath you to meet this Barber with sword and pistol?

Steady. Tho' I shall bring both, yet I don't imagine I shall use them. Be it your business to provide a couple of good horsewhips, and leave the rest to me.

Jer. Let me alone for that, Sir, I'll warrant you.

A I R X.

Your pistols I'll prepare, Sir,
I'll prime and load them fair, Sir,

And

And will attend you there, Sir,
 With horsewhips two or three.
 Adzooks how 'twill surprize him,
 Ay, faith, and sadly rise him,
 To find how we'll chastise him,
 For his knight errantry.

II.

At ev'ry hearty stroke, Sir,
 We'll make his shoulders smoke Sir,
 'Twill be a curious joke, Sir,
 His dismal plight to see.
 Then, when we've thresh'd him well, Sir,
 We'll to his mistress tell, Sir,
 What ills her swain beset, Sir,
 In this sad tragedy. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Park.*

*Enter CURLPATE, foppishly dressed, followed by
 TICKLECHOPS.*

Curl. Do you think, will he take me for a Barber now, Tony?

Tickle. Faith, I believe not, Master; I know, I've brush'd my coat almost thread-bare on the occasion.—And yet, if you'd take my advice, you'd return back, before it be too late, as I don't half like this business.

Curl. Never fear me, Tony; ten to one if Mr. Steady comes at all; and if he stays one minute, nay, one second, beyond the time appointed, I'll immediately run to Miss Melmont's, and acquaint her of my courage, and my rival's cowardice.

Tickle. What if he comes?—Are you resolved to fight him?

Curl. Why faith,—I'd rather not.—However, I'll go as far as I can with it, and if the worst comes to the worst—you know I've a good pair of heels.

Tickle. Egad, I think the thoughts of the pistols ought to frighten any body.

Curl. Faith, here he comes. [Looking out confusedly.]

Enter STEADY and JERRY.

Tickle. Come, shall we run away now, Master?

Curl. Not yet a bit; may be, he may beg pardon or resign her.

Steady. Was it you, friend, who sent me this challenge?

Tickle. Say no.

Curl. Sir.

Steady. Was it you sent this challenge, I say?

Curl. Challenge—I—I—I—may be I did Sir.

Steady. Pray, Sir, what pretensions have you to Miss Melmont?

Curl. Pretensions, Sir,—why—why that I'm not to tell you, Sir.—Hem—but be them what they may—I—I—I'll defend them.

Steady. O, very well, Sir.

Tickle. Ask him, if he be willing to beg pardon.

Curl. Stay, stay, man.—Pray, Sir, are you satisfied to resign the lady, and ask pardon for what's past?

Steady. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Tickle. Come, come, Master, now for your heels.

Curl. Not yet, Tony, we may humble him by and by.

Steady. Come, Sir, what are you about?—Let's strip and to it.

Curl. Strip, Sir,—I never heard of such a practice in duelling.

Steady. But I tell you, Sir, it's very proper, to shew that neither parties have any conceal'd defence.

Tickle. Ask him, will he box you, if you strip.—I'm sure you don't forget—(*squaring his elbows.*)

Curl. Will you box me if I do?—For as I'm a man of honour——

Jerry. Say you will, Sir, or he won't strip.

Steady. I will, Sir.

Curl. Then have at you.

[*Here Curlpate strips, and gives his cloths to Ticklechops, and at the same time Jerry steals over to the Barber's side of the stage.*

Tickle.

Tickle. Faith, Master, I think you're carrying the joke a little too far.

Curl. A little farther, and I'm gone, indeed.

Steady. Now, Sir, I'm ready for you. (*drawing out the pistols.*)

Tickle. and *Curl.* O, murder! murder!

[*Curlpate* then attempting to escape, is tript up by *Jerry*, who horsewhips him.—He then springs up, runs to the upper part of the stage, and exit, *Jerry* still pursuing.]

Steady. Ha! ha! ha!—This, indeed, may be call'd, *Modern Honour, or, the Barber Duellist.*—Well, I hope, since Barbers have caught the spirit of duelling, all real gentlemen will despise it in future.

Re-enter JERRY.

Jerry. Egad, I think I have flogg'd him to some purpose, master.—His man, poor devil, fell in a ditch there below; I gave him a sample of the whip too, as I past him.

Steady. You've done your business very well, *Jerry*, I must now to Miss *Melmont's*, as I purpos'd, and take my final leave.

A. I. R. XI.

How divine did my charmer appear,

While I thought, that like me, she was true;
All my blisses were center'd in her,

And my love from encouragement grew.

But, alas! since I'm destin'd to find,

That no longer my flame she'll approve,
I must strive to erase from my mind,

All those charms which inspir'd my love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Miss MELMONT's Apartments.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I think it now high time to try how my mistress's pulse beats in respect to Mr. *Curlpate*—for tho' I have strove to unhinge her affections as to Mr. *Steady*, yet I can't be persuaded she likes the Barber—Now, should this be the case, all my labour has been in vain; however, as there's no time

to be lost, I'll about it directly—But in all affairs of this nature prudence is very necessary.

A I R XII.

Those who would fain, a secret gain,
Shou'd mark their time with care ;
Then onward press, with eagerness,
Nor lies nor flatt'ry spare.

So 'till I find, how she's inclin'd,
With caution I'll proceed,

Thus if I can, obtain my plan,
The day's my own indeed.

But here comes Curlpate, and if I mistake not he looks shockingly terrified.

Enter CURLPATE.

O, bless me, Mr. Curlpate, you look vastly alter'd !

Curl. No wonder, my dear girl, the day is excessive sultry ; and then, what with driving amongst my customers—O, I believe, I shall absolutely kill myself, that will be the end of me !—[*then eagerly, and with a faltering voice*] Well—Well—I—hope you've prepar'd Miss Melmont : Is she ready to come off with me now ?—If not, I'm ruin'd—and undone for ever.

Lucy. Your brain is certainly turn'd—sure you've no business to speak a syllable of your love, till I prepare her for it.

Curl. What ! ha'n't you told her of it yet :—Oh, you've neglected this matter too long ; 'death, girl, I am all fire and tow.

Lucy. Will you have a little patience ? Will you hear me ?—I was just going to try what could be done for you.—You know 'tis my own interest—but don't imagine that an affair of this nature can be brought about so suddenly, particularly when there's a fortune in the way.

Curl. Ay, Mrs. Lucy, the fortune—but what's my fortune ! [*sobbing*] Mine is—a—a—a—hard, hard fortune. [*bursting into tears*]

Lucy. Mr. Curlpate, for shame, if you've no regard for yourself, for mercy's sake, have some pity
on

on me ; don't rant in this outrageous manner, my lady, tho' above stairs, will hear you, and then we shall both be undone.

Curl. Yes that I believe we shall.

Lucy. Why this is wonderful! sure love has made a fool of him—his tears,—the fault'ring of his voice——and that excessive trembling of his joints—are all sure and infallible signs of that passion. [*aside*] Don't be cast down, man, you are not the first who had the hard fortune to meet with a powerful rival.

Curl. Powerful rival! ay, the villain! too powerful for me.

Lucy. Villain!—O fie, Mr. Curlpate—I always found Mr. Steady a friendly, good-natured gentleman.

Curl. Yes, yes; devilish good-natur'd, devilish good-natur'd; my shoulders can testify how damn'd good-natur'd he is—tho' I can't tell whether it be he or his man, that's so cursed good-natur'd; but I know who feels smart for it [*Aside.*] [*Bell rings,*

Lucy. What shall I do with you?—My mistress calls—I must begone—your noise has alarm'd her.

Curl. Can't I get down the back stairs.

Lucy. By no means.—let me advise you to conceal yourself in this closet, where you can easily overhear us, and be yourself a witness of my earnestness in your behalf.

Curl. Well, do what you please with me.

[*Lucy conducts him to the closet.*

Enter Miss MELMONT.

Miss Mel. What noise was that I heard just now? the voice of a man, and seemingly in distress.

Lucy. O, Ma'am,—'twas—'twas only our man Thomas playing with the young kitten, and you know Ma'am his laughing is so very like other people's crying, that at a little distance, no person living cou'd distinguish the difference.

Miss Mel. They told me Curlpate was in the house.

Lucy. Yes, yes, Ma'am Mr. Curlpate was here too, in search of a very valuable bundle he lost
this

this morning.—Nothing less, Ma'am, than—one large pot of bears grease—two bottles of Eau de Luce—five papers of scented rice-powder—two hundred of hair pins, and his pip—pip—pip pinching irons.

Miss Mel. I'm apprehensive these are only his excuses in order to have the better opportunity of addressing you.

Lucy. Upon my word, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate is of too aspiring a disposition, to think of so poor a girl as I am. Mr. Curlpate, Ma'am, has refused many ladies of fortune, purely because he cou'dn't love them, and I've heard him often declare he'd scorn to give his hand where he cou'dn't fix his heart.

Miss Mel. So, so,—then it seems you've convers'd with him, on that subject.

Lucy. No, really, Ma'am, not I—I just recollect to've heard him say so, somewhere or other, and I thought it such a noble and generous saying that I remember it ever since.

Miss Mel. I am now sorry, Lucy, that I returned Mr. Steady's letter unopen'd—perhaps it contain'd something of moment.

Lucy. I don't know any thing it cou'd contain, except some upbraidings for your late cool reception of him.

Miss Mel. I would have open'd it but for you.

Lucy. I wish, Ma'am, you cou'd drop all thoughts of him, and turn your eyes on some more deserving object—I shou'd imagine, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate wou'd make a very good husband; you know, Ma'am, poverty is no crime.—Mr. Curlpate is of an excellent family, and as he is a handsome, genteel fellow, in my opinion, ought to be prefer'd before—

Miss Mel. You surprise me Lucy—think of a Hair-dresser for a husband—pray what part of my conduct has ever been so unguarded as to give foundation for such insinuations?

Lucy. Pardon me, Ma'am, I meant no more than just to observe—that many ladies of fortune have

con-

condescended to marry young fellows in as low circumstances as Mr. Curlpate, without being possessed of half his accomplishments.

Miss Mel. I now perceive Lucy, your partiality to this Curlpate, and your dissingenuity towards Mr. Steady.

Lucy, I assure you Ma'am.—

Miss Mel. No more,—your whisperings and collusions with my under servants—and the weak and embarrassed manner by which you endeavour to excuse your conduct, all convince me of your perfidy—I'm therefore, firmly persuaded, what you so industriously propagated to Mr. Steady's disadvantage; is entirely without foundation.—Alas! poor Steady—how you've been abus'd and misrepresented.

A I R XIII.

Why shou'd souls by Love cemented,
Thus with ev'ry breath be cross'd;
Faithful Love, is still tormented,
Still on seas of trouble toss'd.

Every tongue and every heart,
Strive the gentle pair to part;
Why shou'd souls, &c.

Enter Mr. STEADY.

Steady. I have at length, Madam, discovered the cause of your late indifference—this challenge has unravelled the whole secret.

Miss Mel. A challenge Sir. (*takes it and reads*)

Steady. Yes, Madam, a challenge—I suppose you're not unacquainted with the hand—it came from your favourite.

Miss Mel. my favourite—I don't understand you Sir.

Steady. No matter—so it wasn't enough to break off your engagements with me—but you must encourage your new lover to attempt my life,—the pitiful fellow wanted courage; and I believe has smarted sufficiently for his arrogance.

Miss Mel. Lucy, I am now confident you must be
privy

privy to these proceedings—forgive me, Mr. Steady, what is past; and believe me——

Steady. The fellow is now in your house Madam;—so wishing you all imaginable felicity with your new conquest,—I bid you farewell, for ever.

Miss Mel. Astonishing! the fellow in my house!—come Lucy, confess all you know of this affair, or quit my service this instant.

Lucy. My heart condemns me for my perfidy. (*Aside*) Dear Sir, stay, and hear my mistress a few words, she is innocent, indeed she is.

Steady. For what should I stay? she who has once deceiv'd will make no scruple of practising it again.

Lucy. (holding him) 'Tis I only am to blame; my mistress 'till now was ignorant of the Barber's being in the house, as well as of the rest of his proceedings—the villain, on the promise of a large bribe, prevail'd with me, to intercept your letters from the country; the better to confirm his own inventions, for which I am now heartily sorry——and as a proof of my sincere repentance, I will this moment deliver him into your hands——here Thomas.

Enter Thomas, who goes with Lucy to the back scene.

Lucy (To Curlpate) Come Sir, no struggling now, it's all in vain.

Curl. O! Lucy! Lucy! I shall certainly be murder'd!

Steady. What's this I hear of you, friend, what account can you give of yourself, for all your villainy?

Curl. Lord, Sir, don't ask me; I don't know what to say.

Steady. Then you shall go to jail. Call a Constable.

Curl. O! dear, dear, Sir! forgive me this time, and I'll tell you all I can about it.

Steady. Be brief then.

Curl. Well then Sir, you must understand it was ambition,

ambition, a very common distemper amongst gentlemen of my profession, that first made me aspire to the lady; and tho' I can't say, she ever gave me any encouragement, yet I had hopes of gaining her, one time or other, by means fair, or foul; and therefore stop'd at no villainy which I thought might forward my design.

Steady. All this is no excuse;—bring a Constable I say.

Curl. O! dear, dear, Sir!—don't send me to jail—for if you do, I shall certainly starve there—O! pray pardon me, Sir! and I promise you to quit the kingdom immediately.

Steady. (*To Miss Melmont*) I hope, Madam, you you are now convinc'd of my innocence in every respect.

Miss Mel. I am perfectly satisfied—and hope you've no longer any doubt of mine.

Steady. None, none, my Love—all doubts are now clear'd up—and nothing wanting to compleat my felicity, but the fulfilling of those engagements by which we both were bound.

Miss Mel. I shou'd consider myself as the most ungrateful of women, were I any longer to remain obdurate to your solicitations.

A I R XIV.

Steady. Tho' with mists and with clouds oft the morning's o'er-cast,

Yet at noon gaudy Phœbus may send forth his Rays:

Mel. So our Troubles, our Doubts, and Disquietudes past, [Days.

Will serve still to brighten the rest of our

Steady. Since Fortune indulgent, thus crowns all my Wishes,

Mel. For ever I swear I'll be faithful to thee.

Steady. Then come to my Arms, secure from all Harms,

Both. The happiest Mortals on Earth we shall be.

Curl.

Curl. They're all dev'lish merry here—I wish I was far enough—sure I've reason to curse the day I first thought of courting a lady of fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The Constable Sir, is below.

Steady. Dismiss him—this fellow has suffered sufficiently for his presumption.

Curl. [*Kneeling*] Sir, on my knees I thank you for this goodness—I shall never forget your generosity, and if the prayers of such a wretch as I am, can be of service to you——believe me, I heartily wish you both success.

Steady. Enough——rise friend——at present, let mirth employ all our thoughts—and every disagreeable reflection be sunk in oblivion.

Miss Mel. Be it so.

A I R XV.

Miss Mel. Ye sprightly young Belles, let it no more be said,

You're by Barbers, or Fiddlers, or Dancers be-
Tho' kind, and good-natur'd, be prudent and
wise,

And keep at due distance, these knaves in dis-
[tray'd ;
[guise.

Lucy. Ye girls in my station ; take warning by me,
Ne'er meddle with matters above your degree.
Still think, by what means, I had near lost my
place,

And be just in your actions, for fear of disgrace.

Curl. Ye knaves, who, in scheming and sharpening
delight,

Forfake your past folly, in wisdom unite ;

Ye seekers of wealth, take an equal to wife :

So make yourselves happy, in wedlock, for life.

Steady. But hold—there is one thing, we'd yet wish
to gain,

Without which, all our hopes of true pleasure
[are vain ;

It is that approbation, our auditors give,

As a proof that our labours, well pleas'd they
receive.

T H E E N D.

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